

May 26, 1973

THE

Price 50 cents

NEW YORKER

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

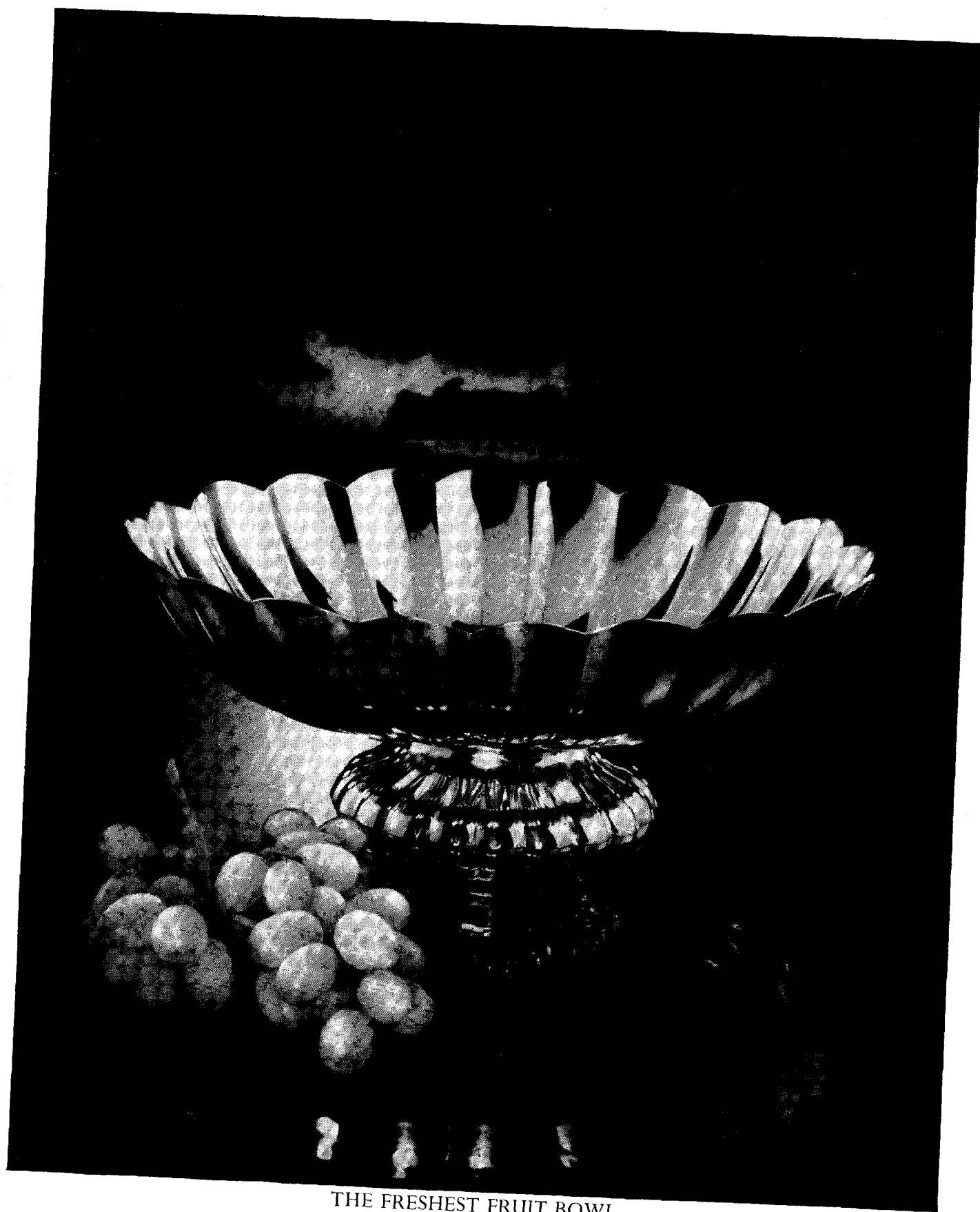


"I gave up my search for a clean, wholesome movie, but..."



I won't give up the ship!"

Forget all the adjectives.
The only thing that matters
in Scotch is taste.
Buy one bottle.



THE FRESHEST FRUIT BOWL

The magnificent interplay of fruit in season and fluting for all seasons.
In silverplate, 12 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches high, \$39.95. At finer silverware stores.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Memorial Day holiday, which will be observed on Monday, May 28. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans. . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ALICE IN WONDERLAND—A limited return engagement of André Gregory's startling and outrageous production, with no Freudian implication overlooked, and with many references to drugs. The Caterpillar scene is very funny, and the Mad Tea Party is truly mad. (N.Y.U. Theatre, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. 228-7160. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30.)

BABA GOYA—A play by Steve Tesich. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 2.)

THE CHANGING ROOM—Semi-pro Rugby in the North of England is plainly a tough game. David Storey tells us what the players say before, during, and after the game, as they horse around in their chilly locker room, but we never get to know them. Admirably acted by a large cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 28, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 28, at 3.)

THE CHILDREN'S MASS—This melodrama-part comedy, part horror—about the misadventures of a transvestite junkie in SoHo is very sentimental, but it has some bright moments all the same. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CYRANO—A musical version of the Rostand play, which can only be diminished by being tinkered with. Still, Christopher Plummer makes a splendid rueful braggart and the duelling is first-rate. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DR. HERO—A workshop production of a play by Israel Horowitz that is itself in the works. Much of the first act is nonvintage Horowitz, but there are some lively scenes in the second. Through it all, we follow the progress, from birth to death, of someone who aspires to be the World's Greatest Man. Edward Berkeley directed. (Shade Company, 230 Canal St. 431-3479. Fridays at 8 and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

FINISHING TOUCHES—Barbara Bel Geddes and Robert Lansing are a pleasant husband and wife, who have pleasant children, and they all live in a pleasant town, among pleasant friends. So what can go wrong? Not much, but enough to provide another successful comedy by Jean Kerr. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 28, at 3.)

GHOSTS—A static, diminishing production of Ibsen's play, under Gene Feist's direction (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 27.)

EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA—A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White, who also appear in it, and was written by them and the three other members of the cast—Alan Shearman, John Neville-Andrews, and Sally Willis. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8 and 10; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE HOT L BALTIMORE—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is somewhat synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them comparatively inexperienced, perform very well, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

IRENE—A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless, the cast is charming and gifted, and the theatre itself is worth seeing. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC—As captivating a musical as you could hope to see and hear. Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is by Hugh Wheeler. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MANHATTAN THEATRE CLUB—A four-week series of plays by twenty of the best-known Off Broadway and Off Off Broadway playwrights. Thursday through Sunday, May 24-27: John Ford Noonan's **OLDER PEOPLE**, Thursday at 7:30 and Friday through Sunday at 7 and 9:30. . . . Megan Terry's **SUSAN PERETZ AT THE M.T.C.**, Thursday at 9 and Friday through Sunday at 9 and at midnight. . . . Murray Mednick's **THE HAWK**, at 9:45. . . . Friday, May 25, at 9:30; Saturday, May 26, at 7:30 and 10; and Sunday, May 27, at 5:30 and 8: A chamber-theatre reading of Edward Albee's **THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH**. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500.)

NASH AT NINE—Selections, mostly to music, from the elegant light verse of Ogden Nash. E.G. Marshall heads the likable cast. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, ex-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN	33
"SOME OF US HAD BEEN THREATENING OUR FRIEND COLBY"	Donald Barthelme 39
"OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP"	Arturo Vivante 41
"ACEVEDO" (POEM)	Jorge Luis Borges 42
PROFILES (BLOSSOM DEARIE)	Whitney Balliett 46
"FIRESIDE" (POEM)	Seamus Heaney 48
THE THEATRE	Brendan Gill 54
OFF BROADWAY	Edith Oliver 54
AROUND CITY HALL	Andy Logan 59
ANNALS OF DIPLOMACY (SALT—IV)	John Newhouse 76
MUSICAL EVENTS	Andrew Porter 113
CONCERT RECORDS	Winthrop Sargeant 119
THE CURRENT CINEMA	Penelope Gilliatt 122
THE RACE TRACK	Audux Minor 126
BOOKS	W. H. Auden 130
BRIEFLY NOTED	135

COVER: Arthur Getz

DRAWINGS: Charles Saxon, Charles Addams, Lee Lorenz, Charles E. Martin, William Hamilton, J. B. Handelsman, Barney Tobey, Edward Frascino, Frank Modell, William Steig, Eldon Dedini, Herbert Goldberg, Sam Gross, Edward Koren, Dana Fradon

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515

EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; Milton Greenstein, vice-president; J. Kennard Bose, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Dooley, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED Vol. XLIX, No. 14, May 26, 1973. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1973 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates. In U.S. and possessions, one year, \$15.00; two years, \$25.00. In Canada, Latin America, and Spain, one year, \$17.00. Other foreign, \$19.00.



Sterling silver. A. Oil can vermouth dispenser, \$22. B. Oval photo frame, \$13.50
 C. Four-ounce measuring jigger, \$13. D. Lighter, \$25. E. Key ring with oval tag, \$10.
 F. Split key ring with heart tag, \$9. G. Belt buckle, \$17.50. H. Clip paperweight, \$10.
 J. Bar knife with opener, \$20. K. Purse mirror, \$36.
 L. Utility knife, \$14.25. M. Male symbol money-clip, \$8.50

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK, PHONE ORDER (212) 759-9110, FIFTH AVE. & 57TH ST. • ATLANTA • CHICAGO • HOUSTON • SAN FRANCISCO • BEVERLY HILLS
 Please add one dollar for shipping and handling plus sales tax where applicable. American Express • BankAmericard

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cept Sundays and Monday, May 28, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 28.)

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S LEMMINGS—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OH COWARD!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PIPPIN—A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE PLAY'S THE THING—Molnár's comedy in P.G. Wodehouse's witty adaptation of 1926. (Bijou, 45th St., W. 757-8455. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—A revival of Tennessee Williams' *A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE*, with Rosemary Harris and James Farentino. The final production of the season. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

THE RIVER NIGER—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Arthur French, Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

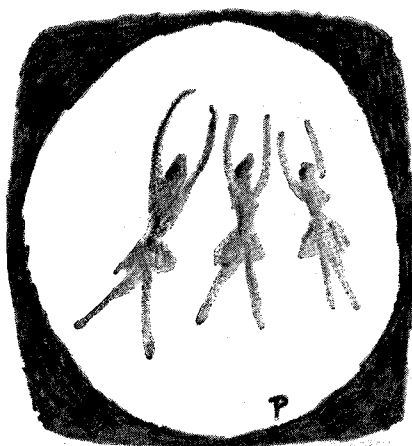
SEESAW—A reworking, in musical-comedy form, of William Gibson's sentimental play "Two for the Seesaw." The big production numbers work, but the sentiment doesn't. Starring Michele Lee and Ken Howard, who get much help from a lively young man named Tommy Tune. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 28, at 7:30; on Wednesday, May 23, at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 28, at 3.)

SMITH—A musical that concerns obesity and aphrodisiacs. So what else is new? (Eden, 180 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY—A revival of Charles Aidman's adaptation of Edgar Lee Masters' book. With Robert Elston. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-8057. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE SUNSHINE BOYS—A pair of old vaudevillians sourly pecking away at each other, but because Neil Simon has written their lines and because Jack Albertson and Sam Levene are playing their roles, the consequences of their misery are almost always funny. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6609. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 28, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 28, at 3.)

THE TOOTH OF THE CRIME—This new satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators, as they literally track the action all over the playing area and up and down ladders. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. The acting is quite good. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8.)



S • O • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

TRY IT! YOU'LL LIKE IT!—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. May close Sunday, May 27.)

WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

WHAT THE WINE SELLERS BUY—A play by Ron Milner, directed by Woodie King, Jr. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. OR 4-1414. Friday, May 25, at 7:30; Saturday, May 26, at 7 and 10; and Sunday and Monday, May 27-28, at 7:30. Free.)

THE WOMEN—A nasty, ill-written comedy of the thirties, which little deserves to be remembered, much less revived. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE: A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

THE FANTASTICKS: 5,438 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, May 24, at 1.)

GODSPELL: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

GREASE: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 28, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 28, at 3.)

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR: Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST: Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fri-

days and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE: Neil Simon's laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols. With Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 28, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 28, at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 23, at 8: "Chopiniana," "Dances Concertantes," "La Source," and "The Song of the Nightingale." Thursday, May 24, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "An Evening's Waltzes" (première), and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." Friday, May 25, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Dances at a Gathering," and "The Song of the Nightingale." Saturday, May 26, at 2: "Swan Lake" and "The Goldberg Variations." Sunday, May 26, at 8: "Dances Concertantes," "La Source," "An Evening's Waltzes," and "Symphony in Three Movements." Sunday, May 27, at 1: "Donizetti Variations," "Divertimento No. 15," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." Sunday, May 27, at 7: "Swan Lake," "Pulcinella," and "Cortège Hongrois." Tuesday, May 29, at 8: "Divertimento from 'Le Baiser de la Fée,'" "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Pulcinella." Wednesday, May 30, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Symphony in C," and "The Concert." Thursday, May 31, at 8: "Jewels." Friday, June 1, at 8: "Serenade," "Cortège Hongrois," and "Dances at a Gathering." Saturday, June 2, at 2: "Donizetti Variations," "Concerto Barocco," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "La Valse." Saturday, June 2, at 8: "Harlequinade" and "Symphony in Three Movements." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 1.)

STUTTGART BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday through Friday evenings, May 23-25; Saturday and Sunday matinées and evenings, May 26-27; and Tuesday evening, May 29: "Swan Lake." Wednesday through Friday evenings, May 30-June 1: Three American premières—"L'Estro Armonico," "Traces," and "Initials R.B.M.E." Saturday and Sunday matinées and evenings, June 2-3: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ALVIN AILEY CITY CENTER DANCE THEATRE—Final performances—Wednesday matinée, May 23: "Flowers," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." Wednesday evening, May 23: "The Lark Ascending," "Cry," "Flowers," and "Rainbow 'Round My Shoul-



Whimsical Wicker

Wicker takes a turn for the modern in our bright new Wicker Shop. Chairs, sofas, chests, tables, lamps, and more— to turn-on a corner, or furnish a whole room. Even a jungle gazebo for sharing secret moments in a corner of your garden, at poolside, or for the playroom of that special little girl. It's the fun furniture for today's living, from the Wicker Shop on Eight. The jungle denizens inspecting it are from the stuffed animal collection on Four, at Marshall Field & Company, Chicago.

Marshall Field & Company

There's nothing like it back home.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

der."... Thursday evening, May 24: "Kinetic Molpai," "How Long Have It Been," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations."... Friday evening, May 25: "Choros," "Love Songs," "According to Eve," and "Kinetic Molpai."... Saturday evening, May 26: "Kinetic Molpai," "According to Eve," and "Hidden Rites."... Sunday matinee, May 27: "Clear Songs After Rain," "Choral Dances," "Nubian Lady," and "Rainbow Round My Shoulder."... Sunday evening, May 27: "Hidden Rites," "Choral Dances," "Cry," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinees at 2.)

JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE—A benefit program of works by Kazuko Hirabayashi, Daniel Lewis, Anna Sokolow, and Doris Humphrey, performed by students of the Juilliard dance department. With the Juilliard Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Peter Leonard, Joseph Lyons, and Ronald Dishinger. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday through Friday, May 23-25, at 8. For tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

RITHA DEVI—In a program of the classical dances of India. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 23, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—The annual spectacle of people and animals doing things that nature never intended them to do. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd St. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, May 23-25, at 1 and 7:30; Saturday, May 26, at 10:30, 3, and 8; and final performances Sunday and Monday, May 27-28, at 1:15 and 5:30.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS—Final performances—Wednesday and Thursday, May 23-24: Chuck Davis Dance Company in "Chronology of Black Heritage" (different programs)... Saturday and Sunday, May 26-27: Vinie Burrows in her one-woman show, "Walk Together Children."... Tuesday through Thursday, May 29-31: The Demi-Gods present "Yin Yang," with a book and lyrics by Joseph A. Walker and music by Dorothy A. Dinroe-Walker... Saturday and Sunday, June 2-3: Novella Nelson in "An Evening of Song." (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St.—(242-9066)—Docked several blocks from the nearest pier, this seaway enterprise fully realizes the ordinarily abused concept of nautical décor. The trio of pianist John Foster, bassist Herman Wright, and drummer Paris Wright entertains passengers that vary from jazz patrons to local Chelsea folk. (Thursday, May 24, from nine-thirty to two-thirty.) On Fridays and Saturdays, May 25-26 and June 1-2, Herman Wright takes charge of a trio. No music Sundays through Wednesdays. Dinner.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the only base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Connected rows of grammar-school-type desks border three sides of a small stage occupied by Mount Airy, a folk-rock quartet, through Monday, May 28. Saxophonist Charles Lloyd moves in with some other musicians on Wednesday, May 30. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue Notes and black-eyed peas. The stalwart saxophonist Clifford Jordan brings his quartet into these cozy surround-

ings through Sunday, May 27. Music from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A good-natured dining establishment, with a convivial bar and some interesting canvases on the walls. Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson, piano, and Herb Bushler, bass, join forces through Saturday, May 26, from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, Bill Rubenstein is at the piano between nine and one.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is here, as are his customary sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, and it is just one of those things, the way the crowd loves Bobby and Bobby loves the crowd, and everything is wry—but not acerbic so—in this little piece of the world which hardly ever changes. Dinner and supper. Closed Friday through Monday, May 25-28.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The cheerfully animated singer-pianist Nellie Lutcher serves up her well-preserved mannerisms with the assistance of guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards Mondays through Saturdays from eight until one. Sundays, Dick Hyman brings his profusion-of-notes approach to the keyboard. Saturdays and Sundays, between three and seven, Roland Hanna is at the piano. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-backroom comes up with a mixed bag of performers. Richard Supa, singer of rock songs (with his trio), and New York Central, a rock band, alternate through Saturday, May 26. Sounds from nine. Sundays are a sort of hootenanny. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—One of the quaintest historical facts of the Big Apple is that this little club used to be a hamburger stand. Now it is a first-class listening room in which Ellis Larkins is displaying his long-perfected piano technique six satisfying nights a week. His bassist is Al Hall, and they do magical things from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, May 27, they will play an all-George Gershwin program from five-forty-five to eight-thirty, before their regular session. Mondays, singer-pianist Norma Shepherd performs. Snacks.

HALF NOTE, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Habitués of the old place on Hudson Street may not recognize this new one. It is polished and sleek, with blowups of old Woody Herman arrangements on the walls and a decidedly midtown spirit. What is more, there are two jazz groups each night. Currently, pianist Bill Evans is playing heady games with

his trio, while the Paul Desmond quartet produces lighter, more familiar sounds. Music Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Sundays, between eight and two, a big band under the leadership of Dick Cone and Leo Ball takes over.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Nina Sheldon fills in. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Nine-thirty to three. Sundays, from four to seven, the Quantzy Major Trio (violin, oboe, bassoon) plays music of the baroque era.

JAZZBOAT, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—A long, narrow bar-and-backroom with an atmosphere that is faintly submarine. The music of the rhythmically intricate pianist McCoy Tyner and his quintet surfaces through Sunday, May 27. Magical drummer Norman Connors, an important young musician and composer, and his group begin their sorcery Tuesday, May 29. Mondays, Joe Lee Wilson sings with a quartet headed by saxophonist Frank Foster. Music from nine to three.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. The bandsmen: Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, Major Holley, and Roy Eldridge. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

JIMMY'S, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—Big and square and mighty like a barn, with some solidly grounded jazz emanating from the bar (which is as round as a quoit). Barry Harris is on piano and Larry Davis on bass Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight until one. Substantial dining. Mondays, pianist and vocalist Dottie Stallworth leads a trio. Closed Sundays... On the Mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

KENNY'S CASTAWAYS, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Rustic surroundings and one of the largest pairs of antlers in New York. John Hammond, a talented singer-musician ear-deep in the blues, gives vent to his intense erudition in the idiom through Sunday, May 27. On Tuesday, May 29, a six-man bluesy rock band called the Atlanta Rhythm Section will arrive, and they will be joined by folksinger Michael Murphy Friday through Sunday, June 1-3. Music nightly, from nine-thirty. Snacks.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—The British rock group Hookfoot shares the amps with the electricians of Stardrive, a spaced-out band for blown-out ears, through Monday, May 28. Starting Wednesday, May 30, Chicago-blues singer Howlin' Wolf brings things back to earth. The entertainment is upstairs, above the street-level steak-and-lobster palace. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays (from nine) are devoted to acts by new folkies and rockers. Drinks and snacks.

MERCER ARTS CENTER, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the BLUE ROOM CABARET, on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing. Shows from ten each night.

METRO, 188 W. Fourth St. (675-0892)—Another Village haven for folk, rock, and the like. Thursdays through Mondays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Wednesdays provide a showcase for new talent, from nine. Closed Tuesdays.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Lions and unicorns, along with a certain number of cats. The well-versed piano of Barbara Carroll is aided by a bassist Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until one. Mondays, from nine to midnight, a Dixieland band entertains. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A corner restaurant with a glassed-in sidewalk gallery and space enough for lounging and listening. Pianist Junior Mance's trio dominates Thursday through Saturday, May 24-26, followed by a trio led by drummer Freddie Waits Thursday through Saturday, May 31-June 2. Music





Add a touch or trim to your tally.
Our fresh, free-swinging Q-skirts of
polyester/cotton keep a most capable
course with color-cued nylon tops.
Leon Levin... a glorious way to golf.

LEAD OFF IN A LEON LEVIN

AT FINE STORES AND PRO SHOPS. FOR THE STORE NEAREST YOU, WRITE 498 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from ten until three. No live performers Sundays through Wednesdays. Dining.

MUGGS, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Mugs (not surprisingly) hang from the ceiling, and a relaxed atmosphere predominates. Bob Brown sings and plays piano with bassist Jack Gregg Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight to one and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to two. No music Sundays and Mondays. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A cabaret of unimpeachable demeanor. Elmerine Harding, jazz and pop singer, joins the permanent members of the crew here—pianist Sammy Benskin, guitarist Tiger Haynes, and singer-host for all seasons Jimmie Daniels. Benskin and Haynes are present from seven-thirty to one. Daniels and Harding appear at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS ROOM, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer speaks of—and to—all the sad young men, the folks who live on the hill, and innumerable little girls blue as she performs her carefully styled recitatives to the accompaniment of Jimmy Lyon's piano. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Karen Akers, folk singer, appears with a backup group. On Mondays, new talent. Music from nine-thirty until one, except on Sundays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—These small and attractive quarters will be occupied by the trio of vibist Peter La Barbera Friday and Saturday, May 25-26, and by Richard Clay, flutist and saxophonist, and his quartet Friday and Saturday, June 1-2. Music from ten until three-thirty. No live music the rest of the week. Snacks.

THREE, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303)—Blossom Dearie, an urban sprite who may have sprung full-blown from the brow of Zeus, is singing at the piano between six and eight Thursdays through Saturdays. Sundays, she appears at four-thirty and six-thirty.

TWO SAINTS, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—Bassist Charles Mingus is presenting his quintet Tuesdays through Sundays beginning at nine. Italian food. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—All the character of a Spanish Renaissance refectory. The disciplined tenor-sax work of Sonny Stitt, backed by his trio, will be sequestered here through Sunday, May 27, from ten. On Wednesdays, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman joins the proceedings. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (899-9011)—Only authentic artifacts in this museum. Flutist and reedman Yusef Lateef, a musician of high ideals, leads his quartet through Sunday, May 27. Drummer Elvin Jones heads up a quintet on Tuesday, May 29. Mondays are reserved for the dynamic seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, with Dee Dee Bridgewater singing. The entertainment begins at ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with the location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Intelligent jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Kenny Brawner and a partner Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Hugh Lawson and Duke Clemons Thursdays through Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus. The owner of the tavern is Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old mace. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a miniature re-

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

vue, is on tap at ten-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. On Monday, May 28, singer Ed Anthony will be added. His hours will be nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

IMPROVISATION, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then one comes upon a novice humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but, then, what isn't nowadays? Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *branhaus*. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the *ROYAL BOX*, pianist Marian McPartland and trumpeter Jimmy McPartland are heading a dance band for which Buddy Tate plays the reeds, Jake Hanna the drums, and Rusty Gilder the bass. Tuesdays through Saturdays, the George Cort trio alternates with the McPartlands: Mondays, the Roger Steele trio fills the interludes, and Sundays, it plays alone. Music from seven-thirty weekdays, from five-thirty on Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The small yet furious Spaniard named Marcelo and his troupe of dancers are taking turns with the effervescent tenor of Andy Russell. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning at eight-thirty and ending late—to a bunch of flamencans who work things out in a real spur-of-the-moment *madrileño* fashion. Closed Mondays.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—On Wednesday, May 23, the Cornelius Brothers and Sister Rose and Natalie Cole will be ending their song recitals, so that on the following evening two rhythm-and-blues outfits—the Stylistics and the First Choice—may commence. Shows at eight, eleven-thirty, and two Fridays and Saturdays, and at eight and midnight the remainder of the week. Closed Mondays. ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, the eastern border of Nevada, there is music from ten o'clock on. Closed Mondays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The enchanted woodland known as *LA FORÊT* is in season, and the babes in the wood (gilded youth, mostly) are floating about to the tunes of Horace Diaz's orchestra and a soft-rock band called Boogie from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays and Mondays. ¶ In the *CAFÉ*, Phil Wayne's dance threesome is around Tuesdays through Saturdays, seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's trio prevails Sundays and Mondays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Singers Daniel and Dimitri have the floor of the *PERSIAN ROOM* at dinner and supper. Dancing to the Dick Lewis orchestra the rest of the evening. Beginning Tuesday, May 29, the carolling will be done by January Jones. Closed Sundays and Monday, May 28. ¶ In the *PALM COURT*, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play every day from four-thirty to six-thirty and from eight to midnight Mondays through Thursdays, and nine to one Fridays and Saturdays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Spanish singer Raphael is the dinner-

and-supper tenant of this well-run mountain resort. His final night is Saturday, May 26. On Thursday, May 31, Benny Goodman checks in with his all-star group, comprising Peter Appleyard on vibes, John Bunch on piano, Urbie Green on trombone, Bucky Pizzarelli on guitar, and Bob Rosengarden on drums. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The *MAISONETTE* is setting forth piano interludes by Peter Nero at dinner and supper. Dancing all evening to the Anthony Terini orchestra and trio. Closed Sundays. ¶ *LA BOITE RUSSE* is a quiet glade stirred only by the fiddle of Jani Sarkozi. A Russian menu. Closed Mondays.

SHEPHERD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Egypt as it never was. Dancing to records from five, but three times a night live people do pop songs and move around with smiles on their faces. Closed Sundays and Monday, May 28.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Pearl Bailey is singing front and center in the *EMPIRE ROOM* at dinner and supper. Dancing to the Charles Turcamo band. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): A brick-walled clubhouse in which Bill Halsey's piano can turn almost any kind of tune into a little show-stopper. In company with bassist Leonard Gaskin, he plays Mondays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. ¶ *DIONYSOS*, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no music Sundays.

¶ *ADONIS*, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revivalist musicians (they start at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself participates in the choreography, which is very *Astik* folk dance. Again, until all hours. ¶ *MYKONOS*, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1500): Another Greek Revivalist meeting, not as elaborate but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous foursome is on the podium. Nobody thinks of going home early. Dancing. Closed Sundays. ¶ *CHEZ VITO*, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): A collection of avid violinists, and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions. Closed Sundays. ¶ *A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER*, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A busy bar and tiny tables (glasses-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Charlie La Torella. ¶ *ASTI*, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-0773): Of I Pagliacci, by I Pagliacci, and for I Pagliacci—waiters and (not infrequently) guests alike. Closed Mondays. ¶ *LA CHANSONNETTE*, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri sings from atop the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. ¶ *FRANK'S PLACE*, 41 E. 58th St. (838-0364): Norman Kubrin, with a swinging approach and plenty of musicality, sings at the piano Mondays through Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. His audience is mainly a cocktail crowd. No music Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome. Songs and guitar from Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays. ¶ *ROMA DI NOTTE*, 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Down underneath Iperbole is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. ¶ *CHÂTEAU HENRI IV*, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. ¶ *DRAKE ROOM*, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on



**A woman has an infinite variety of ways to please a man.
Not the least of which is her perfume.**

In the tradition of a woman giving something special of herself to a man, Parfums Rochas has created two distinctive fragrances.

One is Madame Rochas, which suggests many things about you, but surrenders nothing. It is mindful of your elegance and sophistication; images that go with him, even in your absence.

Femme, the other, is ultimately feminine. With the eternal virtue of enhancing the intrigue of woman. To her man, Femme suggests the majesty of romanticism. Femme is, after all, just another way of saying: Woman.

Two fragrances. With infinite possibilities for a woman to explore.

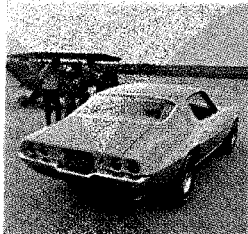


Rochas Paris creates Madame Rochas, Femme, Audace. For men, Monsieur Rochas and Moustache.

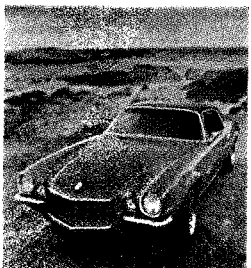
PARFUMS ROCHAS

Camaro from A to Z28.

A SPORT COUPE. This is fundamental Camaro. Its basic philosophy: a 4-person car ought to be able to handle like a 2-person car. Result: a sight to behold, a delight to get ahold of. For stability, we gave it a low center of gravity. For a firm stance, we spread its tread wide. And a forward-mounted steering linkage offers a preciseness of handling you may not have known before. Yet for all the great road car it is, we kept it reasonably priced. You see, some specialized body builder in Turin, Italy, didn't come up with this concept of a road car. Chevrolet did.



RALLY SPORT.



Everything a Sport Coupe is, and a little more. We gave our designers and stylists a free hand and they gave us an even sportier looking front end. The grille is stark and clean.

Surrounded by a tough resilient housing. Flanked by special parking lights and bumpers. Hidden windshield wipers and other touches wrap up a look distinctly Rally Sport.

TYPE LT.

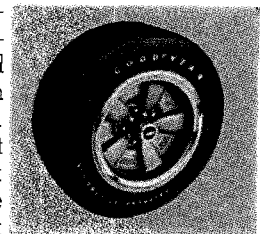
The LT means Luxury Touring. Not that other Camaros aren't something special inside. The LT just goes another step. To a world of plushness you might have thought possible in a Camaro only if you had a brother-in-law in California who ran a business customizing interiors. The meticulously designed instrument cluster with tach, temperature gage, ammeter and electric clock is faced with attractive simulated wood.

Rich upholstery fabrics and vinyls are available for the choosing. Wood-grain vinyl panels accent door interiors. And your surroundings are hushed with sound deadening in the front, sides, floor and roof. Sure, other cars come this plush. But this is the one that drives like a Camaro.



Z28.

If performance remains the essence of Camaro to you—as it always has to many—here's your car. This one's for people who really care what's up under that long hood. And for those who want something more in terms of handling. The Z28 comes standard with a 350 4-barrel V8, dual exhausts, sport suspension, special 15 x 7 wheels, Posi-traction, black-finish grille and sport mirrors on both sides. Spoilers, almost a Z28 trademark by now, are yours both front and rear for the ordering. And is the Z nimble? Quick? That's the whole Camaro story.



Chevrolet.
Building a better way
to see the U.S.A.

Chevrolet

Take a second to buckle up. It could save a lifetime.



New Camaro Type LT.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. . . **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): No rush, no fuss. Piano by Richard Wilkins from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905). Murray Grand is the current pianist in this aged Village bar. His hours are eight to two every night but Monday and Tuesday. . . **LA BIBLIOTHEQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. Piano by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, pride of Western Australia, is at the piano from four-thirty to ten-thirty. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . **CAMEL DRIVER**, 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989): Marty Berns maintains an even keel at the keyboard in this diminutive, candle-lit retreat. He plays from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour, amour* is the mood of the piano operated so well by Robert Poitevin, who is on hand from five until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 5-8000): George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg Empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one-thirty. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. Closed Sundays. . . **NIRVANA**, penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): Arooj Lazewal plays sitar and Badal Roy drums and tabla every night but Sunday and Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. The cuisine, like the gentle music, if not the view over the Park, represents Bangladesh. . . **LAIR**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): Larry Oleno, whose baritone softens the night is at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays between nine and midnight. . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): In the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, and in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be postprandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Monday, May 28.)

GALLERIES

- JOHN OKULICK**—This artist has had the curious idea of extending the laws of perspective to three-dimensional objects—of, as it were, drawing with sculpture. His wall-hung representations of wooden crates and packages filled with straw, twigs, and other natural materials have the distortion built into them that objects appear to have when viewed from a distance. The sculptures have a handsome, plain, craftsmanly appearance and inexplicably ornate titles—"Masque of the Dryads" is the name of an oak crate with twigs showing through the slats, and "Cythera's Harvest" is a package of wood, burlap, string, and straw. Also included are three precise, delicately colored drawings of packages. Through Saturday, June 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)
- PETER AGOSTINI**—Heads, some tiny, some very large, in bronze and terra-cotta, also plaster bas-reliefs and drawings; through Saturday, May 26. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)
- MICHAEL ARGOV**—Painted reliefs of wood or aluminum, plus geometric works in other mediums, by an Israeli; through June 9. (Kulick, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)
- LEONARD BASKIN**—Figurative bronzes, bronze reliefs, and drawings; through Friday, June 1. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)
- STAN BRODSKY**—New Mexico landscapes; through Saturday, May 26. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)
- DAVID LEE BROWN**—Abstract steel sculptures; through Friday, May 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)
- JACK BUSH**—Shapes in color on one-color ground

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

- by a Canadian; through June 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- ANTHONY CARO**—Table pieces by the noted British sculptor; starting Friday, May 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- A. CHADBURN**—Impressionist landscapes of Europe; through Friday, May 25. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)
- CARMEN CICERO**—Small Expressionist collages with suggestions of landscapes and sea; through June 29. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)
- ALAN COTE**—Large paintings consisting of bars of color; through Saturday, May 26. (Cunningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)
- SUSAN CRILE**—Paintings of patterned carpets; through Saturday, May 26. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)
- PETER DECHAR**—Large paintings of outside pears; through Saturday, May 26. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 080 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)
- MARK DI SUVERO**—Drawings by this sculptor known for his huge works in wood and steel; through Saturday, June 2. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)
- JUDITH DOLNICK / RICHARD BOGART**—Abstract paintings. / Romantic landscapes. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Through Saturday, May 26.)
- JEAN DUBUFFET**—Studies for costumes and characters made in connection with a theatrical tableau being presented at the Guggenheim as part of his retrospective; through June 23. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- TOM EVANS**—First showing in New York of six large lyrical abstractions; through Saturday, June 2. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- JUAN GENOVÉS**—Paintings by a Spaniard whose theme is the isolation of individuals within public events and actions; through June 9. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- HERBERT HASELTINE**—Thirty-three bronze and marble works by a well-known sculptor of championship horses; through Saturday, May 26. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)
- BROWER HATCHER / DAVID HOCKNEY**—Abstract wire sculptures. / Lithographs. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Through June 16. Closed Mondays.)
- AL HIRSCHFELD**—Fifty years of drawings, lithographs, and etchings by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times*; through Thursday, May 31. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)
- RALPH HUMPHREY**—Shaped canvases; through Saturday, May 26. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)
- PETER JEMISON**—Paintings of abstracted natural forms, plus ceramic masks, by an American Indian; through Saturday, May 26. (American Art, 133 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)
- LEO JENSEN**—Sculptures by a pop artist; through Saturday, May 26. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)
- DON JOHNSON**—Mixed-medium paintings of



common American objects—hamburgers, peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches, apple pie—combined with three-dimensional forms to show how things seem to be going in the United States; through Saturday, June 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

- BEN KAMIHIRA**—Paintings of the figure; through Friday, June 1. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)
- RAFAEL MAHDAMI**—Black-and-white paintings and drawings with Surrealist overtones; through Saturday, June 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- MARISOL**—Sculptures of giant wooden fish, highly lacquered; through Saturday, May 26. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)
- PHYLLIS MARK**—Kinetic metal sculptures; through Friday, June 1. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)
- JOHN MCCracken**—Colored Plexiglas rectangular shapes by a West Coast Minimalist; through Thursday, May 31. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)
- JOAN MIRÓ**—Paintings, sculptures, drawings, etchings, and hangings made of jute weavings plus assorted materials—yarn, rope, odd objects, and paint; through Friday, June 1. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- DIANNE NELSON**—Painted collages with flower themes; through June 16. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)
- LOYD NEY (1893-1965)**—Nineteen-forties' watercolors and two large oils by a Pennsylvanian who showed at the Museum of Non-Objective Painting; through Saturday, June 2. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)
- JULES OLITSKI**—Spray paintings with a one-color central field; through Wednesday, May 30. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- ANTOINETTE PONCET**—Sculptures in marble and bronze by an artist who worked with Arp; through Saturday, May 26. (Modern Master Tapestries, 11 E. 57th St.)
- ALAN PRICE**—Realistic paintings of Long Island sea and shore scenes, also lithographs by Stow Wengenroth; through Friday, June 1. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)
- JAMES ROSENQUIST**—Two large paintings and some drawings by the well-known pop artist; starting Saturday, May 26. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)
- CHARLES SALERNO**—Craftsmanlike sculptures in marble and limestone; through June 14. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)
- PHILLIP SCHREIBMAN**—Palette-knife applications of heavy bars of color; through Saturday, May 26. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)
- DAVID SMYTH**—A steel-and-concrete sculpture that occupies the entire gallery; through Saturday, June 2. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)
- ALBERT STADLER**—Soft-edge abstractions; through June 7. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)
- JOE STEFANELLI**—Hard-edge abstractions with an Egyptian theme by a former Abstract Expressionist; through Friday, June 1. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- MARINA STERN**—Precisionist paintings of urban scenes; through June 9. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)
- VERA STRAVINSKY**—Abstractions by the widow of the composer; through Wednesday, May 30. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)
- PAUL SUTTMAN**—Sculptures in bronze and bas-reliefs containing elements of still-life, figures, and architectural shapes; through Friday, June 1. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)
- TOMASELLO**—White constructions with cubes; starting Thursday, May 24. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- PAUL VÁZQUEZ**—One large (eight feet by thirty) figurative triptych in vibrant colors; through June 14. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)
- WILLIAM T. WILEY**—About forty works, consisting of constructions, paintings, drawings, watercolors, and lithographs, by a West Coast artist identified with "Funk" art, a style related to Dada and Surrealism.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, June 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

JOHN WILLENBECHER—Constructions based on a labyrinth of ladders and spheres; through Thursday, May 31. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—The 1973 annual exhibition of paintings, graphics, and sculptures by members of this organization of professional artists, numbering over seven hundred; through Sunday, May 27. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FAR GALLERY**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: An exhibition of nineteenth-century salt-glazed stoneware jugs, crocks, jars, churns, and bottles, many of them factory-made, and hand-decorated with cobalt-blue flower or bird motifs. This genre is one of the most felicitous of the vernacular forms that are now enjoying a revival (and are fetching higher prices, in many cases, than the self-consciously "artistic" artifacts of their time). The plain, stolid, useful shapes of these storage vessels, combined with the sure, flowing, almost offhand slip-decorations, have the quality of Oriental pottery. The choice specimens on view here are from the collection of Evelyn Jablow, and bear the stamp of various New England and upstate New York factories. Through June 8. . . **A.I.R.**, 97 Wooster St.: Ten women artists; through June 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints, and wall hangings on the theme of letters of the alphabet and numbers; through Thursday, May 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . **BONINO**, 7 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Bauermeister, Mallory, Brusca, and others; through Saturday, June 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . **CALDWELL**, 13 Barrow St.: Spray-gun paintings by Doug Ohlson, abstract color forms by Ray Parker, and calligraphic patterns by Ulfert Wilke; through Saturday, June 2. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . **CITY UNIVERSITY GRADUATE CENTER**, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.: Sculptures in different mediums by eight artists, among them Sylvia Stone, Clement Meadmore, and Linda Howard; through Friday, June 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 8 to 6.) . . **COOPER**, 100 Prince St.: Works by gallery artists; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures and drawings on the theme of the torso, ranging in time from Greece and Rome to such modernists as Maillo, Arp, Magritte, Archipenko, Giacometti, and de Kooning; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . **DORSKY**, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.: Works by forty graduating seniors of the Cooper Union School of Art; through Friday, June 1. (Closed Saturdays.) . . **ESMAN**, 24 E. 80th St.: Wall sculptures and drawings; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Twenty landscape and figure paintings, dating from 1630 to 1680, by Dutch artists who were influenced by the Italian School; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: A large show of American and French Impressionist paintings by Monet, Hassam, Prendergast, Frieske, and others; through Friday, June 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings, constructions, and works on paper and cloth by new artists; starting Thursday, May 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Modern masterpieces from the Hermitage State Museum in Leningrad and the Pushkin Museum in Moscow, just exhibited at the National Gallery in Washington;

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

through June 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6. Admission is \$2. Open Monday, May 28.) . .

LANDMARK, 469 Broome St.: Drawings by Lois Dodd, Charles DuBack, Louis Finkelstein, Sideo Fromboluti, Linda Lindeberg, David Slivka, and others; through Saturday, June 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Works by gallery artists, among them Alechinsky, Jorn, Bury, and Antes; through July 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . **LENER-HELLER**, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Protest art by nineteen painters and sculptors, among them Peter Saul, Benny Andrews, Sylvia Sleigh, George Segal, Lester Johnson, and June Leaf; through Saturday, May 26. . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Maine by Thon, Betts, Peirce, Etnier, and others; through Friday, May 25. . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by three artists; starting Saturday, May 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures inspired by such personal crotchets as hopscotch, artichokes, and TV screens; through June 8. (Closed Mondays.) . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Paintings, collages, wood carvings, and reliefs by three artists; starting Tuesday, May 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Sixty-four watercolors by three generations of Burchfields—Charles Burchfield, his daughter Martha Burchfield Richter, and his granddaughter Peggy Richter Turco; through June 20. (Closed Mondays.) . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: Ninetieth-anniversary exhibition of paintings, prints, photographs, and memorabilia pertaining to the Brooklyn Bridge; through June 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century Western European bronzes with emphasis on techniques of casting; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . **UNION CARBIDE BUILDING**, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: The third international benefit exhibit of works by young artists from about fifty countries; through Friday, June 1. (Closed Saturdays.) . . **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: Seventeen avant-gardists of the gallery, such as Haacke, Smithson, Andre, and Flavin; through June 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings and ceramics by women of this artists' housing project; through Monday, May 28. (Fridays, 6 to 9; Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, May 28, from 2 to 6.) . . **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Eighty-six miniature paintings from India representing various regional styles from the sixteenth century through the beginning of the nineteenth; through June 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Abstract paintings and constructions by four artists who studied in California and now live in New York; through June 16. (Closed Mondays.)

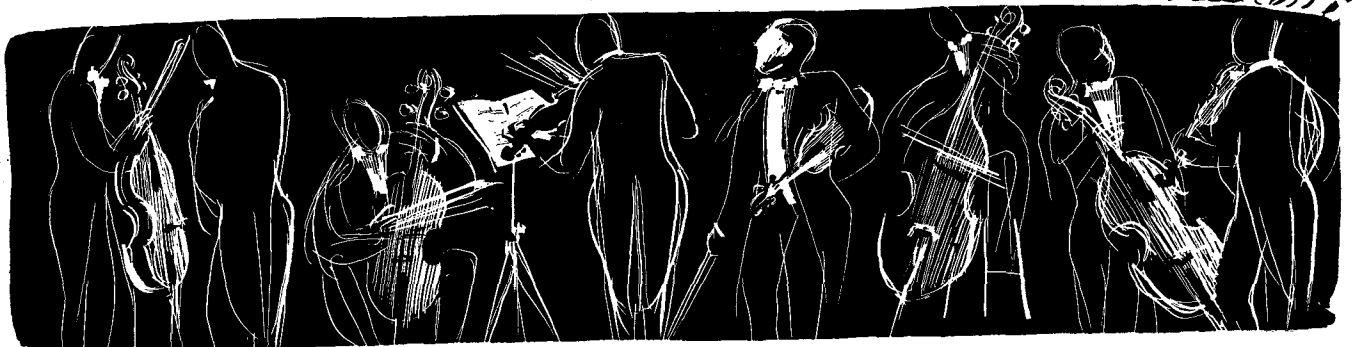
PHOTOGRAPHY

EADWEARD MUYBRIDGE—In May, 1872, Leland Stanford, the railroad magnate and former governor of California, asked Eadweard Muybridge, a prominent San Francisco photographer, to take a picture of his horse Occident while trotting at full speed, in order to confirm an idea he had formed that a trotting horse has all four feet off the ground

at some point in its stride. Stanford's close observations of his race horses had led him to suspect that the conventional portrayal of running horses—from Assyrian bas-reliefs to nineteenth-century paintings—was wrong, but he needed evidence. Muybridge told Stanford that what he asked was technically impossible, but Stanford would not be put off, and Muybridge agreed to try. The result was the now historic series of motion studies, using dogs, cats, birds, monkeys, and people, as well as horses, which caused the greatest amazement and consternation, because it so radically contradicted what people saw with their eyes—or, rather, thought they saw. The strange and awkward postures caught by Muybridge's camera were a shock to the general public, and were a positive embarrassment to the painters and sculptors who worked in the name of "truth" and "nature." Some artists, such as Thomas Eakins, strove manfully to incorporate the new truth into their art; others, such as Rodin, vehemently repudiated it. Rodin ingeniously argued that "it is the artist who is truthful, and it is photography which lies, for in reality time does not stop, and if the artist succeeds in producing the impression of a movement which takes several moments for accomplishment, his work is certainly much less conventional than the scientific image, where time is abruptly suspended." The motion studies on view at the exhibition here are curious but not very startling. Our eye has been retrained by photography, and we see things differently, though no less conventionally, than the pre-photography observer did. The question of artistic vs. actual truth, however, continues to arise from technological occasions (tape-recorded vs. invented dialogue, for example), and art serenely continues to look or sound truer than life. The most memorable photographs in this show are the large, painterly views of Yosemite National Park that Muybridge took before his association with Stanford. A sign on a wall of this generally laconic and unhelpfully organized show informs us that the publisher of the Yosemite photographs testified for the defense at Muybridge's trial for murder (he shot his wife's lover), offering the pictures as proof of Muybridge's insanity, since no one but a lunatic would have ventured into the unexplored wilderness carrying hundreds of pounds of photographic equipment. Muybridge was acquitted on a verdict of justifiable homicide. Through June 30. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

ARNAUD CLAASS—"Bicycles: A Photographic Essay" is a survey of the contemporary cycling scene, here and in Europe, by a twenty-four-year-old Frenchman. It shows people riding to work, at play, in large groups, and on solitary rides, and also occasionally dwells on bicycles themselves as elements of somewhat contrived compositions. Claass has not found a style yet—he vacillates between the elegant designed photography of Cartier-Bresson and Kertész and a looser, more journalistic photography—and the show's unifying theme only underscores the photographer's disunity of vision. The least stylized pictures tend to be the most interesting ones, and some pictures taken in Central Park—on one of those weekends when the weather is good and the Park looks like a cautionary advertisement for birth control—have special local appeal. Through Friday, June 1. (Underground, 134 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. Closed Saturdays.)

MICHAEL BISHOP/ELAINE FISHER—Conceptual



works that deal with space exploration and photographic processes to little purpose. Sidewalks, buildings, figures, and shadows as elements of strong, abstract compositions reminiscent of the early work of Strand. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Through Saturday, May 26.)

IMOGEN CUNNINGHAM—A retrospective of the career of the *grande dame* of twentieth-century American photography, who was ninety last month; through July 1. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

J. MICHAEL EGAN—Enormous photographs, on specially treated canvas, of the artist nude in his studio and of his sculptures; the sculptures themselves are also on view. Through Saturday, June 2. (Rich, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

VAN DEREN COKE/BETTY HAHN—Manipulated prints, some based on anonymous nineteenth-century negatives, by a well-known historian of photography. Photographic images printed on canvas, cotton, and paper, and decorated with hand stitchery. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Through June 10. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

GROUP SHOW—At the **PAGE EDITIONS**, 32 E. 57th St.: "Sharp-Focus Realism: A New Perspective" attempts to establish a connection between the recent Photo-Realist school of painting and the photography of André Kertész, Walker Evans, Berenice Abbott, Harry Callahan, Robert Frank, and other well-known and less well-known contemporary photographers. It only intermittently succeeds. Through June 9. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—An exhibit devoted to gold in many of its aspects, including ancient jewelry and ceremonial vessels, metalwork from the Renaissance to the Napoleonic period, paintings and drawings on gold leaf, and gold used in ceramics, textiles, and manuscripts; through Sept. 9. . . . Fifty American Impressionist and realist paintings and drawings, from the eighteen-eighties to the turn of the century, by Chase, Sargent, Twachtman, Hassam, Prendergast, and others; through June 3. . . . A hundred and fifty gowns designed by Cristobal Balenciaga (1895-1972), plus Spanish paintings, tapestries, and prints from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 9. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Eighty twentieth-century collages, watercolors, and drawings, representing major artists and movements in twentieth-century art, by Boccioni, Léger, Sheeler, Oldenburg, and others; through Monday, May 28. . . . A survey of the work of Charles Eames, the furniture designer and architect; through July 1. . . . Thirty recent silk-screens by Agnes Martin, a prominent abstractionist; through Aug. 26. . . . More than a hundred and twenty works on paper, from drawings and watercolors by van Gogh to examples of symbolism, Art Nouveau, and Cubism; starting Thursday, May 24. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than three hundred works by Jean Dubuffet; they consist of a hundred and forty-five paintings, a hundred and fifteen drawings, forty sculptures, six illustrated books, and even a theatrical tableau. Through July 29. A complementary show is at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Monday, May 28, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two hundred paintings, watercolors, wood engravings, and etchings by Winslow Homer (1836-1910); through June 24. . . . Thirty-nine paintings by Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71), a pioneer American abstractionist; through June 17. . . . Two hundred and twenty drawings by eighty-seven contemporaries, among them Twombly, Tworkov, Oldenburg, Joan Mitchell, and Agnes Martin; starting Friday, May 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Monday, May 28, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred sculptures in wood, iron, brass, copper, and terra-cotta representing



OUR OWN MAKE SHIRTS in our comfortable half sleeve model of exclusive lightweight materials

(shown) Our new half sleeve shirt of an unusually lightweight English cotton oxford.

With our button-down Polo collar in stripings of green-red, navy-red or red-navy on white, \$11.50

Also in lightweight white cotton oxford, \$10; blue, \$10.50; Blue end-and-end cotton Madras, \$11

Brooks cloth (polyester-and-cotton) batiste in white, \$11; blue, \$11.50

Brooks cloth in handsome stripings of blue-lime, blue-red or yellow-green on white, \$14

Mail orders invited.

We accept the American Express Money Card.



ATLANTA
BOSTON
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
HOUSTON
LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH
ST. LOUIS
SAN FRANCISCO
WASHINGTON, D.C.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Mens & Boys Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10006
696 WHITE PLAINS ROAD, SCARSDALE, N.Y. 10583

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cultural life of the Dogon people of Africa; also photographs, slides, and films by the late Eliot Elisofon, plus costumes, textiles, and music. Through Monday, May 28. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Monday, May 28, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A collection of archeological and ethnological artifacts, photographs, maps, and audiovisual material assembled to explain the cultural past and present of Greenland; through Aug. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, May 28, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, John Crowe Ransom, Leon Edel, Richard Wilbur, Lou Harrison, and Vladimir Ussachevsky. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Golub, Pearlstein, Grosvenor, Sullivan, and others. Through June 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Eighty-six rare Indian miniature paintings from private American collections; through June 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—Ceramics from tenth- to twelfth-century Manchuria and North China; through Friday, May 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—A retrospective show of illustrations by Fritz Kredel, including books, original drawings, maps, watercolors, and working manuscripts, dating from 1923 to the present; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photographs of a middle-class German-Jewish family, taken between 1873 and 1972 and assembled by Catherine Noren, herself a member of that family. Through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Over a hundred and sixty manuscripts (including two notebooks in the hand of Sergei Diaghilev), sculptures, prints, engravings, and watercolors acquired for the Dance Collection in the past ten years; through Saturday, June 2. (Weekdays, except Monday, May 28, from noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and twenty drawings from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, the majority by Tiepolo and his son and never before seen on view in New York, from the Lore and Rudolf Heinemann collection; through July 27. . . . Manuscripts and early printed books, mostly from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; through July 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-seven works in fabric that explore the sculptural potential of the medium; through June 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, drawings, collages, and other works made by inmates of the prison in Auburn, New York; starting Friday, May 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors: the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. Through Thursday, May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Documents: Famous & Infamous," an exhibition of letters of historical importance and literary forgeries of great cunning; through Thursday, May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6.) . . . Prints by women, from Diana Ghisi (1535-87) to Lee Bontecou; through Thursday, May 31. (Weekdays, except Monday, May 28, from 10 to 6.) . . . An exhibit by and about Copernicus, celebrating the five-hundredth anniversary of his birth; included are a first edition of his "De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium," as well as works by Galileo,

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Newton, and Kepler. Through June 30. (Weekdays, except Monday, May 28, from 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC PROMENADES—At Philharmonic Hall—Andre Kostelanetz conducting an "Allegro Promenade" on Wednesday, May 23, at 2 (with Dylana Jensen, twelve-year-old violinist); and "Promenade Danzante" Thursday through Saturday, May 24-26, and Thursday, May 31, at 8:30 (with Gwendolyn Killebrew, contralto, and Edward Vilella and Patricia McBride, dancers). . . . Milton Katims conducting a "Gershwin-Tchaikovsky Promenade" Tuesday and Wednesday, May 29-30, and Saturday, June 2, at 8:30 (with Agustin Anievas, piano). . . . Aaron Copland conducting a "Panorama Promenade" on Friday, June 1, at 8:30 (with Stanley Drucker, clarinet).

HARLEM PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Karl Hampton Porter conducting. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 156th St. Sunday, May 27, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

MIKIYO SAITO—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 25, at 8.)

LONG ISLAND CHAMBER ENSEMBLE OF NEW YORK—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, June 2, at 9.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

INTERLUDE CONCERTS—The final offering in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be the **GEORGE BARNES QUARTET** on Wednesday, May 23, at 5:45.

JERRY AMES TAP DANCE COMPANY—Performing Arts Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Wednesday, May 23, at 6:30. For free tickets, call 595-5222, from 2:30 to 4.

SEALS & CROFTS—With an orchestra, and Lawrence & Roselle. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 23, at 8 and 11:30.)

DEEP PURPLE—With Rory Gallagher. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday and Sunday, May 26-27, and Wednesday, May 30, all at 8.)

JAZZ/TAP—Baby Laurence, Chuck Green, L. D. Jackson, Buster Brown, and John T. McPhee. The show that surrounds them is of lesser quality. They come on at 6. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Every Sunday, Admission by contribution.)

HUMBLE PIE—With the Blackberries and Black Oak Arkansas. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, May 29, at 8.)

LOUISE PARKS AND HER DANCERS—Town Hall. Wednesday, May 30, at 5:45.

JOHN DENVER—With Bill Withers and Judy Collins, in a benefit concert. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, May 31, at 7:30.)

PAUL SIMON—With Urubamba and the Jesse Dixon Singers. (Carnegie Hall. Friday through Sunday, June 1-3, at 8.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, May 23, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Texas, Friday, May 25, at 7:30, and Saturday through Monday, May 26-28, at 2. . . . Yankees vs. Oakland, Tuesday through Thursday, May 29-31, at 7:30. . . . Yankees vs. California, Friday, June 1, at 7:30, and Saturday, June 2, at 2.

CREW—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, May 31-June 2.)

HORSE SHOWS—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Friday and Saturday, May 25-26, and Monday through Saturday, May 28-June 2.) . . . Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. Sunday, May 27.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, June 2-3.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 16. The Edgemere Handicap, Wednesday, May 23; the Mother Goose, Saturday, May 26; the Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 28; the Withers, Wednesday, May 30, and the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 2. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Tuesdays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays and Monday, May 28, between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, June 2. The Jersey Derby, Monday, May 28, and the Camden Handicap, Saturday, June 2.

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Thursday, May 24. . . .

YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8, from Friday, May 25, through Tuesday, July 24. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays, except Monday, May 28, at 8:15, and on Monday, May 28, at 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 2-3.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—The Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene on Tuesday, May 29. In the meantime, there may be periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays, except May 28, through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS—Through Wednesday, May 30, the City Center people will be scattering a spring dance festival all around town—staged on various open areas and architectural spaces. The performers are James Cunningham and the Acme Dance Company, Trisha Brown and Group, the Phyllis Lambut Dance Company, and the Don Redlich Dance Company. For daily information about times and places, call 472-1003. . . . Starting Friday, May 25, and continuing through Sunday, June 10, the semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until sundown. . . . On Saturday, May 26, at noon, a bicycle marathon around Central Park (sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company) will get under way at Fifth Avenue and 72nd Street. It will finish at the same place twenty-four hours later. For information, call 472-1003. . . . On Saturday, May 26, at 6:30, Carole King will give a concert in Central Park's Great Lawn. . . . On Monday, May 28, at 1, the Harlem Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Karl Hampton Porter, will give a concert in Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. . . . On Monday, May 28, at 8, the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Emerson Buckley and with Rebecca Roberts, soprano, will give a concert on the Central Park Mall. . . . SoHo Fleas, an antiques market at the corner of Grand and Wooster Streets, is open every Saturday, weather permitting, from 10 to 5. . . . On Sunday, May 27, an Antique Fair and Flea Market will be held in the Shea Stadium parking lot from 10 to 6. . . . The Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.), another antiques show, is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 10 to 6. . . . The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7. . . . Each Tuesday and

Wednesday evening between 7 and 10:30, the roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles, to permit strollers and bicyclists to walk and ride unafflicted by exhaust fumes and traffic noises.

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 23, at 10:15: African art, belonging to various collectors. . . . Wednesday, May 23, at 2: French and Continental furniture, decorations, and rugs: from several owners. . . . Thursday, May 24, at 2: Jewelry, from the estate of Princess Desirée Windisch-Graetz and from other sources. . . . Tuesday, May 29, at 2: Chinese works of art, from several owners. . . . Wednesday, May 30, at 2: Early dynastic Chinese pottery, from the collection of Winifred Gray Whitman.

COMMENCEMENT DATE—Smith, Sunday, May 27.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 23 at 5:30: "Think Fast, Mr. Moto" (1937), directed by Norman Foster, with Peter Lorre. . . . May 24 at 5:30: "Carnivals in Belgium" (1972), a series of five short films by Henri Storck. . . . May 24 at 8 and May 25 at 2: "Land Without Bread" (1932), directed by Luis Buñuel, and "The Nuer" (1970), directed by Hilary Harris and George Breidenbach. . . . May 25 at 5:30 and May 26 at noon: "Zero for Conduct" (1933), in French, no English titles, and "A Propos de Nice" (1930), both directed by Jean Vigo. . . . May 26 at 3: "Aborigines of Central and Northern Australia" (1901-12), directed by Walter Baldwin Spencer; "Desert People" (1969), directed by Ian Dunlop; and "Gunabibi" (1971), directed by Roger Sandall. . . . May 26 at 5:30: "Land Without Bread" (1932) and "The Nuer" (1970). . . . May 27 at 12:30 and 3: "Easy Living" (1937), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Jean Arthur and Ray Milland. . . . May 27 at 5:30 and May 28 at 2: "Aborigines of Central and Northern Australia" (1901-12), "Desert People" (1969), and "Gunabibi" (1971). . . . May 28 at 5:30: "Carnivals in Belgium" (1972); and three short films by Napoleon Chagnon and Timothy Asch. . . . May 29 at 2: "13 Rue Madeleine" (1947), directed by Henry Hathaway, with James Cagney and Annabella. . . . May 29 at 5:30: "Going Home" (1972), directed by Adolfo Mekas and Pola Chapelle. . . . May 30 at 5:30: "13 Rue Madeleine" (1947). . . . May 31 at 5:30: "Family" (1970), directed by Hubert Smith; and "Farrebique" (1947), in French, directed by Georges Rouquier. . . . May 31 at 8: A program of six films dealing with anthropology, all directed by Timothy Asch and Napoleon Chagnon. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of films starring James Cagney: Through May 24: "Here Comes the Navy" (1934), directed by Lloyd Bacon. . . . May 26-27: "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye" (1950), directed by Gordon Douglas. . . . May 30-31: "Picture Snatcher" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon. . . . May 25: "The Quiet American" (1958), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Audie Murphy and Michael Redgrave. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Markopoulos, Murnau, Méliès, Nelson, Smith, Ozu, Renoir, Rossellini, Snow, Riefenstahl, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and 10. No Mondays. On Friday, May 25, at 6, a special screening of a film by Frampton. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—May 23: "Tales," directed by Cassandra Gerstein; no one under eighteen will be admitted. . . . May 24-26: "Comedy," a program of five short films. . . . May 27-29: "Imagine," directed by John Lennon and Yoko Ono. . . . May 30: "Hilbur and the Magician," directed by Larry Jordan. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings); on May 30 at noon, 2, and 4. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.



The best typewriter for your home is the one we built for our office.

We're typewriter people. And like all other typewriter people, we've always made big, fancy-featured ones for offices and small, portable ones for homes.

Then we realized that in our own offices, the secretaries hardly ever used the fancy frills we put on their machines. And what they really needed was a typewriter that could do all the basic things well. Effortlessly. And was not too greedy on desk space.

So we built them just such a machine and then put it on the market for other offices.

And that's when we discovered we'd made the perfect family typewriter. For, to our amazement, our new office machines were being snapped up for the home.

Why? Partly because it takes a sturdy office machine to stand up to family life and the pounding of many different sets of fingers—some inexpert, some impatient, some over-emphatic. And partly because home-typists too can make use of all the office features (like tabulating, individual touch control, full 48-key keyboard, exclusive Flying Red Margins®).

Best of all, the clever Swiss engineering that makes our typewriter just half the size of the usual office clunkers, also makes it about half the price. \$345.

And of course our original home machine is still available—the popular, portable Hermes 3000 at \$145.

If you only want to buy a typewriter once, buy a

HERMES

For a free 24 page color catalog write: Paillard Incorporated, 1900 Lower Road, Linden, N.J. 07036. Other products: Hermes figuring machines, Bolex movie equipment, Hasselblad cameras and accessories.

**The S.S. France sets sail for a cruise
around the world in 92 days.
25 Ports of Call. Departs New York,
January 9. Returns April 11.**

Until the day when space travel ferries people from planet to planet, this cruise will rank as the ultimate experience in travel.

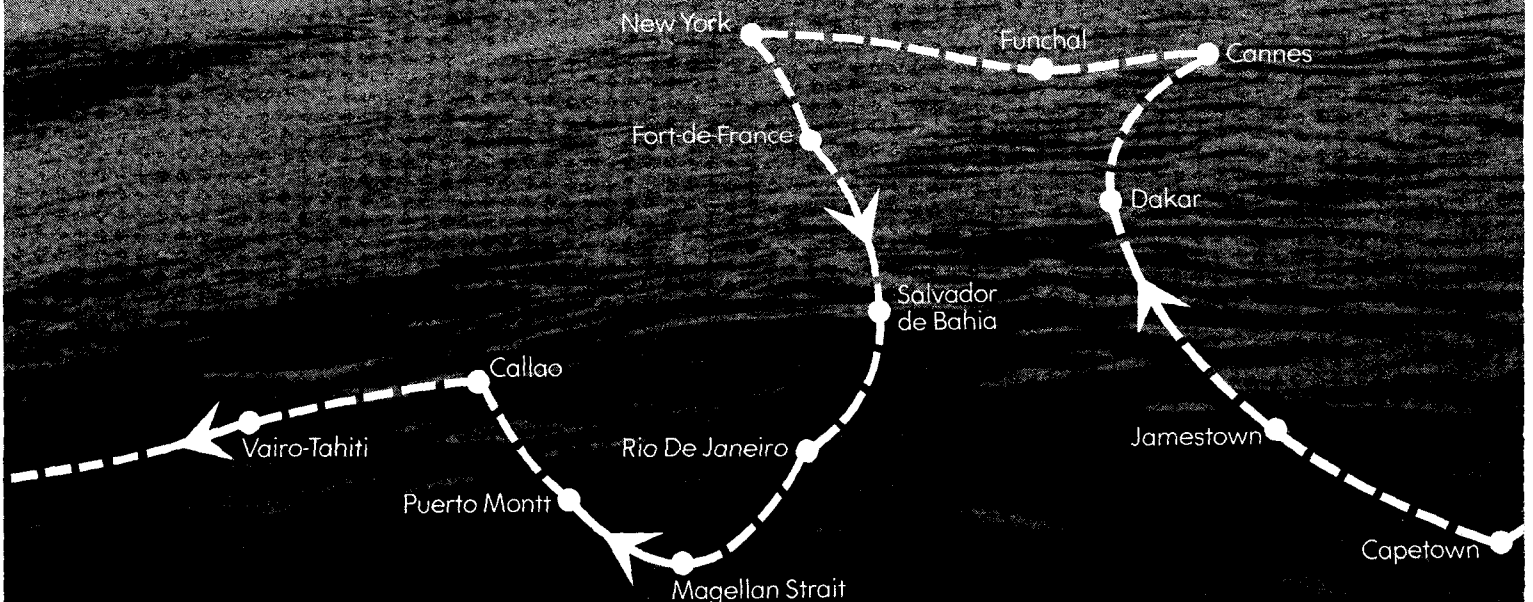
And until the day when someone renders a new way of life, this cruise must offer the ultimate experience in civilized pleasure and adventure.

Because the S.S. France is a ship that creates its own unique ambience. The France is at the height of its splendor, a ship rich with its own heritage of excellence and beauty.

This presents an appropriate setting for its longest and possibly its greatest voyage.

You'll be visiting places you've wanted to visit all your life. And you'll be visiting places no one you know will probably ever visit. Over three months, you'll experience the cultures and the peoples of five continents. You'll survey the world as only few others have. And most of them were famous explorers.

Naturally, there's a lot more to do than visiting these ports of call. We've arranged with Thomas Cook for optional tours at each port. 280 different tours, to be exact. They range from a motor coach tour of Rio de Janeiro and its famous beaches to a full-day tour of Kota Kinabalu, Borneo, to leaving the ship for six days and exploring the Great Barrier Reef, as well as major Australian cities by motor coach, plane and motor vessel.



The Ultima

To give you some idea of what's in store on board the S.S. France for this voyage, Chef Henri Le Huédé and his staff of 180 make this promise: No menu will ever be repeated twice—for the entire cruise. And it also might be comforting to know that you'll be sailing with one of the world's largest wine cellars, 29,000 bottles.

Finally, this single fact should reassure you of what life on board the France will be like.

Almost a quarter of the reservations received thus far have been made by passengers of the 1972 world cruise on the S.S. France.

Accommodations range from \$5,770 to \$116,875, based on availability.

For complete information about the Ultimate Odyssey, see your travel agent. Or send us this coupon for your tour booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My travel agent is: _____

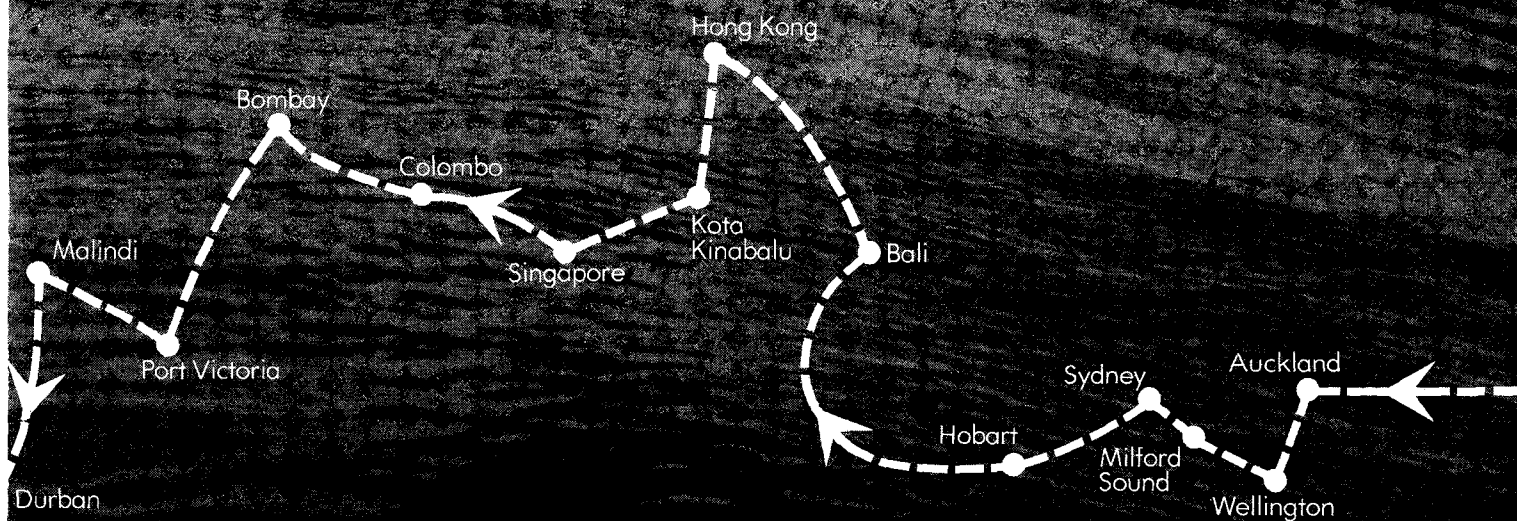


French Line

555 Fifth Ave. New York, N.Y. 10017 (212) 883-7000

The French have a way of doing things.

The S.S. France is of French Registry.



te Odyssey.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Cries and Whispers."
THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through May 26: "Jimmy the Gent" and
"The Man Who Played God."
May 27-29: "The Great Waltz" and "Monte
Carlo."
From May 30: "Kiss Me Kate" and "Born to
Dance."
ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through May 29: "El Topo" and "Reefer
Madness."
From May 30: "The Candidate" and "The
Thief Who Came to Dinner."
CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
To be announced.
GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Save the Tiger" and "Take the Money and
Run."
MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Heartbreak Kid."
34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"I Love You Rosa."
EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"High Plains Drifter."
SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Class of '44."
TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last Tango in Paris."
FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"A Doll's House."
PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through May 29: "Bonnie and Clyde" and
"Putney Swope."
From May 30: "The Women."
BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Harrod Experiment."
CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Paper Moon."
EAST 59TH STREET I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid."
EAST 59TH STREET II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid."
CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Save the Tiger."
CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Scarecrow."
CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Cries and Whispers."
FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st.
(PL 3-5755)
May 23: "Memories of Underdevelopment."
May 24-30: "Happiness" and "Isaac Singer's
Nightmare & Mrs. Pupko's Beard."
COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
May 23: "Dirty Little Billy."
From May 24: "Emperor of the North Pole."
COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Godspell."
BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"State of Siege."
68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 31 (tentative): "Such a Gor-
geous Kid Like Me."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED
IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through May 24: "Lost Horizon."
From May 25: "Let the Good Times Roll."
72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 29: "Sounder."
From May 30: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Sleuth."
JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Hitler: The Last Ten Days."
TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-
3180)
Through May 24: "Theatre of Blood."
From May 25: "Man of La Mancha."
U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 24: "Slither."
From May 25: "The Sound of Music."
LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Day of the Jackal."
LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Day of the Jackal."
86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"A Warm December."
R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th.
(289-8900)
"The Soul of Nigger Charley."
R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th.
(289-8932)
"The Mack."

WEST SIDE

WAYERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Hitler: The Last Ten Days."
8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 29: "The Discreet Charm of
the Bourgeoisie."
From May 30: "Memories of Underdevelop-
ment."
5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"An Autumn Afternoon."
GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 24: "Sleuth."
From May 25: "Man of La Mancha."
QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th.
(255-8800)
Through May 29: "Deliverance" and "Cool
Hand Luke"/"Ten from Your Show of
Shows" and "The Twelve Chairs"/

"Sounder" and "The Hot Rock"/"Save the
Tiger" and "The Sterile Cuckoo."
From May 30: To be announced.
ELEIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through May 26: "A Night in Casablanca"
and "Love Happy."
May 27-31: "Take the Money and Run" and
"What's New Pussycat?"
R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-
7050)
Through May 29: "Save the Tiger" and
"Fear Is the Key."
From May 30: "Deep Thrust" and another
feature, to be announced.
GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through May 24: "Travels with My Aunt"
and "The Boy Friend."
From May 25: "Lost Horizon."
MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Mary Poppins."
ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cinerama."
FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through May 24: "The Offence."
From May 25: "Man of La Mancha."
PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 29: "Fist of Fury."
From May 30: To be announced.
LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Mattei Affair."
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Money, Money, Money."
PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Heartbreak Kid." (No six o'clock show-
ing on Wednesday, May 23.)
CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 24: "Theatre of Blood."
From May 25: "Man of La Mancha."
EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Cries and Whispers."
BEACON, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
To be announced.
LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid."
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 29: "Sunset Boulevard" and
"The Spy Who Came in from the Cold."
From May 30: "The Hunters Are the
Hunted" and "Boudou Saved from Drown-
ing."
SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Love."
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 24: "The Night They Raided
Minsky's" and "Some Like It Hot."
May 25-28: "Horsefathers" and "Monkey
Business."
May 29-31: "The Knack" and "Billy Liar."
RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"High Plains Drifter."
RIVIERA, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"Sleuth."
OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 29: "Soylent Green" and "The
Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."
From May 30: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON (1962)—The last film of
the Japanese master Yasujiro Ozu, made
shortly before he died. This picture, like
several of his others, is about the unwitting
demands of a gentle, aging father on a now
marriageable daughter who lets suitors go by
to keep him company. The father is played
with the greatest dignity by Ozu's favorite
actor, Chishu Ryu, as a stoic and thinning
character in suits now too big for him. There
is something tonic and beautiful about the
calm of Ozu's view of life, which is perfectly
expressed in his quiet, observant style. In
Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

BILLY LIAR (1963)—An English comedy in which
Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop
telling disastrous whoppers. With Julie
Christie. Directed by John Schlesinger.
(Thalia; May 29-31.)

BONNIE AND CLYDE (1967)—Violent, funny, and
one of the best American movies of the six-
ties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as
the Depression outlaws who show off their
big guns and their defiance of the law. The
Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes
toward the American past by making the
holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy.
(Plaza; through May 29.)

BORN TO DANCE (1936)—Eleanor Powell, the
chief woman tapper of the thirties, had little

natural grace and a rather horsey manner—
all wholesome high spirits—but she was cer-
tainly proficient. She danced the way José
Iturbi played the piano; that is to say, people
who didn't ordinarily care for dancing were
her greatest fans. In the finale to this mus-
ical, she taps on a battleship; the number is
called "Swinging the Jinx Away." Fortu-
nately, Buddy Ebsen is around, and also
James Stewart, Virginia Bruce, and Frances
Langford. Roy Del Ruth directed; there are
eight Cole Porter songs, including the great
"I've Got You Under My Skin." (Theatre 80
St. Marks; starting May 30.)

BOUDOU SAVED FROM DROWNING (1931)—Despite
the problems of sound recording in 1931,
Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot
this film on the streets and along the banks of
the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable
about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early
hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded
tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes
his shoes on the bedspread) but a photograp-
hic record of an earlier France. A beautifully
rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for
the period when it was made. Not released in
the United States until 1967. In French.
(New Yorker; starting May 30.)

THE BOY FRIEND (1971)—Ken Russell has turned
the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical

and destroyed most of the pleasure the audi-
ence might have had. The glittering, joyless
numbers keep coming at you; you never get
any relief from Russell's supposed virtu-
osity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not
well enough for the load of singing she's
asked to carry), and she dances rather better,
but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities,
and she remains an appealing blank. (Guild;
through May 24.)

THE CANDIDATE—We need political films, by
gum, but not this thing, which is about a
young straight-from-the-shoulder good-look-
er (Robert Redford) who decides to run for
Democratic senator in California. Redford's
likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited
in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in
years. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (St.
Marks Cinema; starting May 30.)

CINERAMA (1952)—If you want to feel that you
are riding in the lunatic van of a roller
coaster, or sitting in La Scala when the Tri-
umphal March from "Aida" is being played,
or participating in a Florida water carnival,
or... (Ziegfeld.)

CLASS OF '44—A sequel to "Summer of '42,"
with Gary Grimes and Jerry Houser. Di-
rected by Paul Bogart. (Sutton.)

COOL HAND LUKE (1967)—Paul Newman as a
Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed



POSSIBLY THE WORLD'S MOST INEXPENSIVE QUARTZ WATCH.

A quartz crystal and a micro-computer keep it accurate to within 15 seconds a month*.

To the best of our knowledge, the TIMEX Quartz is the most inexpensive quartz watch in the world.

But while you pay less for a TIMEX, it doesn't mean you will get less. The TIMEX Quartz Watch, programmed accurate to within 15 seconds a month, is one of the world's most accurate watches.

To make it extraordinarily accurate, we began with a tiny crystal of quartz.

When electric current is passed through this crystal, it vibrates exactly 49,152 times every second, so regularly that it becomes the heart of an excep-

tionally accurate time-keeping system.

To keep the watch accurate and dependable, we then incorporated this vibrating crystal of quartz into a highly sophisticated micro-computer system, packed with over 300 transistors.

The micro-computer system serves as the brain of the watch, to control its accuracy. If, for any reason, this accuracy should vary, the micro-computer system readjusts and restores the watch to its programmed accuracy. And the TIMEX Quartz Watch is engineered to be as rugged and dependable as you expect a TIMEX to be. The watch has an

adjustable metal band and a water and dust resistant case. Equipped with an automatic day-date indicator and sweep second hand, it's powered by a replaceable energy cell† that lasts for a year, so you never have to wind it.

At \$80 the TIMEX Quartz Watch is a tribute to American leadership in automation and electronic technology.

And chances are, if someone ever makes a less expensive quartz watch, it will probably be us.



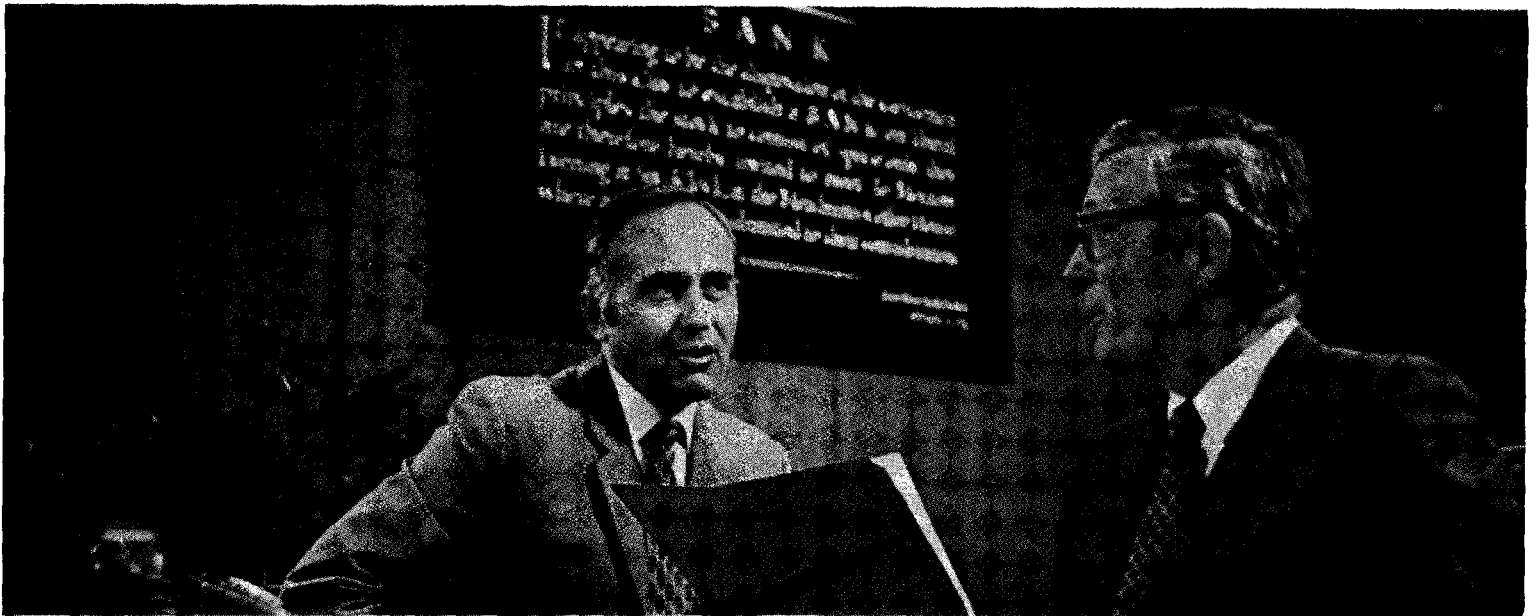
THE TIMEX® QUARTZ WATCH. \$80

Models illustrated: Above: 968602; Right: 969502.

*Regulation may be necessary to achieve this accuracy.

†We recommend genuine TIMEX Energy Cells. Other cells not meeting Timex specifications may cause a malfunction.

You're in the bank that manages money.



You need several million dollars.

You want to invest in another container ship.
You tell us about your business. We listen.
We see it from your point of view.
We weigh the advantages of the different

types of financing with you.

In this case, we decide on lease financing.
You're in The Bank of New York. The bank
that manages money.

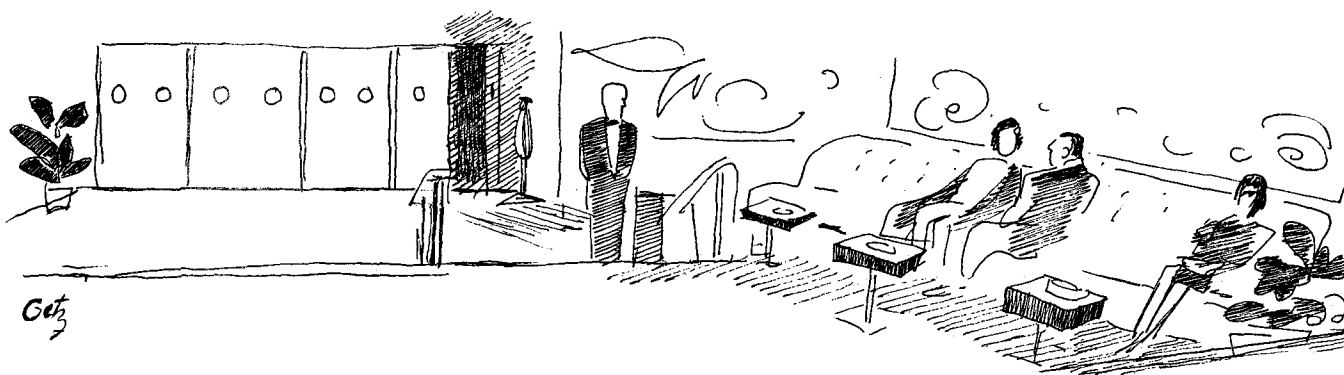
The Bank of New York. The bank that manages money.

Main Office: 48 Wall Street, New York, N.Y. 10015

Member of The Bank of New York Company, Inc.

Member FDIC

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



around. Parts are effective—in a hokey, symbol-ridden way. Stuart Rosenberg directed. (Quad Cinema; through May 29.)

CRIES AND WHISPERS—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Art Cinema II, and Embassy 72nd St.)

THE DAY OF THE JACKAL—Fred Zinnemann directs a story about the attempted assassination of de Gaulle by a hireling of the O.A.S. (Edward Fox, looking blond and bland). Some of the high-level talk by Cabinet Ministers is hilariously and unrealistically sedate but probably exact. The original novel was by Frederick Forsyth, the screenplay by Kenneth Ross. The disguises are brilliant. (Loews Orpheum and Loews Ciné.)

DEEP THRUST—A kung-fu film from Hong Kong. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting May 30.)

DELIVERANCE—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Quad Cinema; through May 29.)

DIRTY LITTLE BILLY—With Michael J. Pollard and Lee Purcell, directed by Stan Dragoti. (Columbia I; May 23.)

THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through May 29.)

A DOLL'S HOUSE—Based on the Ibsen play, with Claire Bloom. Directed by Patrick Garland. (Fine Arts.)

EMPEROR OF THE NORTH POLE—With Lee Marvin and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Columbia I; starting May 24.)

FEAR IS THE KEY—Based on the Alistair MacLean book, directed by Michael Tuchner. With Barry Newman and Suzy Kendall. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through May 29.)

FIST OF FURY—A kung-fu picture starring Bruce Lee. (Playboy; through May 29.)

THE GANG THAT COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT (1971)—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happens to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; molestable Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (Olympia; through May 29.)

GODSPELL—The Gospels designed to be read as their very own literature by the Woodstock generation. This is mostly St. Matthew, in a very fanatic and peculiarly dated happy-happy mode, with Jesus doing music-hall turns. The whole thing generates a powerfully anti-intellectual fundamentalist mood, photographed with a scrappy technique that sums up the ruling coarseness. Show-biz religiosity; the bloom has gone off these flower children. Directed by David Greene in summery New York City settings, with music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz. (Columbia II.)

THE GREAT WALTZ (1938)—The passion of Johann Strauss according to M-G-M. Fernand Gravet—talented enough in French films—seems horror-stricken and depressed as Strauss, and Luise Rainer as his sniffling, suffering wife, and the singer Miliza Korjus as the other woman are not exactly cures for melancholia. A big, overdressed bore, directed by Julien Duvivier, with musical arrangements by Dimitri Tiomkin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 27-29.)

HAPPINESS (1934)—Alexandre Medvedkine's silent comedy, made in Russia. (First Avenue Screening Room; May 24-30.)

THE HARRAD EXPERIMENT—With James Whitmore and Tippi Hedren, directed by Ted Post. (Baronet.)

THE HEARTBREAK KID—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Murray Hill. . . ¶ Paramount. No six o'clock showing on Wednesday, May 23.)

HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER—A Western, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (Eastside Cinema and Riverside.)

HITLER: THE LAST TEN DAYS—Alec Guinness as Hitler, but sounding exactly like Alec Guinness, and even looking like him in spite of a gigantic makeup job. Directed by Ennio de Concini, with a correctly dated, jammy-mouthed, and pertly pretty actress called Doris Kunstmann as Eva Braun. The film is ludicrous and stinks of cardboard evil. The script (by Signor de Concini, Maria Pia Fusco, and Wolfgang Reinhardt) nominally comes from a junky book by Gerhard Boldt but actually seems to owe more of its facts to Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper's Olympian account, "The Last Days of Hitler." (Juliet 2 and Waverly.)

HORSEFEATHERS (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.'" (Thalia; May 25-28.)

THE HOT ROCK (1972)—A cheerful caper movie, set around New York City. The dialogue is often painfully hip-cute, but the actors manage to be funny anyway. Ron Leibman plays a demonic getaway driver, George

Segal is a panicky lock picker, Paul Sand is a spaced-out bomb wizard, and Robert Redford is the straight-man leader of the gang. Peter Yates directed, from William Goldman's screenplay. (Quad Cinema; through May 29.)

THE HUNTERS ARE THE HUNTED—From a play by Martin Speer, who also plays the main role. Directed by Peter Fleischmann. In German. (New Yorker; starting May 30.)

I LOVE YOU ROSA—With Michael Bat-Adam, directed by Moshe Mizrahi. In Hebrew. (34th St. East.)

ISAAC SINGER'S NIGHTMARE & MRS. PUPKO'S BEARD—With Isaac Bashevis Singer and based on Mr. Singer's story "The Beard." Directed by Bruce Davidson. (First Avenue Screening Room; May 24-30.)

JIMMY THE GENT (1934)—We are watching a Michael Curtiz film of 1934, and Jimmy is James Cagney, so the gentlemanizing of Jimmy is fairly wry. It is done for the sake of Bette Davis, the eternal sadist; Cagney as her matching masochist is a funny idea. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 26.)

KISS ME KATE (1953)—There is Kathryn Grayson's trilling to contend with, and Ann Miller's tick-tock tapping, but once past those hurdles anyone who loves musical comedy can enjoy the marvellous Cole Porter score, Howard Keel's strong baritone and good humor, and the dancing of Tommy Rall, Bobby Van, and Bob Fosse. Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore also turn up, and Carol Haney, too. George Sidney directed. The Broadway show, based on "The Taming of the Shrew," has been cleaned up and overtamed, but there's still flavor in it. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 30.)

THE KNACK (1965)—In Richard Lester's version of the Ann Jellicoe play (as adapted by Charles Wood), the jokes whiz by so fast that the ingenuity becomes exhausting. It's all just too bleached out and clever, though Donal Donnelly is wonderful. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, and Ray Brooks. (Thalia; May 29-31.)

LAST TANGO IN PARIS—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Trans-Lux East. Sundays through Thursdays at 2, 6, and 8:45, and Fridays and Saturdays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL—With Chuck Berry and Little Richard, directed by Sid Levin and Robert Abel. (Loews Tower East; starting May 25.)

LOST HORIZON—A middle-class geriatric utopia high in the Himalayas. In this new Ross Hunter musical version, directed by Charles Jarrott, Shangri-La is about as alluring as Forest Lawn. The generally embarrassed residents include Peter Finch, Liv Ullmann, Sally Kellerman, John Gielgud, Charles Boyer, and Michael York. (Loews Tower East; through May 24. . . ¶ Guild; starting May 25.)

LOVE—If you suggest going to a Hungarian film to almost anyone but a Hungarian, you are apt to face mutiny, but this film—by Károly Makk—is much recommended. Reviving and vivid about the true nature of aristocraticism. In Hungarian. (Symphony.)

LOVE HAPPY (1950)—Which proves that even inspired clowns like the Marx Brothers can be dull and oafish. (Elgin; through May 26.)

THE MACK—With Max Julien and Don Gordon, directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—The lyrics still sound as if they had been translated from Esperanto, and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

it's a slow haul to a sentimental haven, but toward the middle, Peter O'Toole, looking like an elongated Alec Guinness, is so wafer-thin and stylized, and his woefulness is so deeply silly that the contrast between his Don Quixote and the full-bodied, realistic Aldonza of Sophia Loren becomes affecting. Loren, with her great, sorrowing green-brown eyes, is magnificently sensual and spiritual; she brings the soul of Italian opera to this Broadway bastardization, which combines Cervantes' life with his novel. Arthur Hiller directed. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, Festival, and Cinema Studio; starting May 25.)

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD (1932)—George Arliss is the great concert violinist who is deafened by a bomb thrown by anarchists; Bette Davis is the young girl infatuated with his celebrity status. His despair is cured after he begins to use binoculars and read lips and, eavesdropping on the people in the park opposite his house, involves himself in their lives. This maudlin monstrosity about the therapeutic benefits of voyeurism was actually refurbished in 1955 (by Irving Wallace—who else?) for the film debut of Liberace, shamelessly titled "Sincerely Yours." The Arliss version (which is bad enough) has in its cast Ray Milland, Hedda Hopper, Violet Heming, Donald Cook, and Louise Closser Hale. John Adolphi directed; it is generally considered the film in which Bette Davis first showed her talent. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 26.)

MARY POPPINS (1964)—Julie Andrews is Miss Poppins; Dick Van Dyke is her singing and dancing co-star. They don't try to out-act the animated talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles that Walt Disney, in his commercial wisdom, mingled with them. This remorselessly cheery, picture-postcard version of the P. L. Travers stories was a great success with children, and with some parents, too. The cast includes Glynis Johns, David Tomlinson, Reginald Owens, and Arthur Treacher; Robert Stevenson directed. (Music Hall.)

THE MATTEI AFFAIR—Francesco Rosi's pseudo-"Godfather" film about a hero to the Italians who fights for control of the oil wells. The picture, posing as Socialist, seems rather confused about the nature of monopoly, and ends with the surreal line, "Now I'm in India. . . . If they throw me out I'll go to Australia," after Mattei has said solemnly on an oil rig in the middle of the Indian Ocean, "It's not easy to live here. We've had cases of madness, and of homosexuality." In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

MEMORIES OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counter-revolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay,

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (First Avenue Screening Room; May 23. . . . 48th St. Playhouse; starting May 30.)

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (Paris.)

MONKEY BUSINESS (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd, in the first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense. (Thalia; May 25-28.)

MONTE CARLO (1930)—Jeanette MacDonald leans out the window of a train and radiantly sings "Beyond the Blue Horizon" to fields of rather stunned-looking peasants. She also does a lot of singing in her underwear. Lubitsch directed. Very stylish and sly, not to be missed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 27-29.)

A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA (1946)—Standing on the sidewalk, Harpo pushes against a wall. A policeman accosts him: "What do you think you're doing—holding up the building?" Harpo nods, and the angry policeman pushes him away. The building collapses. In this comedy, the Marx Brothers dismantle the international-intrigue thriller; the Warner Brothers, producers of the movie "Casablanca," were indignant and tried to stop the production. Though this comedy is not as famous as their films of the thirties, it's better than all but a handful of their earlier ones. Groucho manages the hotel in Casablanca where all the spies hang out, and Chico runs a fleet of camel taxis. Directed by Archie Mayo. (Elgin; through May 26.)

THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. There's a wonderful seedy chorus line—a row of pudgy girls with faces like slipped discs. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Elliott Gould, and Britt Ekland, who has a big, warm smile. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Thalia; through May 24.)

THE OFFENCE—Sidney Lumet directs a psychological thriller set on an English common in Buckinghamshire, with Sean Connery and Ian Bannen as the two halves of a man whose ambitions are split between his desire to do well in the police force and his urges as a rapist of children. The script, which has very interesting, clipped dialogue, is by John Hopkins, best known as a writer of distinguished

English TV plays and at the Royal Court Theatre, in London. Trevor Howard is fine, as always, commanding a marvellous ebb and flow of gesture. (Festival; through May 24.)

PAPER MOON—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who sells to new widows Bibles that have been quickly "personalized" in gold on the covers, and an eleven-year-old tomboy played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (Coronet.)

PAT GARRETT AND BILLY THE KID—With James Coburn and Kris Kristofferson in the title roles. Directed by Sam Peckinpah. (East 59th Street I, East 59th Street II, and Loews 83rd St.)

PUTNEY SWOPE (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat at an advertising agency. (Plaza; through May 29.)

SAVE THE TIGER—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbars; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (Gramercy and Ciné Malibu. . . . R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Quad Cinema; through May 29.)

SCARECROW—With Gene Hackman and Al Pacino, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Cinema I.)

SLEUTH—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Juliet 1 and Riviera. . . . Greenwich; through May 24.)

SLITHER—This first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and off-beat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (U. A. East; through May 24.)

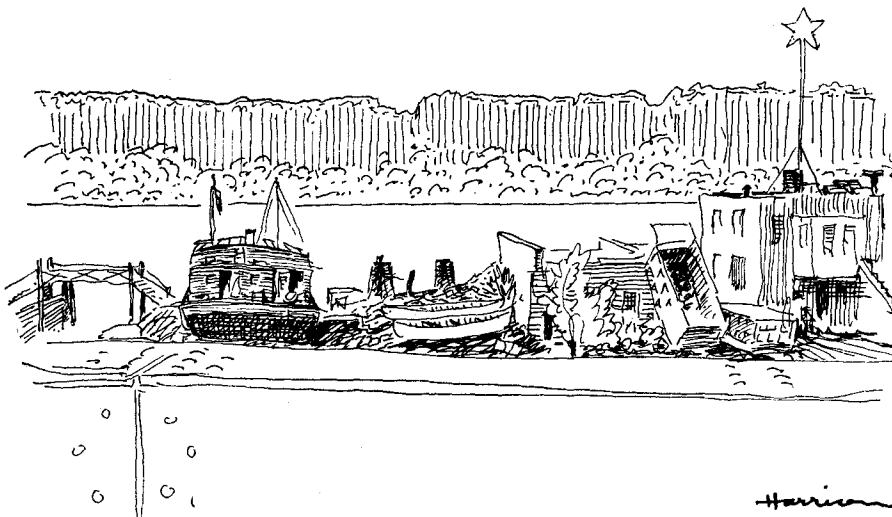
SOME LIKE IT HOT (1959)—A fifties comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Thalia; through May 24.)

THE SOUL OF NIGGER CHARLEY—A sequel to "The Legend of Nigger Charley," with Fred Williamson again playing Charley. Directed by Larry G. Spangler. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I.)

SOUNDER—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonnie Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (72nd Street East and Quad Cinema; through May 29.)

THE SOUND OF MUSIC (1965)—Gigantic sniffles. With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. (U. A. East; starting May 25.)

SOYLENT GREEN—Priggish science fiction, directed by Richard Fleischer. A clodhopping movie nominally about the awfulness of



A field-guide to the Ruthven birds.



In the world of limited-edition artware, there are flocks of birds. But experts agree that, of all, the bird paintings of John A. Ruthven are very special.

What makes a Ruthven bird a rare bird? Extreme anatomical and environmental exactness; and an unusually sensitive feeling for color.

It is no wonder, then, that Ruthven has been acclaimed successor to Audubon. And like Audubon, Ruthven is a print maker of renown who has begun to apply his art to porcelain.

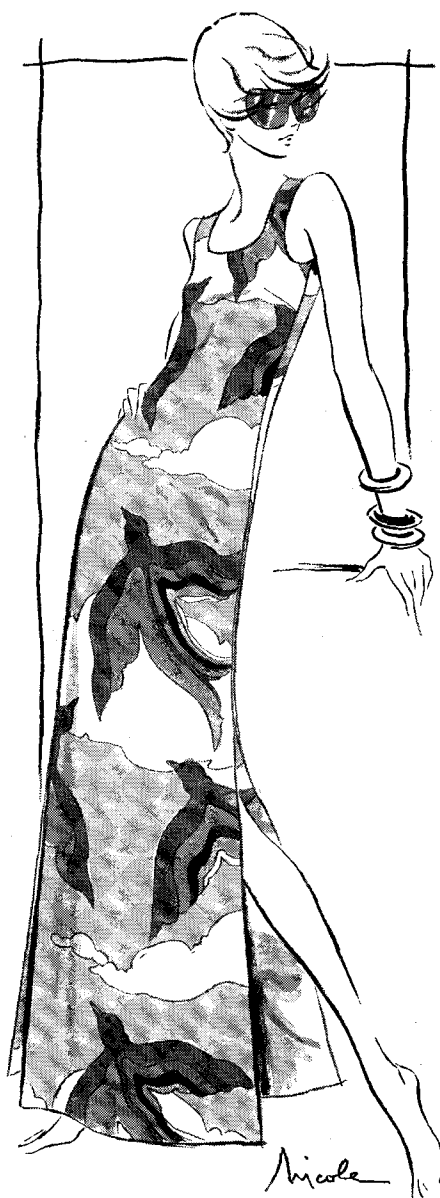
Now the art of John A. Ruthven has been cap-

tured on famed Hutschenreuther porcelain, in a limited-edition series of American Songbirds. Each plate features a Ruthven painting; each is signed and numbered in an edition of only 5000.

Shown here are Mr. Ruthven's latest, the Mockingbird and the Robin. They are \$100 the pair, or \$150 the pair in a cherry wood display case. A limited number of the 1972 edition depicting the Eastern Bluebird and the Goldfinch, are also available. From the entire world of art, Wallace preselects Ruthven's creations as worthy of your purchase.

WALLACE GALLERY COLLECTION

For the store nearest you, write: Wallace Silversmiths, Wallingford, Conn. 06492.



TAKE WING

... in our slim skimmer that lets your spirits soar. Sky high. A perfect bikini-cover or a long, cool lounge at night . . . in cloud-nine comfortable cotton poplin. Sky blue and white with pink and orange on the wing by The New Woman, 6 to 12, \$25. Please add \$1 beyond our area. Miss Bergdorf At-Home Collection on Five.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
**BERGDORF
 GOODMAN**
 5TH AVE., 57 TO 58TH STREETS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

monopolistic capitalism and the lack of birth control in New York City in 2022 A.D. Charlton Heston is a slow-thinking detective with a lot of hair on his chest, and the late, great Edward G. Robinson is exploited with supreme tastelessness. (Olympia; through May 29.)

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD (1965)—Richard Burton as the grubby and despairing hero of the le Carré novel. Also with Oskar Werner and Claire Bloom. (New Yorker; through May 29.)

STATE OF SIEGE—The new Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Mitrione, who worked for A.I.D., was trained in the U.S., and worked in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (Beekman.)

THE STERILE CUCKOO (1969)—Liza Minnelli's sad, quizzical persona—the gangling body and the features that look too big for the face—are ideal equipment for the role of a desperate, funny, imaginative college girl in this surprisingly gentle, surprisingly good film, directed by Alan J. Pakula. With Wendell Burton. (Quad Cinema; through May 29.)

SUCH A GORGEOUS KID LIKE ME—Truffaut's newest, and not by any means his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsize the meagre possibility of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; through May 31, tentative.)

SUNSET BOULEVARD (1950)—With Gloria Swanson and William Holden, directed by Billy Wilder. (New Yorker; through May 29.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Gramercy... Elgin; May 27-31.)

TEN FROM YOUR SHOW OF SHOWS—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Quad Cinema; through May 29.)

THEATRE OF BLOOD—Vincent Price as a Donald Wolfitish actor taking a comically dastardly revenge on critics. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and Cinema Studio; through May 24.)

THE THIEF WHO CAME TO DINNER—A new factory version of old Hollywood-factory movies. As a gentleman-swinging jewel thief, Ryan O'Neal turns on the charm; he's got it, all right, but he's so assured that he looks spoiled. As his sexy socialite girl friend,

Jacqueline Bisset is so soft and curvy and lusciously passive she doesn't have enough rough edges to be alive. The movie is faintly diverting, but the vacuity becomes oppressive. With Warren Oates, Austin Pendleton, and Jill Clayburgh. Bud Yorkin directed, from a script by Walter Hill, who also wrote "The Getaway" on the same formula. He should go into the sausage business. (St. Marks Cinema; starting May 30.)

EL TOPO (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alejandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 29.)

TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Guild; through May 24.)

THE TWELVE CHAIRS (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Quad Cinema; through May 29.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedon in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (72nd Street East; starting May 30.)

A WARM DECEMBER—Directed by, and with, Sidney Poitier. (86th St. East.)

WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT? (1965)—A lavish and frenetic and generally funny psychiatric farce written by Woody Allen and set in Paris; his oblique humor is occasionally weird and alienating in this expensive production. Peter O'Toole plays a fashion-magazine editor who consults a psychiatrist (Peter Sellers) about how to cure his susceptibility to the girls who pursue him; inevitably, Sellers goes berserk trying to discover the secrets of O'Toole's success. Sellers is in the Woody Allen role, but Woody turns up, too, and there is a trio of beautiful, zingy comediennes—Paula Prentiss (who gets to read a poem called "Ode to a Pacifist Junkie"), Romy Schneider, and Capucine. Clive Donner directed. (Elgin; May 27-31.)

THE WOMEN (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version, with Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed. (Plaza; starting May 30.)



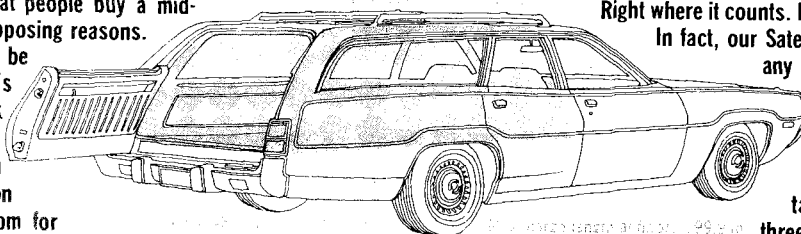


Our Plymouth Satellite Wagon has more cargo room than any mid-size wagon in the country.

We've found that people buy a mid-size wagon for two opposing reasons.

One: They want it to be mid-size because it's small and easy to park and maneuver. Two: They want it to be a wagon because a wagon is big with lots of room for cargo and people.

Now we think we've put the best of both worlds together in our Plymouth Satellite wagon. We made it mid-size, with all the advantages of being small. But we also made it big.



Right where it counts. In cargo area.

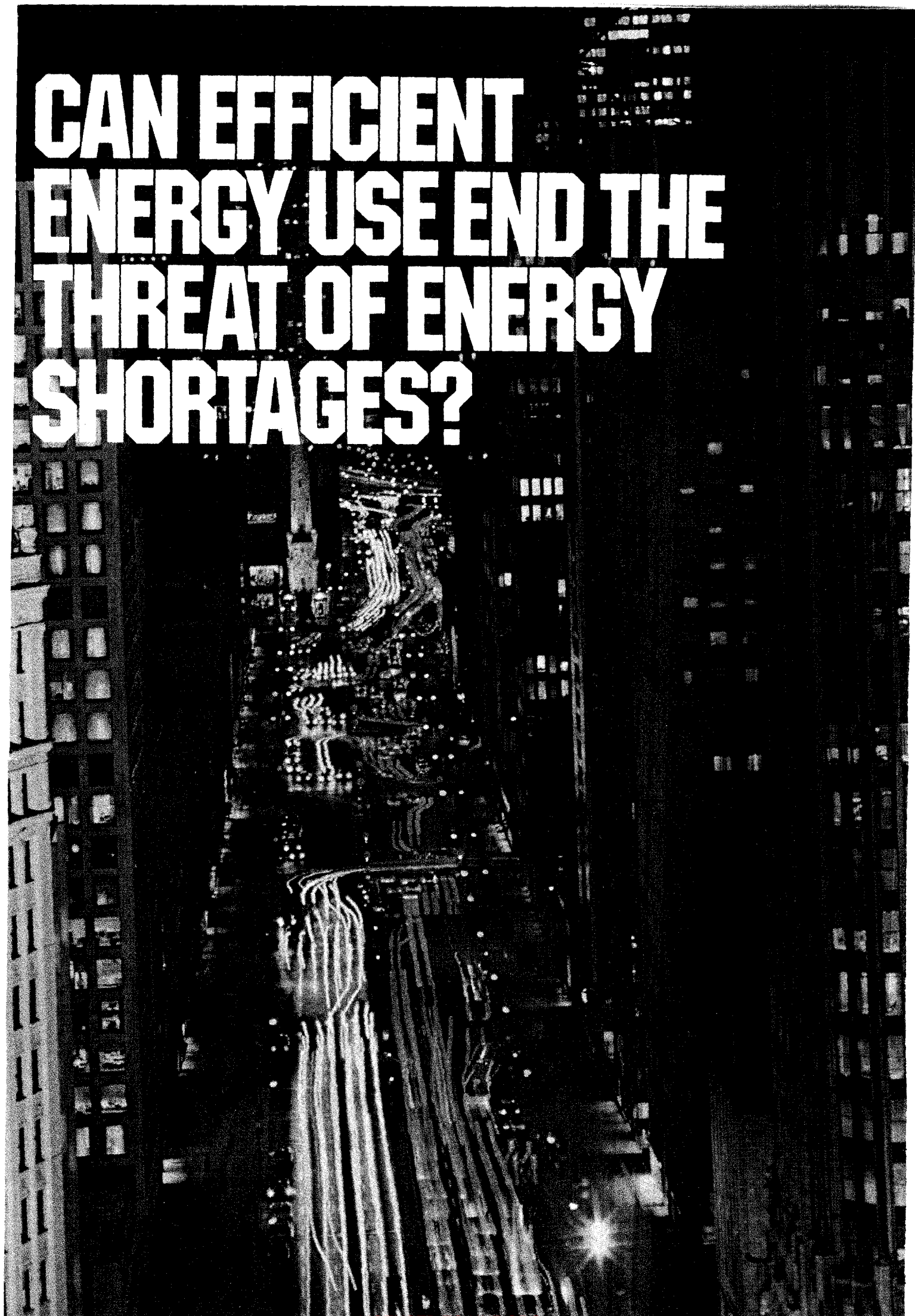
In fact, our Satellite wagon will carry more cargo than any other mid-size wagon we know of. It beats the competition in cargo length, cargo width and cargo volume. It even carries a 4' x 8' sheet of plywood flat on the rear floor with the tailgate closed. And, of course it has a three-way tailgate to make it easy to load either things or people.

If you're thinking of buying any wagon right now, test drive our Satellite wagon at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer's. You'll find out why it's so big with so many people.

Mid-size Plymouth Satellite
Extra care in engineering...it makes a difference



CAN EFFICIENT ENERGY USE END THE THREAT OF ENERGY SHORTAGES?



**EFFICIENT USE OF ENERGY
CAN'T END THE THREAT
OF ENERGY SHORTAGES.**

BUT IT CAN HELP

**THE ERA OF ABUNDANT
LOW-COST ENERGY-ONCE
TAKEN FOR GRANTED
IN AMERICA-IS OVER.**

**ALL OF US SHOULD BE
THOUGHTFUL IN OUR USE
OF ENERGY.**

**EVEN MORE IMPORTANT,
WE NEED TO DEVELOP
NEW ENERGY SOURCES
HERE AT HOME.**

In most American cities and towns, the lights went on every evening last winter.

Most homes, most schools, most offices and factories, had enough heat. Most planes and trains had enough fuel.

But not all.

During the winter of 1972-73, many Americans actually experienced shortages of natural gas, certain heating oils, jet fuel, diesel fuel.

What can this country and its citizens do to avoid more widespread shortages, more serious shortages?

What you can do.

All Americans can help stretch our energy supplies by a few simple, thrifty practices:

- Use mass transit if it's available, or travel in car pools.

- Save on gasoline by keeping car engines tuned.
- Turn off lights, radio and television when they're not in use.
- Improve insulation and weather stripping for more efficient heating and cooling at home.
- Try to keep your thermostat setting at 72 degrees. Above that (for heating) or below that (for air conditioning), costs and energy consumption rise significantly.

What we're doing.

The petroleum industry is extending supplies by using energy more efficiently in our own operations.

We are large energy consumers. With new equipment, what once escaped as useless heat will be harnessed to turn turbines and generate steam.

With heat exchangers, we're making our energy do more work than ever before.

We're increasing domestic supplies by recovering more oil and natural gas from existing fields and from wells once considered depleted.

This is done by augmenting natural pressures inside the earth: using injected water, gas, chemicals, liquefied gas or heat.

These techniques have the potential to produce as much oil, the second time around, as the field originally produced; in some cases, even more.

Better recovery methods can get a significant portion of the 300 billion barrels of oil in the United States that cannot be extracted with present technology.

New energy sources needed.

But conservation is only part of the answer.

The most important part of the solution is to develop energy sources of all kinds in our own country, where they can be depended upon.

Today, 77% of all our energy, including nearly 40% of our electricity, comes from oil and natural gas.

They will be our primary sources of energy for the next critical decade or longer.

Top priority: more oil and gas.

There is a pressing need to increase domestic supplies of oil and natural gas, and to build new refineries, terminals, and other facilities to get products to consumers.

The United States will not "run out" of energy in the near future. Nonetheless, all Americans can help conserve our precious supplies.

Moreover, because of the long lead time required to develop new energy sources, we cannot safely delay action that could increase those supplies.

The need is real, and so is the urgency.

To help you save energy, we've prepared a basic booklet, "A Guide to Efficient Energy Use In the Home." Write to Dept. Y1, American Petroleum Institute, 1801 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006 for your free copy.

A COUNTRY THAT RUNS ON OIL CAN'T AFFORD TO RUN SHORT.

THE OIL COMPANIES OF AMERICA

Eight characteristics a silversmith

The major statement of the design theme appears on the headpiece. It should have vitality. And the carving should be decisive and deep.

In the more elaborate designs where it is appropriate, the neck should carry decoration, too—sometimes all the way down to the shoulders.

A good deep bowl indicates a silversmith who is more interested in aesthetics than profits. It takes more silver than a shallow bowl.

In traditional patterns objects from nature are usually representational rather than abstract. So flowers should really look like flowers. Leaves like leaves.

The edges must be ground and polished to a satin smoothness, yet the ornamentation must remain crisp and well defined.

The design of your sterling ought to be as enduring as the metal itself. It will be if you select a traditional pattern based on classic styling.

We'd be happy to send you a sample sterling teaspoon. Just send five dollars and the name of the pattern to: Oneida Silversmiths, P.O. Box 1, Oneida, N.Y. 13421.

N.Y. and Calif. residents add sales tax. Allow 28 days for shipment. © 1973 Oneida Ltd.

looks for when he judges sterling.

Ask questions. Salespeople who sell sterling are among the most experienced in the store. Take advantage of their knowledge and deep feeling for silver.



The blade should be in keeping with the spirit of the design.
Oddly, this isn't always so, since many silversmiths do not make their own blades.

The tines should be finished as carefully inside as out.
The tips just sharp enough to pierce a lettuce leaf.

 **ONEIDA**
The Silversmith's Sterling.

Oneida Heirloom Sterling patterns shown: Spoon, Michelangelo; Knife, Damask Rose; Fork, Botticelli. At fine jewelry and department stores.

A rational alternative

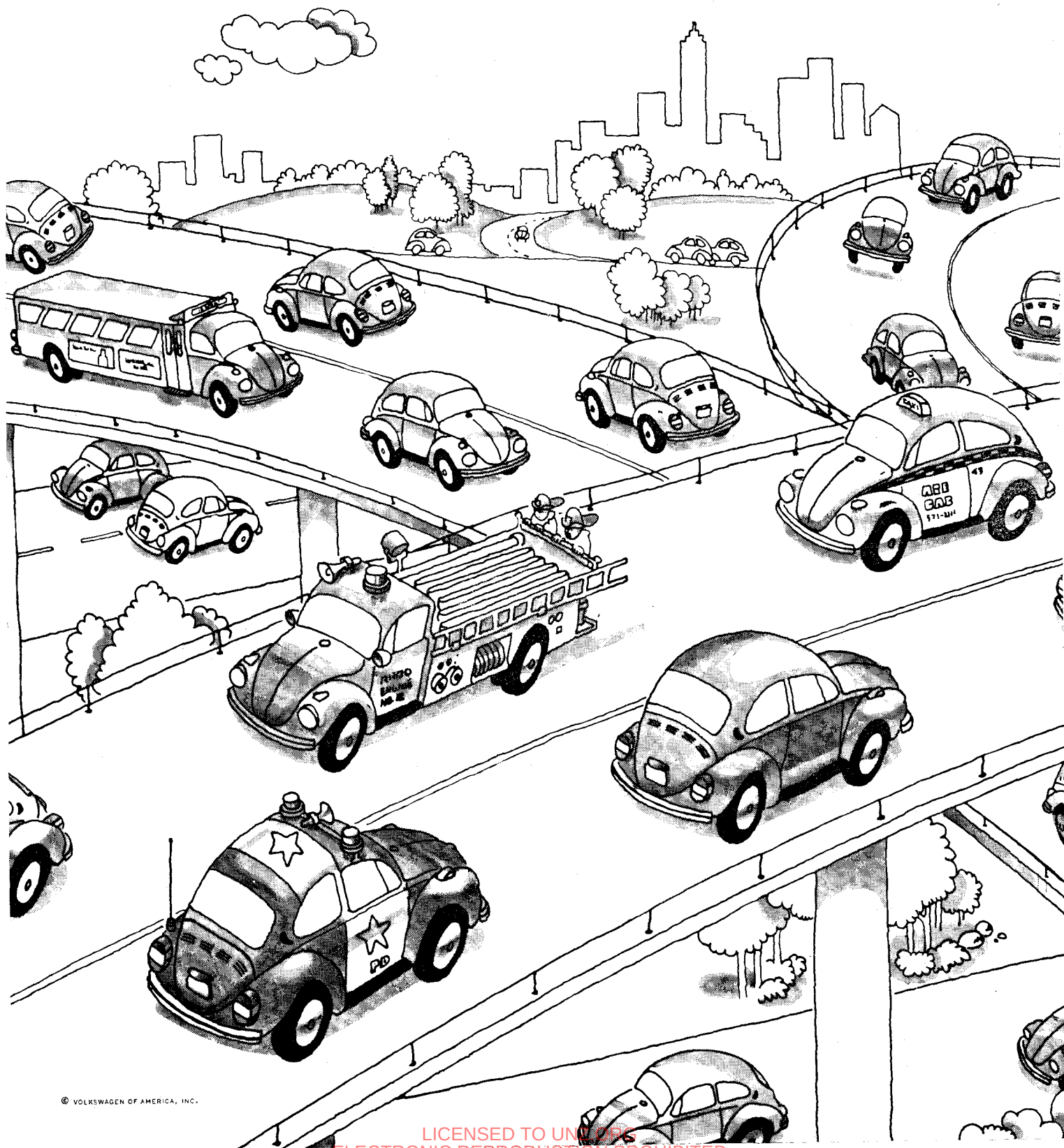
What's right with this picture? Well if it were true, we'd be saving 28 billion, 560 million gallons of gas every year.

How did we arrive at that figure? Since we're a nation of national averages, we know the average car uses about 735 gallons of gas a year. The Beetle, 399*. Turn the eighty-five million average cars

on the road right now into Beetles, and it works out to a saving of 28,560,000,000 (give or take a few gallons).

Now we haven't figured out all the water and antifreeze that would be saved with the Beetle's air-cooled engine.

Nor can we compute the extra parking space that would be around.



to rationing gas.

Not to mention all the money people would be able to save in a world of Volkswagens.

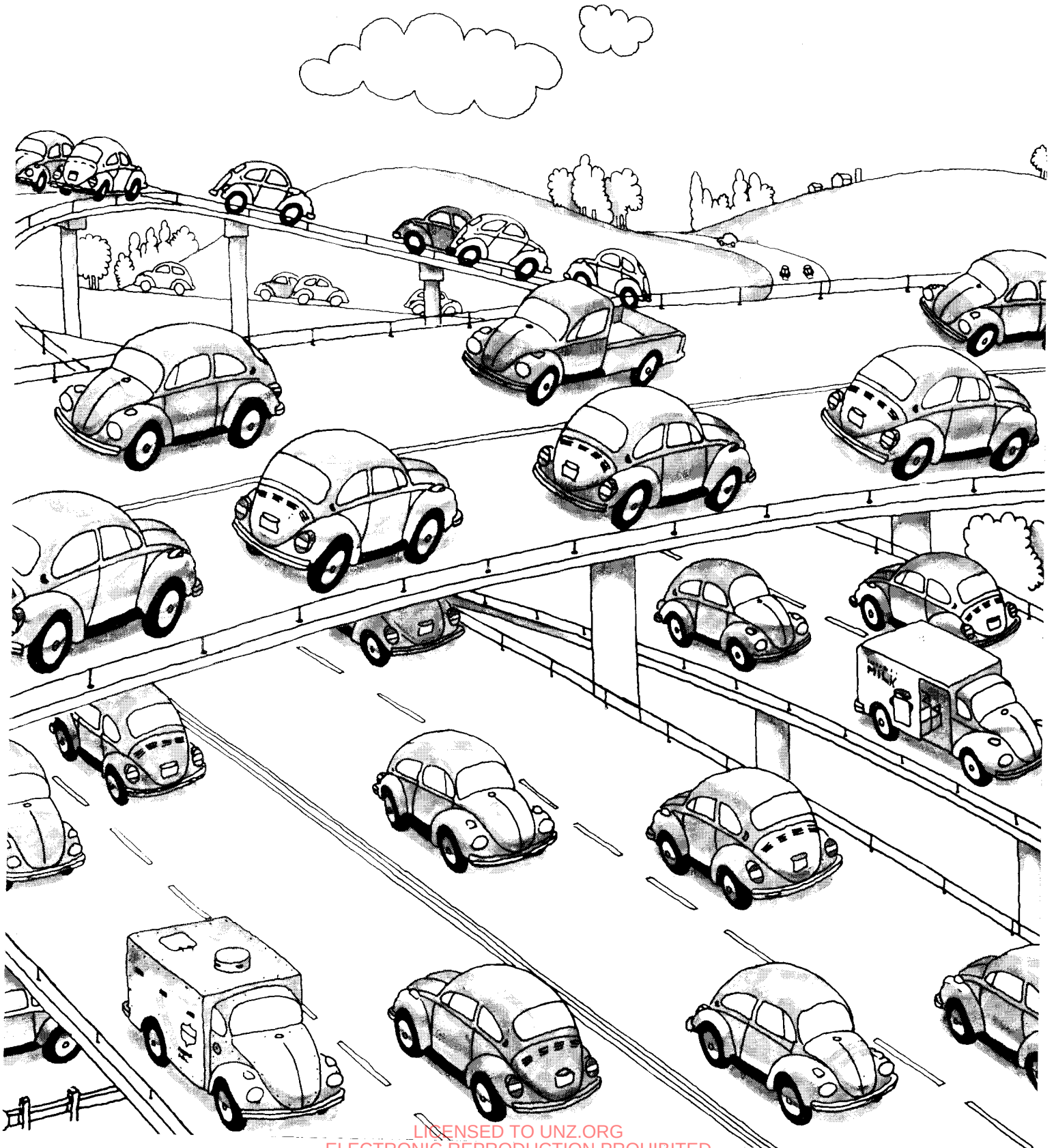
But we know for sure that this is no pipe dream. There already are police car Beetles up in Ossining. And a custom built, chauffeur-driven Bug in L. A. And Volkswagen taxis all over Honduras. And a

Beetle that herds cattle in Missouri.

So with gas prices going up and rationing becoming a reality, the Beetle never looked so good. In fact, you might almost call it beautiful.



Few things in life
work as well as a Volkswagen.





Epicure's voile: dark and bright

Sheer polyester voile with a cool cotton-y texture.
 A delectable import from Finland to go with
 pants or skirts. A Very Saks Fifth Avenue goodie,
 at ease, in or out. For 6 to 16 sizes. Rectangle
 shirt: black-orange-beige or brown-brick red-yellow;
 lines and dots: black-orange-bone, French
 blue-orange-white or forest green-salmon
 pink-purple. Ours alone, \$27. Blouse Collections.
 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

Saks Fifth Avenue



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WATERGATE has given new impetus to the country's long-standing debate over the merits of "the system." Since the term became popular, about ten years ago, it has merged at least two meanings that should have been kept distinct. On the one hand, it has referred to the system of guaranteed freedoms and governmental checks and balances which is spelled out in the Constitution. On the other hand, it has referred to the "system" that people saw around them. This system was at first felt to be a monolithic structure, made up of the country's most powerful institutions and groups, that controlled all our lives and did not respond to the needs or wishes of the people. In later years, this second system began to crystallize into outright Presidential rule. Watergate has at last made the distinction between the two meanings inescapably clear, for it has restored the Constitutional system and discredited the Presidential system. In the nineteen-sixties, it seemed to many Americans that you had to accept the two systems as one or to reject the two as one—to support both the Constitutional system *and* the Vietnam war, for example, or to reject them both. The legislators in Washington and the armies of dissidents in the streets, divided as they were on most matters, were united, by and large, in this mistake. They became assailants of "the system" and defenders of "the system," when there were actually two systems. The failure to make the distinction meant that the central issue of the time, which was to prevent the one system (the Constitutional system) from being superseded by the other system (the monolithic Presidential system), was obscured. The authorities in many instances supported the Constitution in name while ignoring it or sabotaging it in fact. The young rebels tended to dismiss it in name while acting in a way that happened ul-

timately to strengthen it in fact. The spirit of the Constitution was alive in the hearts of some of these young people, but it wasn't alive in their words.

The Constitution has emerged surprisingly whole from this decade of turmoil. Today, Americans are saying, almost unanimously, that the uncovering of Watergate was a triumph of our Constitutional system, and it was. Still, it was not *our* triumph. When we congratulate ourselves on our success, or congratulate the men of the press or the men of Congress or the men of the judiciary, or congratulate the public, we spread the credit too wide. Any credit to contemporaries goes not to the press as a whole but mostly to the *Washington Post*; not to Congress but mostly to Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr.; not to the judiciary but mostly to Judge John J. Sirica. Only these few, and a handful of others, properly used, and thereby saved, our system. The rest of us still have our medals to earn in the battle of the Constitution. In the decades of Presidential power, the members of the rival institutions learned servile habits, and now that they have been released from intimidation, the question is whether they will be able to stand on their own feet or whether the long years of subservience have bent them permanently into a crawling position. This time, the country was saved without them. And, great as the contribution of the intrepid few among us was, the few were given the strength of thousands by the long arm of the Founding Fathers reaching down across two centuries to save us all. We were all reaping benefits from a system that too many of us had failed, in recent years, to understand or support. It was a rescue operation from the eighteenth century, and our own contribu-

tion was minimal. In a sense, we didn't save the system—it saved us.

News on a Shoestring

BESIDES soot and nitrogen oxides, the air in New York is full of news. Most of the city's forty-two radio stations carry hourly or at least periodic bulletins, and two of them, WINS and WCBS, broadcast news, and nothing else (except commercials), around the clock. The twelve television stations in town carry something like sixteen hours of news programs among them daily. The staffs of all these outlets run into the hundreds, their budgets into the millions. The quality of what they put on the air ranges from the excellent to the abysmal. Of all the broadcast news programs in New York, though, we think the best is the one that goes out every evening at six-thirty on WBAI, the local Pacifica Foundation FM radio station. (There are also Pacifica stations in Los Angeles, Berkeley, and Houston.) The news on WBAI is not Eyewitness News, or 20-20 News, or Contemporary News; it's just the news, straightforward and free of packaging. The stories tend to be longer than is usual on the radio, with particularly detailed coverage in recent months of the Indo-China war and of criminal trials with political overtones.

The other day, we dropped in on the converted church on East Sixty-second Street that houses the studios of WBAI to find out how they do it. "They" turned out to be a man of twenty-six named Paul Fischer, who writes, edits, and produces the news, and reads it over the air in a normal New York accent. When we arrived, a couple of hours before air time, Mr. Fischer was hunched over a battered electric typewriter on a desk awash with wire copy, scribbled notes, and empty cigarette packs. His office, which he shares with another staff member, is a windowless seven-by-ten-foot cubicle. The walls, pale yellow under the



grime, are covered with maps of Vietnam and Northern Ireland. Tacked to a bulletin board, along with memos and cartoons, is a "Citation for Excellence" from the Overseas Press Club, which Mr. Fischer and Neal Conan won last month for a documentary on the Ulster troubles. In a closet a few feet from Mr. Fischer's desk, four wire-service teletype machines clattered. A radio was tuned to WBAI, a squawk box carried the voice of a member of the station's Washington bureau who was phoning in a report on the Watergate scandal, and a telephone rang incessantly. Amid the din, unusual even by newsroom standards, Mr. Fischer typed away.

During a lull, Mr. Fischer told us that he gets most of the raw material for the foreign-news portion of his program from two wire services, Reuters and Agence France-Presse. "A.F.-P., especially, has been amazing throughout the war," he said. "Their attitude toward the U.S. military was skeptical from the beginning, and they've had experienced correspondents in Hanoi all along. When the French Embassy in Hanoi was bombed, an A.F.-P. correspondent was standing in the courtyard. The Pentagon was saying a North Vietnamese missile had done it, but the A.F.-P. man saw the Department of Defense markings on the bombs."

"What about national news?" we asked.

"Our Washington bureau has three people—two paid staff and one volunteer. We use the resources of the other Pacifica stations; for example, we got daily feeds on the Ellsberg trial from KPFFK, in Los Angeles. And then we improvise. Sometimes a newsman who's covering a story for somebody else will volunteer to phone in reports to us as well. Sometimes, when there's a story breaking in a city where there's no Pacifica station, I get out the broadcasting yearbook and call independent or college-run stations in the area. During the New Orleans shootout, we called an independent black radio station down there and got some very good stuff."

We asked how much it all cost. Mr. Fischer didn't know offhand, but he picked up a pencil and added it up—salaries, wire-service costs, phone bills, sundries. It came to less than fifty thousand dollars a year, or about half of what at least one of the commercial television stations pays its weather forecaster. Mr. Fischer's salary is two hundred and five dollars a week—absurdly low for the news director of an important radio station. All of WBAI's

money comes from small donations from listeners. The station does not accept advertising or subsidies from foundations or governmental agencies, such as the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, because it doesn't want to be indebted to anyone but its audience. "None of us have been paid for six weeks," Mr. Fischer said. "It seems like every piece of mail I pick up at home has a threat attached to it."

"What do you like best about your job?" we asked.

"The freedom," Mr. Fischer said. "We don't have to fit the news into a box. The program is open-ended. It usually lasts between half and three-quarters of an hour, but sometimes it's fifteen minutes and sometimes it's two hours. We don't have to pad it with silly

features on a slow day or shorten the stories on a heavy day. If our stories tend to be long, I don't think it's just because I'm a bad writer. It takes a little time to explain things. There are very few stories you can tie up in one sentence. And we can do things that other stations simply wouldn't consider. We carried Nixon's Watergate speech live, and we followed it with a tape of the Checkers speech. The similarities were amazing."

At precisely six-thirty, Mr. Fischer went on the air for fifteen minutes. The day's stories included the latest developments in the Watergate scandal, Representative Mario Biaggi's appearance before a special state grand jury, and the defeat of Bobby Seale in his attempt to become mayor of Oakland. At the end, Mr. Fischer said, "If you have a possible news item for us, the phone number is 826-0628." Afterward, smoking his first post-program cigarette, he told us that he always throws in the phone number. "I've got some pretty good stories that way," he said. "The main thing, though, is that it keeps me in touch with the listeners. I mean, you can't just call up C.B.S. and ask, 'Is Walter there?'"

Bar

AT four-fifteen on a recent Thursday afternoon, three men are drinking rye or beer in the Powers & Healy Pub, at 211 Dyckman Street, in the Inwood section of upper Manhattan. Two of the men are seated—far apart—at the fifty-foot-long wooden bar that runs down the right side of the pub. The third man occupies one of ten booths that take up the left side of the room. The long, high wall above the booths is bare except for

a poster-size map of Eire and an eighteen-by-thirty-six-inch piece of carpeting that depicts the heads of John F. Kennedy and Robert F. Kennedy with the White House between them. There are more objects on the partly panelled, partly red-wallpapered, partly mirrored wall behind the bar: separate photographs of the Kennedy brothers; a print of a pastoral Galway; a small cross fashioned out of Palm Sunday palms; a couple of framed jokes ("Don't shoot the bartender. He's half shot now"); and an American flag. The shelves in back of the bar, which are covered with glasses and bottles of liquor with chromium pourers, also hold some bowling trophies won by a blind news dealer who is one of the pub's customers and a number of multi-colored plastic flowers in soda-bottle vases. A jukebox, whose selections include Engelbert Humperdinck singing "I Never Said Goodbye" as well as Dermot O'Brien singing "Connemara Rose," stands silent near the pub's front entrance, and a color television set on top of a telephone booth a few feet from the back end of the bar is dark. For the time being, only a radio tuned to WPAT-FM is active, playing nineteen-forties tunes, which are periodically drowned out by the roar of jet planes; Powers & Healy is on a LaGuardia flight path.

The man in the booth sips a glass of Rheingold while reading Earl Wilson's column in the *Post*, and leaves at four-twenty. (The booths are rarely used, and will remain empty for the rest of the evening.) Several minutes later, another man comes in, and greets the two men already at the bar by their first names before sliding onto a red vinyl backless stool a certain distance away from each of them. There are dozens of bars in the Inwood section of upper Manhattan, seven of them within a block of Powers & Healy, but the same people tend to frequent the same bar day after day, year after year. What draws many of the regulars to Powers & Healy is its affable bartenders: Pat Geraghty, the 8 A.M.-to-6 P.M. day bartender; Frank Bracken, the 6 P.M.-to-4 A.M. night bartender; and Joe Vilanova, who helps out on Saturday nights, when Frank is off, and on certain other evenings, when popular cable-TV sports events draw a larger-than-usual crowd from the Bronx, which doesn't yet have cable TV.

Thursday is Pat's day off, and Martin Healy, one of the pub's co-owners, is working his shift. "How are you doing, Mike?" he inquires of the newcomer.

"Not too bad," Mike answers.

"A little Scotch you'll be having?" Healy asks, in the inflection of Galway.

Mike nods, and takes a ten-dollar bill out of his pocket and puts it on the bar.

Healy sets an ice-filled glass down on a white paper Schaefer coaster in front of Mike, and then sets down a small bottle of Canada Dry Club Soda, a green plastic stirrer, and a shot glass, which he fills with Johnnie Walker Red. Then he picks up the ten-dollar bill, rings up eighty cents on the cash register (its drawer is always kept open), and gives the change to Mike, who leaves it on the bar.

The two other men also have their money on the bar—an indication to the bartender that they want to continue drinking. From time to time, Healy provides one man with Imperial rye, the other with Four Roses, and rings up sales of sixty cents apiece. The bottles of liquor at Powers & Healy are arranged on three shelves behind the bar according to price, as they are at most of the other Irish pubs in the neighborhood. The sixty-cent drinks—Gordon's vodka, Fleischman's gin, most of the ryes—which are what the majority of the customers order, are on the bottom shelf. The eighty-cent drinks—Canadian Club, Seagram's V.O., most of the Scotches—are on the middle shelf. The dollar-and-up drinks—Hennessy cognac (a dollar), Irish Mist (a dollar), and Chivas Regal (a dollar-ten)—are on the top shelf. The tiny percentage of customers who order from these costly bottles—no one does so on this spring Thursday—are referred to deferentially by the bartenders as "top-shelf drinkers."

By four-fifty, there are a dozen men at the bar. Most of them are wearing wedding rings, slacks, long-sleeved shirts without

ties, windbreakers, and caps or hats (which they keep on while they drink). Nine are middle-aged men—local residents who have just finished a day's work and have stopped in for a few on the way home. Two are older men—Jack Kelly, friendly, recently retired on a good pension after forty-six years with Con Ed, who remembers when shot glasses at Powers & Healy held a full ounce instead of seven-eighths of an ounce, and Arthur Collins, gruff, nicknamed Dutch, an ex-longshoreman described by the others present as a one-time big wheel on the waterfront. One customer is a young man—Jack Walsh,

born in the old country, come to the United States in his teens, now a union plumber earning four hundred dollars a week.

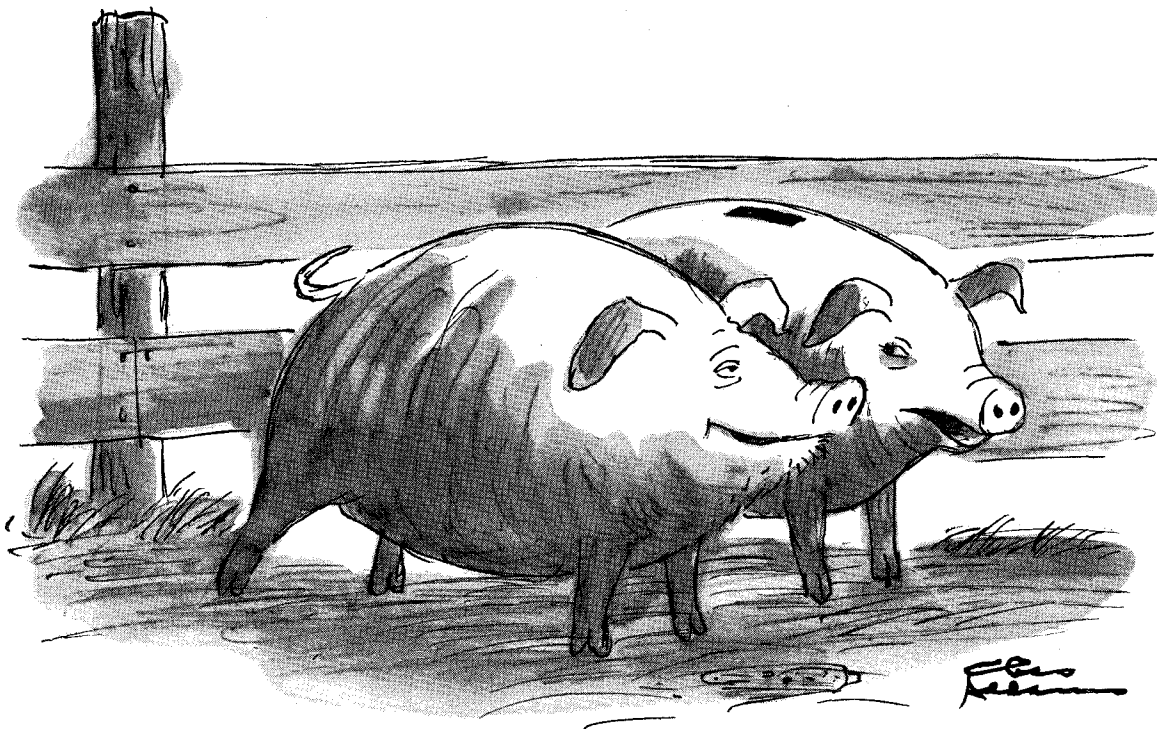
Healy knows who wants rye and what kind of rye he prefers, and usually reaches for the appropriate bottle as soon as he spots a regular customer.

"Will it be vodka and Coke, John?" Healy asks one man.

"Yeah, you might as well give me



"Do you mind? I'm forming an opinion!"



"But how can I be sure it's not just for my money?"

a piece of this and a piece of that, Martin," replies the man, whose full name is John O'Connor. He swallows his drink almost at once and says, "Give me another piece," and, before long, "Another piece." Walsh gets a ball-and-beer—beer in a glass, rye in a shot glass—and sips them alternately.

Powers & Healy's patrons occasionally order a shandygaff or, jokingly, a Bronx. The bartenders are rarely asked to make Martinis, Daiquiris, or Old-Fashioneds—drinks popular a hundred and fifty blocks farther downtown. Some of the customers inquire after each other's health. (Joe: "John, how are you?" John: "Not so good, Joe." Joe: "Yeah, you're looking lousy.") A few comment on the absence of missing regulars—they wonder why Dwyer, McDonnell, or Kenneally isn't here on this Thursday afternoon. Then they settle down to drinking quietly and steadily.

At five-thirty, Jack Walsh's wife, Josephine, who works as a secretary to a postal-union official in midtown Manhattan, arrives.

"Hello, Josephine. You got here quick," one of the middle-aged men says.

"Hi. Yeah, the train got right up," she says.

"I seen you on the train the other night," the man tells her.

"Oh, yeah, you seen me?" she says.

The dialogue stops. Mrs. Walsh sits down next to her husband. "Can I

have a vodka and orange juice?" she asks Healy, and he mixes her drink and brings Jack Walsh his fourth ball-and-beer.

Although Powers & Healy is dominated by men, the men who come here to drink refer to it as a family bar and say proudly that it is a place where a respectable woman, with or without an escort, can come for a drink and be treated respectfully. The bartenders exercise discretion in serving customers who they feel have had enough to drink, and they cannot recall when a fistfight last broke out in the bar.

A little before six o'clock, Frank Bracken relieves Healy. At six, he switches the radio off, and turns the TV on to the A.B.C. news. There are seven people left at the bar—the Walshes, Jack Kelly, Dutch Collins, John O'Connor, Joe Vilanova, and a man with an accent, whom the others believe to be an Iranian, or maybe an Albanian—and they are clearly glad to see Frank.

Few words are spoken at the bar. No one tells Frank his life story. (One suspects that Frank already knows all the life stories.) No one argues politics. (One senses that Powers & Healy's patrons are almost all anti-Lindsay, anti-welfare, anti-abortion, and anti-Orange, and would have little to argue about.) Everyone seems content to half listen to and half watch the TV news.

At seven, John O'Connor says "So long" and goes out. A few minutes later, the Walshes leave; they share an apartment with Mrs. Walsh's mother, who takes care of their baby for them while they work, and who has their dinner ready. Shortly thereafter, Joe Vilanova departs for his church's weekly bowling session. On TV, a rerun of "I Dream of Jeannie" is followed by "The Courtship of Eddie's Father."

At eight, Frank switches to the Stanley Cup.

Business picks up around eight-thirty, when a man who has had to work late, two men who have come out to buy the Friday-morning *News*, and a middle-aged couple who have gone shopping after work stop in on their way home.

At eleven o'clock, the Black Hawks having won this round, and the bar having almost emptied out, the evening's only long monologue is delivered. A young Irish construction worker tells an older man on an adjacent bar stool why he is out drinking at this hour. "I and the wife spent many months going house-hunting in Westchester," he says. "With three little kids, the apartment got too crowded. Last week, we put a down payment on a three-bedroom house up in Brewster Heights. It's nice up there; the wife was pleased. Then this morning, just as I'm going out the door, she says to me 'I don't want a house. I want an apartment.' You break your back working so you can give your family some of the good things, and then she goes and puts a damper on your plans, and for what?" His neighbor doesn't attempt to answer his question, nor does he ask any questions, and the construction worker falls silent. For many minutes, which pass very slowly, the two men sit in Powers & Healy, looking down into their glasses.

The Browning Hum

OUR friend Lola Finkelstein, who lives out on Long Island with her husband and two of her four children (the two older ones are married), is at-

tractive, strawberry-blond, energetic, efficient, thorough, and loyal. She is loyal to, among other things, the memory and writings of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. A couple of years ago, she joined the New York Browning Society, and last week she invited us to accompany her to the Society's annual luncheon, which was held at the Waldorf, with Anthony Burgess as the featured speaker, on the subject "Browning and the Modern Age." We met Lola at the entrance to the Louis XVI Suite, which was set up for the Society: round tables with yellow tablecloths and fresh flowers, a dais with chairs for eleven people, and, off to one side of the dais, an upright piano. Lola, who was crisply got up in a beige knit dress and sleeveless matching coat and black patent-leather pumps and black leather handbag, looked over the arriving lunchers with an appraising eye.

"The average age has dropped this year," she told us. "I like that. Last year, everybody looked like that lady over there in the green bow and yellow hat. Last year, a pianist played and sang music composed specially for Browning poems, and I liked that very much. I can't imagine what Anthony Burgess can say about Browning and the modern age, can you?"

"No, Lola," we said.

"Browning Society luncheons used to be the *big social event* of the spring season," Lola said. "This morning, I was reading an account of the one they had in 1909."

"What?" we asked.
"Where?"

"On my microfilm machine, in my bedroom," Lola said. "I keep the machine in my bedroom, and I keep hundreds of boxes of the *Times* on microfilm in my closet, in connection with my work for the Browning Editorial Services. It performs special services for newspapers and magazines. It was started by Philip Kelley. Over there—the young man with the beard, in the brown suit. You'll notice that almost all the men here are wearing brown suits—I guess in honor of the Brownings. Phil-

ip Kelley is the outgoing president of the New York Browning Society. He named the Browning Editorial Services, which he started, out of his love for Browning. It actually has nothing to do with Browning. Now Philip has left for a while to devote himself full time to a search for Browning letters and papers, and, through the Browning Institute, which the Society started, to the restoration of the Casa Guidi, in Florence. That's where the Brownings lived after they were married, and where they worked, and where their son, Pen, was born, and where their dog, Flush, is buried. In the cellar. I went to Florence to see it, and I saw this run-down place, and I gave the Institute fifty dollars to help restore it. Hooray! Anthony Burgess is here."

Mr. Burgess came into the room blinking, looking a bit vague but bearish and very modern, wearing a trenchcoat, carrying a briefcase, and escorting his wife, an attractive, Anna Magnani-like dark-haired woman, who was wearing a Gucci outfit that included knickers and high boots.

"Wow!" Lola said. "Gucci knickers! That's a real first for the Browning Society. I like that."

We were joined by Philip Kelley, and Lola congratulated him on the attendance at the luncheon.

"Things are really humming," Mr. Kelley said. "We keep on turning up

new Browning material. Our next project, if we can raise the money for it, is the publication of the complete collection of Browning letters. In thirty-five volumes."

"Thirty-five?" we said.

"I've collected copies of seventeen thousand letters already," he said. "Elizabeth would write from eight to ten thousand words in each letter. So you can imagine the bulk."

We were greeted by Miss Katharine Clayberger, a past president of the Browning Society, who introduced us to her companion, Miss Maribelle Tevis. Both ladies had on little hats with veils. Miss Clayberger told us that she had given up belonging to some organizations but that she would never give up the Browning Society. "It's in a class with the Dickens Fellowship," she said. "Maribelle and I both belong to that, too."

Philip Kelley started the receiving line going. Everybody shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Burgess and with the other people who were going to sit on the dais. Soon we were sitting at one of the round tables, with Lola and several scholars of one kind or another, including Ron Hudson, a young man from London, who is now in charge of the Browning Editorial Services; Dr. William Peterson, an English professor from the University of Maryland, who is the editor of the *Browning Institute Studies* and is working on the thirty-five-volume collection of Browning letters; and Mr. and Mrs. David Aiken, a young couple from Atlanta now living in Stony Brook, Long Island. Mrs. Aiken teaches nineteenth- and twentieth-century literature at Suffolk Community College, and Mr. Aiken is a graduate student at the State University in Stony Brook, where he is writing a dissertation on James Joyce.

Mr. Aiken told us that Mrs. Aiken is writing a book on Robert Browning's imagery, and that he claims responsibility for having got her into Browniana. "I went to Baylor University, where they have one of the biggest collec-





"Hey, Mom, look! Twelve thousand seven hundred and sixty-six feet above sea level!"

tions of things on the Brownings," Mr. Aiken said. "When Sue visited me at Baylor, we would meet in the library, where they have these stained-glass windows with Robert's and Elizabeth's quotes on them. Things like 'Then, welcome each rebuff that turns earth's smoothness rough.'"

"From 'Rabbi Ben Ezra,'" Mrs. Aiken said quickly.

"What does it mean?" we asked.

"What do *you* think it means?" Mrs. Aiken asked tartly, giving us that old academic look.

"Be adventurous in life," Mr. Aiken said. "Don't let tragedy get you down."

"Are you quoting that as representative Browning?" Mrs. Aiken asked sharply.

Scholarship paused for some fruit cup, followed by Ballotine of Capon à l'Orange, and then chocolate snowballs and coffee.

Scholarship resumed.

Ron Hudson said, "Did you know that Flush used to carry manuscripts for Elizabeth in his mouth?"

Dr. Peterson said that the surface of what could be revealed about the Brownings had hardly been scratched. Ron Hudson said there were always new dissertations to write about Robert's poetry; because some of it was so obscure, there was always room for new views. Mr. Aiken said he had had a nice pre-luncheon conversation with Anthony Burgess about James Joyce, about whom Mr. Burgess had written

a book in relation to love, death, and other tough questions.

The scholars stopped talking as Philip Kelley got up and welcomed everybody to the celebration of the end of the sixty-sixth season of the New York Browning Society and the hundred-and-sixty-first anniversary of Robert Browning's birth (May 7, 1812). Then a soprano sang songs, with piano accompaniment, based on poems by Shakespeare, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Christina Rossetti. We had to leave before Mr. Burgess spoke, but Lola sent us a little report, to fill us in on what he said:

"Mr. Burgess said he could spend all his time there apologizing because he was a little drunk—not from alcohol but from sleeplessness, because the musical version of 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' for which he had written the book and lyrics, was about to open. He said that he was actually a novelist, and not a scholar. He said he did not think a novelist was qualified to be a scholar. He began his talk about Browning by explaining that he, Anthony Burgess, was living in the home of someone, someone who did not like either poetry or Robert Browning, and that he had no ready access to any of Browning's writings, so his talk might be called 'Browning Half Remembered,' or 'Browning Remembered Wrongly.' He said that he was born and educated in Manchester, England, and that Manchester was a stronghold of Browning studies. At the

University of Manchester, he said, there were three options for an English Literature student: (1) Elizabethan drama, (2) the eighteenth-century novel, (3) Robert Browning.

"He said that Browning's unintelligibility was not necessarily a flaw. He said he thought Browning had started out as an intelligible poet, but, in responding to the criticism of John Sterling, who told R. B. that he had used too many words in a particular poem, he had got rid of the colorless words like 'with,' 'to,' 'it,' and 'of.' Then R. B. had looked for stunning words and old words. Burgess said R. B. had intellectual naughtiness and had a profound knowledge of history and a deep interest in philosophy. James Joyce owed a lot to Browning, Mr. Burgess said, and so did T. S. Eliot. Browning attempted to tell the same story from twelve points of view—a remarkable achievement, according to Mr. Burgess. He thought Browning was actually a great prose writer who was misled into turning to verse. Mr. Burgess said he thought that the modern age has not got past Browning, and that we are not quite ready for him. I guess that was the explanation of the title of the talk. I thought that Mr. Burgess was really not a committed Browning insider. He was too detached and cool. Last year, we had Maisie Ward, Wilfrid Sheed's mother, who gave a tender and touching talk—really partisan. But, anyway, this year fewer ladies wore hats."

SOME OF US HAD BEEN THREATENING OUR FRIEND COLBY

SOME of us had been threatening our friend Colby for a long time, because of the way he had been behaving. And now he'd gone too far, so we decided to hang him. Colby argued that just because he had gone too far (he did not deny that he had gone too far) did not mean that he should be subjected to hanging. Going too far, he said, was something everybody did sometimes. We didn't pay much attention to this argument. We asked him what sort of music he would like played at the hanging. He said he'd think about it but it would take him a while to decide. I pointed out that we'd have to know soon, because Howard, who is a conductor, would have to hire and rehearse the musicians and he couldn't begin until he knew what the music was going to be. Colby said he'd always been fond of Ives' Fourth Symphony. Howard said that this was a "delaying tactic" and that everybody knew that the Ives was almost impossible to perform and would involve weeks of rehearsal, and that the size of the orchestra and chorus would put us way over the music budget. "Be reasonable," he said to Colby. Colby said he'd try to think of something a little less exacting.

Hugh was worried about the wording of the invitations. What if one of them fell into the hands of the authorities? Hanging Colby was doubtless against the law, and if the authorities learned in advance what the plan was they would very likely come in and try to mess everything up. I said that although hanging Colby was almost certainly against the law, we had a perfect *moral* right to do so because he was *our* friend, *belonged* to us in various important senses, and he had after all gone too far. We agreed that the invitations would be worded in such a way that the person invited could not know for sure what he was being invited to. We decided to refer to the event as "An Event Involving Mr. Colby Williams." A handsome script was selected from a catalogue and we picked a cream-colored paper. Magnus said he'd see to having the invitations printed, and wondered whether we should serve drinks. Colby said he thought drinks would be nice

but was worried about the expense. We told him kindly that the expense didn't matter, that we were after all his dear friends and if a group of his dear friends couldn't get together and do the thing with a little bit of *éclat*, why, what was the world coming to? Colby asked if he would be able to have drinks, too, before the event. We said, "Certainly."

The next item of business was the gibbet. None of us knew too much about gibbet design, but Tomás, who is an architect, said he'd look it up in old books and draw the plans. The important thing, as far as he recollected, was that the trapdoor function perfectly. He said that just roughly, counting labor and materials, it shouldn't run us more than four hundred dollars. "Good God!" Howard said. He said what was Tomás figuring on, rosewood? No, just a good grade of pine, Tomás said. Victor asked if unpainted pine wouldn't look kind of "raw," and Tomás replied that he thought it could be stained a dark walnut without too much trouble.

I said that although I thought the whole thing ought to be done really well, and all, I also thought four hundred dollars for a gibbet, on top of the expense for the drinks, invitations, musicians, and everything, was a bit steep, and why didn't we just use a tree—a nice-looking oak, or something? I pointed out that since it was going to be a June hanging the trees would be in glorious leaf and that not only would a tree add a kind of "natural" feeling but it was also strictly traditional, especially in the West. Tomás, who had been sketching gibbets on the backs of envelopes, reminded us that an outdoor hanging always had to contend with the threat of rain. Victor said he liked the idea of doing it outdoors, possibly on the bank of a river, but noted that we would have to hold

it some distance from the city, which presented the problem of getting the guests, musicians, etc., to the site and then back to town.

At this point everybody looked at Harry, who runs a car-and-truck-rental business. Harry said he thought he could round up enough limousines to take care of that end but that the drivers would have to be paid. The drivers, he pointed out, wouldn't be friends of Colby's and couldn't be expected to donate their services, any more than the bartender or the musicians. He said that he had about ten limousines, which he used mostly for funerals, and that he could probably obtain another dozen by calling around to friends of his in the trade. He said also that if we did it outside, in the open air, we'd better figure on a tent or awning of some kind to cover at least the principals and the orchestra, because if the hanging was being rained on he thought it would look kind of dismal. As between gibbet and tree, he said, he had no particular preferences, and he really thought that the choice ought to be left up to Colby, since it was his hanging. Colby said that everybody went too far, sometimes, and weren't we being a little Draconian. Howard said rather sharply that all that had already been discussed, and which did he want, gibbet or tree? Colby asked if he could have a firing squad. No, Howard said, he could not. Howard said a firing squad would just be an ego trip for Colby, the blindfold and last-cigarette bit, and that Colby was in enough hot water already without trying to "upstage" everyone with unnecessary theatrics. Colby said he was sorry, he hadn't meant it that way, he'd take the tree. Tomás crumpled up the gibbet sketches he'd been making, in disgust.

THEN the question of the hangman came up. Paul said did we really need a hangman? Because if we used a tree, the noose could be adjusted to the appropriate level and Colby could just jump off something—a chair or stool or something. Besides, Paul said, he very much doubted if there were any free-lance hangmen wandering around the country, now that capital punishment has been done away with absolutely, temporarily, and that we'd probably have to





"And this is Mr. Kolkov, who . . . Heavens, Mr. Kolkov, I've forgotten what's interesting about you!"

fly one in from England or Spain or one of the South American countries, and even if we did that how could we know in advance that the man was a professional, a real hangman, and not just some money-hungry amateur who might bungle the job and shame us all, in front of everybody? We all agreed then that Colby should just jump off something and that a chair was not what he should jump off of, because that would look, we felt, extremely tacky—some old kitchen chair sitting out there under our beautiful tree. Tomás, who is quite modern in outlook and not afraid of innovation, proposed that Colby be standing on a large round rubber ball ten feet in diameter. This, he said, would afford a sufficient "drop" and would also roll out of the way if Colby suddenly changed his mind after jumping off. He reminded us that by not using a regular hangman we were placing an awful lot of the responsibility for the success of the affair on Colby himself, and that although he was sure Colby would perform creditably and not disgrace his friends at the last minute, still, men

have been known to get a little irresolute at times like that, and the ten-foot-round rubber ball, which could probably be fabricated rather cheaply, would insure a "bang-up" production right down to the wire.

At the mention of "wire," Hank, who had been silent all this time, suddenly spoke up and said he wondered if it wouldn't be better if we used wire instead of rope—more efficient and in the end kinder to Colby, he suggested. Colby began looking a little green, and I didn't blame him, because there is something extremely distasteful in thinking about being hanged with wire instead of rope—it gives you sort of a revulsion, when you think about it. I thought it was really quite unpleasant of Hank to be sitting there talking about wire, just when we had solved the problem of what Colby was going to jump off of so neatly, with Tomás's idea about the rubber ball, so I hastily said that wire was out of the question, because it would injure the tree—cut into the branch it was tied to when Colby's full weight hit it—and that in these days of increased respect for en-

vironment, we didn't want that, did we? Colby gave me a grateful look, and the meeting broke up.

Everything went off very smoothly on the day of the event (the music Colby finally picked was standard stuff, Elgar, and it was played very well by Howard and his boys). It didn't rain, the event was well attended, and we didn't run out of Scotch, or anything. The ten-foot rubber ball had been painted a deep green and blended in well with the bucolic setting. The two things I remember best about the whole episode are the grateful look Colby gave me when I said what I said about the wire, and the fact that nobody has ever gone too far again.

—DONALD BARTHELME

A lusty blonde with an enormous make-up case monogrammed *Muriel* set it on her lap and opened it.—From *"Everything But a Husband,"* by Jeanette Kamins.

The last time we saw Maude Ursula Rosemary Irene Ellen Laughlin, she was a mousy brunette.

OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

MY father was a philosopher, who, right to the end of his life, thought he would make a living from his books. My grandfather, a law professor in Rome, soon saw this wasn't likely to happen and, in the hope that his son could become self-supporting, bought him a country estate in Tuscany, a few miles outside of Siena.

The place was rather remote, and Siena, though a pretty town, wasn't the lively center it once had been. It was, in fact, dormant. Tourism, which before the First World War had livened the town up and which was to liven it up again after the Second, was—with Fascism and the Depression—down in the thirties. The university, though one of the world's oldest, had only the faculties of medicine and law. The hospital, also ancient, was the single busy place except for the market on market days. The schools, most of them converted from monasteries and convents, retained their original bare, ascetic look. On winter evenings the town was positively grim. Stark, too, with its narrow, windy streets. As if the cold and frozen Middle Ages weren't enough, the walls were pasted with death notices, and you were quite likely to meet men in black hoods—members of the medieval confraternity of the Misericordia—leading a funeral procession. The morbidity rate in Siena was among the highest in the nation. Owners of the nearby villas—stodgy, titled people—for the most part passed their time in a club, playing bridge or billiards. My mother would have preferred Florence. Much. But she wasn't used to having her own way, and raised no objections to the choice of Siena.

To make up for its lacks, she and my father—both of whom had grown up in Rome and liked company—invited friends, old and new, to come and stay. There was an eccentric English painter of moonlight

scenes. Once, she arrived from Rome sometime during the night, set up her easel in the middle of the drive, and at dawn, her painting finished, rang our doorbell. There was a lanky, clever, spectacled French poet and illustrator in plus fours with the energy of an electric eel. And there was a young woman writer from Florence with long bleached-blond hair and plenty of makeup, a hypochondriac, insanely in love, often in tears. She was super-sensitive, had mediumistic powers, and sometimes in her bedroom late at night she, my parents, and another friend would have séances, from which my two brothers, my little sister, and I were always excluded.

My mother was apt to change her mind about company and claim she wanted to be alone. The guests, she said, were fine—very dear, congenial, and all that—but everyone had the right to a bit of solitude. "Soon they'll go and we'll be alone, *cocchino*," she would tell me, and pat my knee. But when they finally did go—and sometimes they stayed for months—she would often fall into a silent, sombre

mood. And we looked forward to a visitor, for then—at least at the front door—she would be forced to smile. We depended on her smile. Guests brought it on, and a hundred other things, of course—a brood of newborn chicks, fluffy and golden in a basket, looking up at her in unison, or the sun shining on a newborn leaf, or perhaps a letter. Not my father's jokes, I'm afraid, or his attentions. But a newborn leaf! An urge to draw it, or paint it, or embroider it (she said threads came in a greater variety of colors than did pigments) would assail her, and for a happy day it was a love affair between her and the leaf. She was a painter born. She never had an exhibition, though. She didn't care. She was too modest and at the same time too proud. Beyond worldly contest. A woman busy with the children and the house, and with her husband, who kept calling her—to read a paragraph he had written, to accompany him somewhere, to ask her for advice. She was never too busy to listen, never resentful of being interrupted, always ready to put away her work, though with a sigh. Most of her canvases were hidden in closets when they should have been hung not just in the house but in a gallery, a museum.

The relationship between her and my father: the hardest to imagine, the hardest to describe. Affectionate, loving even, but not passionate, not voluptuous—at least not on her part. Guests sometimes told me what a wonderful marriage my parents' was, that they'd never seen one that fared so well. Oh, they had the highest praise for it, and all the time I knew they were way off. She admired him for his being uninterested in a career, for his taste, for his liberal political opinions, for his tremendous dedication to his work. She believed in his philosophy. He was an extreme idealist, and most of the time she saw him as unassailably right. But she strained to understand his concepts. She was ready to agree with them, but they



"Buggee to bug: Off to the flicks. Back at eleven."

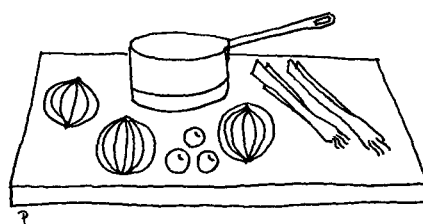
usually were beyond her grasp, just beyond her grasp; or, if she understood them, she wasn't able to argue with him about them, discuss them with him—only question them, ask questions, which he would answer affably but never in her language. An elusive element ran through his words, which in vain she tried to seize. She admired him, surely, but his thinking was beyond her. He encouraged her; he told her she had a very philosophical mind indeed, for there was no understanding a concept fully—everything needed to be deepened. She said he told her he'd married her because she didn't go by conventional values. Now, she asked, what kind of a reason was that for marrying you?

Did she love him? Or, rather, how did she love him? Almost like a son, like someone who had to be helped, comforted, humored, and consoled. But not quite like a son, either. He was more exacting than a son—irritable, willful, and so determined. At times, if she didn't take notice of something he was saying or misinterpreted something he had said or interrupted him, he would turn against her in a rage. I remember his sharp, hateful, self-righteous tone of voice—no swearing, insults, threats, or even shouts; just the tone. His lips taut. The words that seemed to be uttered by clenched teeth—by nothing soft, like lips or tongue, but only by the teeth. Words that came out rattling like small shot, propelled against her. I remember the silence with which she bore his anger. And rarely, perhaps stretching her arms down and back disconsolately, her replies, in a small voice: "Oh, but listen. . . . What can I say? I'm sorry." She didn't like people to make scenes, and for this reason, I think, she never left the room. I remember the stony silence that would follow, and her gloom.

Sometimes she couldn't stand it anymore. She seemed exhausted, at her wit's end. She wanted to be far away, alone. Once, wistfully, she told me that in her young days a workman had paid her some attention. "He talked to me as I walked along the Tiber. A bricklayer. I wonder what life would have been like with him. Simpler, perhaps. But then I wouldn't have had my little boys, my *ragazzini*," she said, and brushed her palm down my face lightly. And sometimes she would say, "I'll pack a small bag and leave; I feel like leaving; I'm going to leave; oh, yes, I am leaving." But she always stayed. She and he slept in separate rooms, as far apart as the big house would allow.

But often he would be calling her, calling her, calling her . . .

AND then about 1936, to save the situation, there came a guest who, especially in my mother's view, wasn't like any other guest we'd had—a complete original, and one for whose departure she never hoped. He would stay with us for a week or two, and come perhaps three or four times a year. No, he wasn't like anybody we had ever seen. Millo, that's what my mother called him. In Siena, he didn't go to the museums or the cathedral but, with a big old leather briefcase and a penknife, he went to the public park. His business was with the trees. He would be seen chipping away at the bark as if he had really come on something. A policeman or other public-spirited citizen would amble over to see just what he was up to. Everyone was curious about him. "Are you after mushrooms? Snails?" Smiling, and in a Genoese accent that sounded strange and worldly-wise to Tuscan ears, he would explain that he was collecting lichens, that this little thing he was cutting off the bark was, in fact, a lichen, and tell them its Latin name. Immediately they would start calling him "*Professore*." If they failed to be impressed, he would go on to say that some lichens had medicinal properties; this was almost certain to rouse their appreciation. Lichens, he told them, weren't parasites. The way he



ACEVEDO

Vast cattle land of my fathers' fathers
that still bears the name of Acevedo—
featureless plains I cannot quite conceive.
My years wear on and I have not yet set
eyes on those weary miles of dust and home
which once far back in time my dead kinsmen
saw from the saddle—those wide-open roads
and their setting suns and shimmering dawns.
Plains are everywhere the same. I have seen
such land in Iowa, in our own south,
in the Holy Land in those willow groves
of Galilee where walked Christ's human feet.
That land is not lost. It is mine. I own
it in wistfulness, in oblivion.

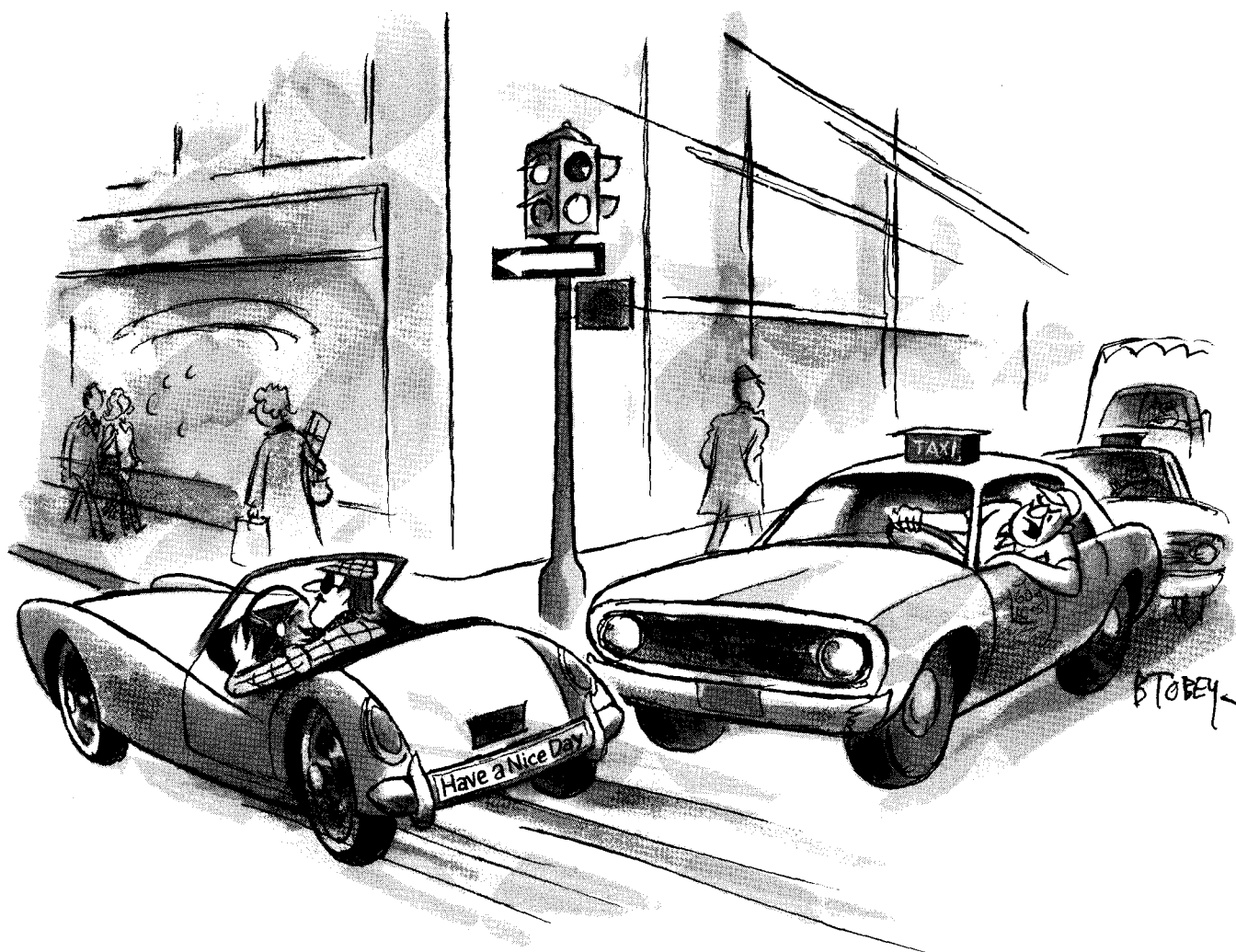
—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas
di Giovanni, in collaboration with the author.)

talked about them, they seemed to be possessed of all qualities. The little cut he made on the bark was insignificant, almost invisible, and he would be allowed to continue his pursuit. He had a scalpel and a hammer, too, and sometimes he chipped at a rock—for lichens, like moss, and perhaps more than moss, grew on practically anything and in just about any part of the world, even in the polar regions and the desert. This extraordinary interest, he explained, took him not just to parks and gardens but to deep woods and remote mountains. Ah, he was a cunning one for sure, or mad, and in either case they let him chip away.

Why such a passion? Well, for their beauty, mainly. Pale green and yellow, orange and gray, tenuous blue, silver, and almost white, spread by the wind or growing by contiguity, they improved the looks of almost anything they stuck to. Nor did they interfere with the host, except to give it cover. They made the tile roofs golden. They grew on ugly walls and monuments until their ugliness quite faded. They contributed to the ruins part of their weathered look. They were the hand of time, its patina, its gift, or an instrument it wielded. And if you looked at them closely you saw the marvel of their structure: lacework, filigree, touch-me-not golden curls. Always an adornment on the bare. How did nature manage to be so unerringly tasteful? Was it, as with the clouds, the magic hand of chance?

SOON Millo had most of us enthusiastic about lichens. My younger brother even started a collection of them. My parents bought him a small microscope. With it, one could get lost in the leafy and branchlike maze. An-



"And that goes for your bumper sticker, too!"

other world, it seemed. Not flat, as in a slide, but three-dimensional, with shadows of its own, a place where hanging gardens mixed with orange goblets and gossamer strands. Millo himself had discovered several new species of lichens. Some bore his name. He had sold collections to Harvard, Columbia, and a number of other universities. We were most impressed.

"I've given them the discards," he would say. He was only joking; according to my mother, he sent excellent specimens, beautifully packed. "You should see those boxes," she said after she and my father had driven to Genoa to call on him. His own collection was in a state of flux—he was continuously exchanging samples with lichenologists in Sweden and other countries. In Italy he had the field to himself.

"Is this rare?" my younger brother and I would ask him, running in from the woods to the house, and always he would look at the samples with joy and encouraging exclamations. "Oh, oh, look what they've found!"

My mother seemed rejuvenated. It was as if he had borne into the house

a gift that brought new life. My father, too, looked through the microscope and marvelled, going as far as to say—I have it from a letter—that the *Cladonia verticillata* had the pureness and beauty of a Donatello. And the cook, who also looked through the microscope, went into praises of nature that sounded something like those of the chorus in Greek tragedy. We went for drives, and now there was more purpose in our outings. "Oh, we've found some rare ones," he would say, and, putting a hand on my younger brother's shoulder once, he added, "And Sandro found one that may be quite new—a new species altogether. Of this I am sure: I've never seen it before; I just don't know it."

Was he serious?

MILLO was friendly with my father, listened to him and read his work, agreed with it and praised it, but no more than my mother could he discuss it at length. And with my elder brother, who was very studious and not as fond of lichens as the rest of us, he read Greek—Homer, Aeschylus, and

Sophocles. Giving Greek lessons was something he did in Genoa to supplement his income from the lichens, but, as with them, you had the feeling he would have done it quite apart from the money—for pleasure. The thing is, he was a poet. As a very young man, he had written a book of verse, "Thistle-down," which had been well received and was still remembered. Now he was about to bring out a new one, "Atip-toe." Brief poems, crisp as his lichens—indeed, so terse that at times it was hard to understand them at first sight.

He would often invite my parents out to dinner. "We are going to the notary public," he would say to us, trying to look serious but unable to look more than half serious. He was a friend of the whole family—of the cook and the maids, too, and of the curate who came to have dinner with us every Monday. But particularly of my mother.

They went for walks together, or, sitting on the garden brickwork, sipped coffee in the sun. Those, I think, were my mother's halcyon days. There was a joy in her conversation that was absent when she talked with my fa-

ther. The reason was, in part, the subject matter. With my father, philosophy—perhaps some word he was looking for or some problem connected with the publication of a book—a letter he had received no reply to, his hopes for a huge peach orchard he had planted, the heavy financial situation in running the estate. And with Millo the lustre of a leaf, some comic scene in town that morning, how “inconceivably bad” an article was by a writer whom they knew.

My mother, really, did most of the talking. She had this extraordinary verve, which the wine helped, and which someone who listened as he did brought out. He listened with glee. He appreciated her sense of humor infinitely—as if he could listen forever and never have enough. He had the brightest eyes, and the glasses that he wore intensified not just his vision but his looks, added to him rather than detracted; one missed them if he took them off. He was chubby and not tall—shorter than my mother, who was spare and strong. His rounded face tended to the red, perhaps because of his fondness for wine. My father was slim and pale, with large, thoughtful eyes, and was considered very good-looking. As a boy, he had won a prize as the prettiest child in town. So at first I never thought of our friend as a rival to my father. He didn't seem the sort

of person to rouse a passion. And then my mother, though she didn't seem as happy with my father as with Millo, had for my father such a strong attachment, such a deep affection, and respect and admiration. Perhaps these feelings—even put together and taken at their height—didn't amount to love, but at that time I was too young to make the distinction. Anyway, except during their tiffs, which I was quite prepared to disregard, I thought my mother loved my father thoroughly, loved him as much as he did her, though in a different way. My father paid a great many compliments to women and said silly things to them—even, and especially, in my mother's presence—but I don't think he was ever unfaithful to her. He had a puritanical streak, an austere control, and an intellectual nature that kept him above gossip or interest in petty things, and took him into a rather remote world crowded with hypotheses and theories.

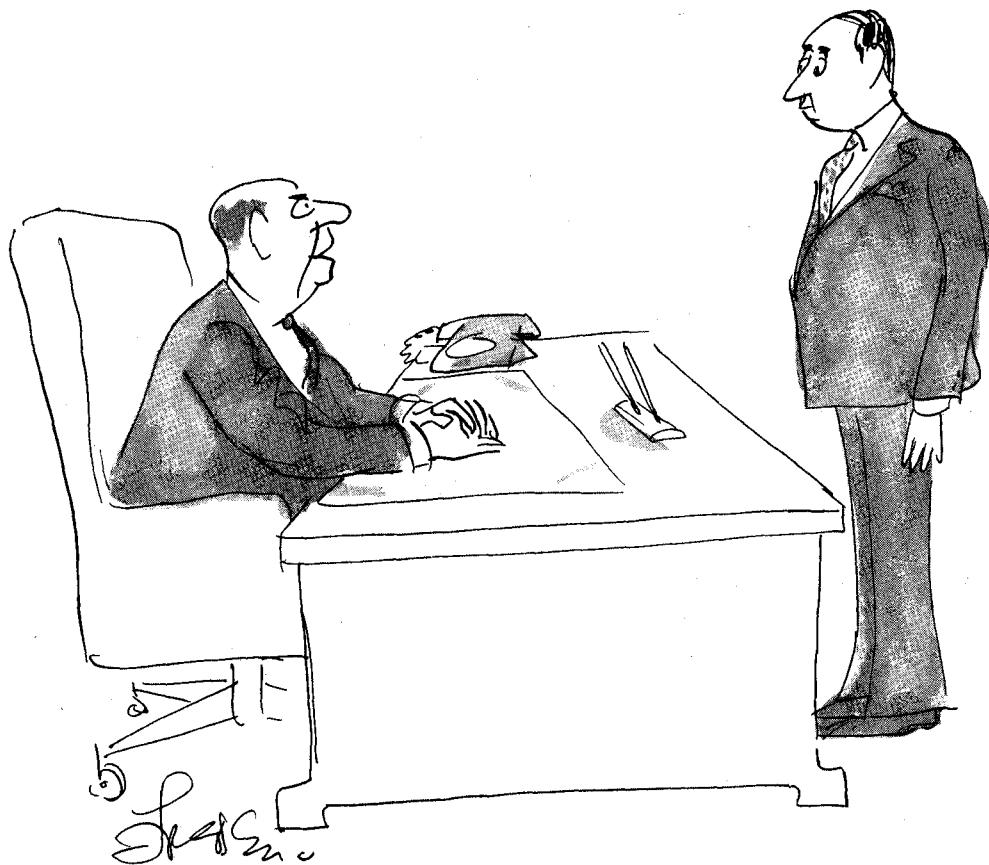
Well, though I wasn't drawing any distinction between love and admiration, my brother was. Older than I by two years, he began to view the relationship between my mother and Millo with circumspection. He became morose, silent, and reluctant to read further Greek texts with him. He withdrew even more into his room and books. “They're always together,” he said to me in a worried tone.

Poor boy, he loved my mother so much, had spent such a lot of time near her, had grown up amid her kisses and caresses, and now he felt the presence of someone else edging, intruding into his place, someone other than my father. My father's love, maybe because of its very nature, had never disturbed him, in the same way that my mother's affection for me, my younger brother, and my sister had never made him jealous. But this did. Perhaps it was that he felt protective toward my father, saw my father rather than himself as left out. At any rate, he began to resent the guest. Oh, not deeply or rudely—if anything, rather pitifully. My mother understood, of course, and I can see her kissing my brother on the forehead and stroking his curls, saying, “What is it, darling? Don't be sad.” It wasn't easy to be sad in the house if she was happy, and, indeed, she could not really be happy if anyone in the house was sad. There was something in her of the nurse, the angel. Except, unlike angels, who are ever in a state of bliss, there was no paradise for her as long as anyone was in hell. And so, though my brother could hardly be described as being in hell, his state of mind disturbed her. “Come on, *cocchetto*, come with us to Florence. You need a change. You are always in your books. Let's go. We'll have fun. You and me, Papa, and Millo.”

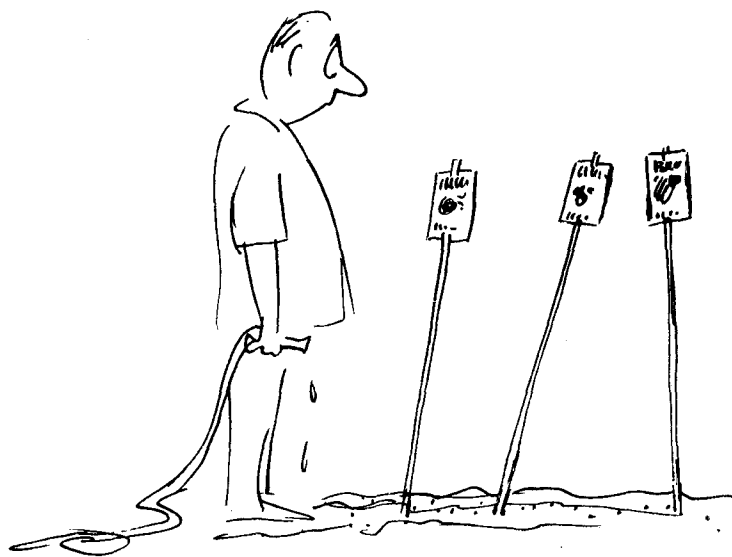
Millo would stand next to him and smile at him amiably. My brother would be persuaded to take the trip, and they would go to Florence, with my father driving his blue, open Chevrolet. And certainly the trip helped my brother's spirits. He would come back with a rare edition of Sophocles, perhaps, wrapped in tissue paper, and treat it as if he were handling a butterfly and barely let me touch it.

“I remember once they went to Rome together,” my brother told me quite recently, by “they” meaning my mother and Millo, of course. I don't remember, or remember only vaguely. That *he* remembers shows how concerned he was.

Certainly I remember many trips, but most or all of them were with my father, in his car. We went to the sea, and Millo stayed with us there. And there were trips to the neighboring hill towns, and to Pisa, Lucca, and Pistoia, where my father bought fruit trees in the nurseries, and sometimes even to Genoa, Millo's home town. He always carried his old leather briefcase with him, for his lichens, and took more pleasure in strolling around the public parks than following us into the museums.



“Your work is fine, Perkins. It's your aftershave I can't stand.”



Madd

Often he would repair to a bar or coffee shop. These were like havens for him. He was a gourmet. In a restaurant he could become almost fierce with the chef if the cooking disappointed him. His usual mild, sweet countenance could turn an angry red. That was about the only aspect of him my mother had difficulty with. It was rare, though. He knew the best restaurants—especially in Genoa. There he would usually take you to the grottolike establishments near the harbor. The kitchen was near the entrance, so the fumes and steam could escape up through the open door. The cooks, usually women, greeted him by name. They would serve him well. They liked him—a real *intenditore* of their art.

He lived with his sister, who was unmarried. She worked in an office and looked after him. Recently, in an anthology, I've seen a poem of his in which she appears as a little girl. The poem is addressed to his father. "Father," it says, in rough translation, "even if you weren't my father I would have loved you, not only because one winter morning, glad, you gave us news of the first violet growing outside the window by the wall, and because you counted for us the lights of the houses as they went on up the mountain one by one, but also because once, as you were about to spank my little sister, you saw her cringing from you and, immediately stopping, you picked her up and kissed her and held her in your arms as if to protect her from the wicked fellow you'd been a moment before then."

MY mother was forever writing to Millo, and often there was a letter from him in the mail. Both had the clearest writing, though there was nothing slow or childish about it. She

wrote her letters on light, pale-blue stationery that she bought at Pineider, in Florence—one of the few luxuries she indulged in. She used not a fountain pen but a little wooden pen and nib that she dipped in a brass inkwell. Sometimes she would enclose a leaf, or a small drawing of it, or a sketch—perhaps the profile of one of us or of a guest—the thin line of her sharp pencil supplementing her description in quick, strong, black pen strokes. Sometimes I would watch her as she wrote, and in her face there was a reflection of the pleasure it showed when he was present; as she paused between one phrase and another, I could see that her eyes weren't on me or on the room but on whatever she was thinking of, and if I interrupted her she would say, "Be quiet a little now, love." One could see she put her best effort into her letters to him. All her letters were spirited and spontaneous, but those to him had something more—a certain brilliance.

After her death in 1963, Millo put together excerpts from them into a small book and published it. The letters spanned almost thirty years—from 1936 to 1963. "Reading them," one critic wrote, "it occurred to me that many of us ought to throw away the pen, which in our hands is a hoe and in hers a little April branch." They were full of quick flashes, impressions, vivid touches, thoughts about people, plants, places, books, her work, her mood, the war. Some of them were written to him from England, where we spent seven years as refugees during the war and where for a while he had even thought of coming to join us; a few from Africa, where she had gone after my sister had a baby there; most of them from the house in Siena; and one or two from the

Rome clinic, a month before her death.

They were quite innocent, these letters, but my father, who in thirty years had never appeared jealous, now in his old age—he was in his late seventies—seemed to view the book with suspicion. Perhaps it was its form that troubled him—not whole letters but excerpts. The excerpts in themselves weren't compromising, but what about the rest? What had been left out? Why hadn't the opening and closing words or lines been included? No, he didn't altogether approve of the publication. He thanked Millo for the inscribed copy he received, but not with the cordiality of old times, and a word or two he used (which I never saw) upset Millo so much that he wrote assuring me that his relations with my mother had never been anything more than a strong friendship—that, in other words, they had not been lovers.

I thought of my mother's life, of how unreasonably and hatefully angry my father would get with her, of her silences, her patience, her impatience, and her gloom, of the many long winters in the lonely house, and I wrote to him that I was sorry to learn that they had not been lovers, that I wished they had been, for in that case my mother's life would have been richer, happier.

A few years later he died without answering that letter of mine. Now I think I know why: It didn't deserve an answer—if ever there was a relationship one didn't have to feel sorry about, it was theirs.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

The proposals were adopted after lengthy debate over motions from the boor which would have returned the report to the committee for further study.

—Philadelphia Legal Intelligencer.

Just give us the news, please.

P R O F I L E S

HANGING OUT WITH BLOSSOM DEARIE

EVERYTHING about Blossom Dearie is just right. Consider her singing. She is the youngest and least well known of the consummate triumvirate of supper-club singers—Mabel Mercer and Bobby Short are the two others—who rule the upper regions of American popular song. She has a tiny voice, smaller than Mildred Bailey's or Astrud Gilberto's or Wee Bonnie Baker's; without a microphone, it would not reach the second floor of a doll house. But it is a perfect voice—light, clear, pure, resilient, and, buttressed by amplification, surprisingly commanding. Her style is equally choice, and was once described by Rogers Whitaker in these pages as going from “the meticulous to the sublime.” Her diction shines (she comes

from a part of eastern upstate New York noted for its accent-free speech), and she has a cool, delicate, seamless way of phrasing that is occasionally embellished by a tissue-paper vibrato. She is an elegant, polite, and often funny improviser, who lights the songs she sings by carefully altering certain tones and by using a subtle, intense rhythmic attack. Consider her songwriting. Few first-rate singers write music, and few first-rate songwriters sing. But in recent years she has produced over thirty tunes, and they are affecting extensions of her singing. Some, like “Hey, John,” written after she appeared on a British television show with John Lennon, are cheerful and funny (“Hey, John, look at me digging you digging me”); some, like “Home,” are ruminative and gentle and pastoral; some, like “I’m Shadowing You,” with lyrics by Johnny Mercer, are works of magic: even though one may never have heard the tune before, one immediately experiences a kind of delighted melodic *déjà vu*. Consider her appearance and manner. She stands pole-straight, and is short and country-girl solid. Her broad face, with its small, well-spaced eyes, wide mouth, and generous, direct nose, has a figurehead strength. Her hands and feet are small and delicate. Angelic honey-blond hair falls well below her shoulders. When she is lis-



tening, she gives continuous, receptive, almost audible nods. There is no waste in her laughter, which is frequent and quick—a single, merry, high, descending triplet. And she has a precise, almost prim manner of speaking; her sentences arrive boxed and beribboned. Consider her name. It sounds like a stage name or one of Dickens’ hyperbolic marvels, but it is real. It is appropriately musical; her given name is soft and on the beat, and her surname is legato and floating. (Any other name—such as Tony Grey, which an overwrought agent once suggested—would be ludicrous.) It is also very old-fashioned; it calls to mind pinafores and lemon verbena and camomile tea. And consider her magnetism. An old friend has said of her, “She is absolutely pure, and she will not compromise. She has this innocence that would take her across a battlefield unscathed. In a way, she resembles a Christian Scientist. If things go askew or don’t fit in with her plans, they don’t exist. She started getting under everybody’s skin when she came back from Paris in the mid-fifties. I can’t remember where she was working, but the place had Contact paper on the tables and out-of-work actors as waiters. It was funny when you’d take a new person to hear her. Her singing is so deceptively simple that at first there would be this ‘Wha?’ reaction,

and then after a while a smile would spread across the person’s face, and that would be it. You can be away from her for a long time and live your own life, and then she reappears and gets to you again. She’s like a drug. She certainly has the English hooked. When she sings at Ronnie Scott’s club, in London, they arrange all the chairs so that they face *her*, and there’s not a sound. It’s like church.”

BLOSSOM DEARIE divides her year between a small Greenwich Village apartment; the family house, in East Durham, New York, where she was born; and London, whence she ventures into Scandinavia, Holland, Germany, and France. Part of her restiveness is due to economics, and part is due to an inborn need to keep on the move, to live light. Supper clubs have become almost vestigial in New York, and she is a demanding, even imperious performer who will not tolerate rude audiences. She subbed for Bobby Short at the Café Carlyle three or four years ago, and, as is their wont, the swells who frequent the Café were often noisy and inattentive. Blossom Dearie repeatedly rebuked them by breaking off in mid-song and announcing, in her teacup way, “You have to be a little more quiet. Some of these people are my friends and have come to hear *me*!” The swells responded by staying away, and business was poor. But a while ago she surfaced again at Three, a bar-and-restaurant on East Seventy-second Street, and I called to ask if I could visit her in the Village. She suggested that I come in the morning, so that we could “hang out together for the day.”

She lives in a one-room apartment on the third-floor front of an old building facing Sheridan Square. When I arrived, the room was knee-deep in sunshine, and she was brewing Irish tea in her Pullman kitchen. The apartment, which has a *pied-à-terre* look, is furnished with a convertible sofa, a couple of yellow director’s chairs, a small round sidewalk-café table, an

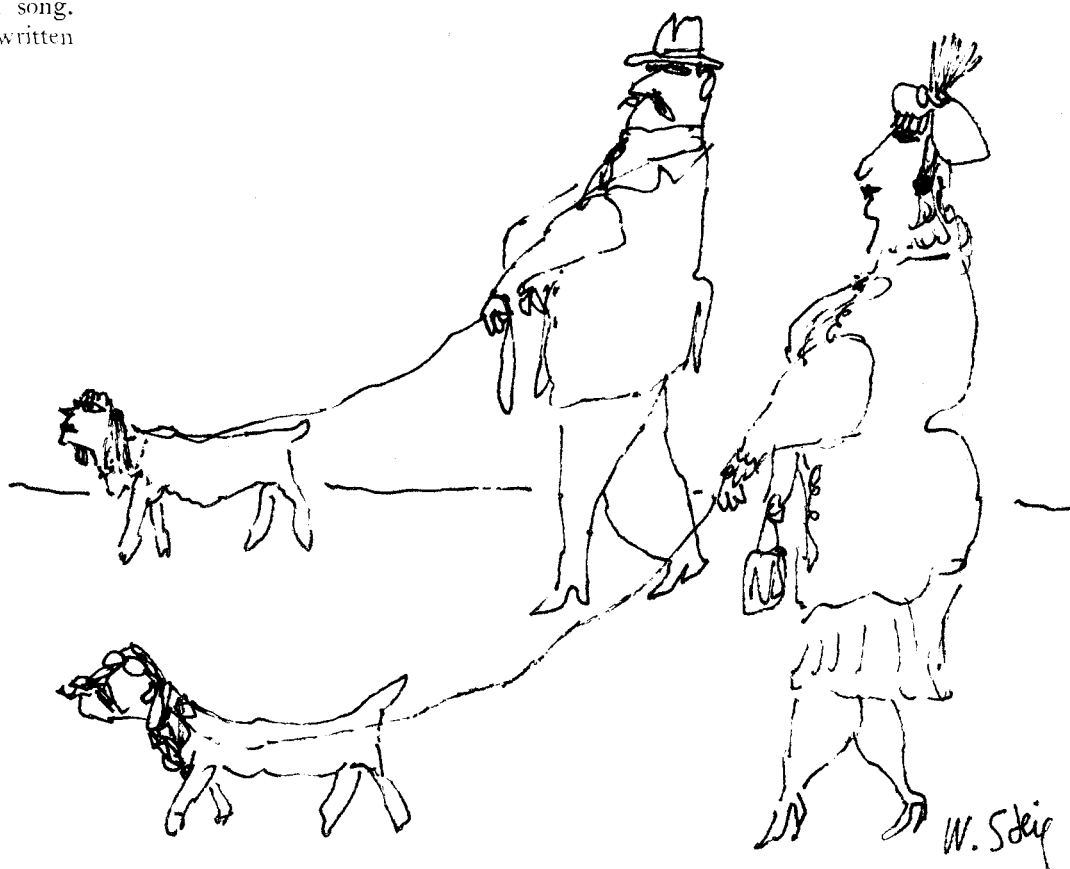
upright piano, a tiny white desk, a record player, and several shelves of records. Blossom Dearie put two mugs of tea on the table and sat down. She was wearing black pants, a white turtleneck, and a patterned black-and-off-white cardigan sweater. She laughed, crossed her legs, and rested her clasped hands on one knee. "I've decided I want to live a long time," she said. "A very long time. So I'm very conscientious about taking care of myself. I read Carlton Fredericks and Adelle Davis, and I take vitamins, especially Vitamin E, which is the wonder vitamin and helps retard the aging process. And I go to bed early and get up early. I can't stand the all-night night-club thing anymore, and anyway what reason is there for a single person like me to stay up late? So I've invented a new kind of show at Three. In fact, it's been tried at Reno Sweeney, here in the Village, and maybe it'll catch on elsewhere. Since I don't feel I can devote all my time to performing anymore, I work just four days a week, and what I do is give an early-evening concert. It starts at six and ends at eight. That way people can go out and hear me and have dinner and go home to bed. No drinks are served when I sing, but there is an intermission. I've been cracking since six this morning. I've transposed a new song into my key and nearly learned it, and I've practiced Billy Strayhorn's 'Lush Life,' which I've avoided for years because it has such poor lyrics. But it is a beautiful and quite complicated song. I've called London twice. I've written Norman Granz, asking if he can help me get the rights for the seven albums I made for him, so that I can reissue them. And I've written two of the eleven girl friends I regularly correspond with in foreign countries. I've had a business conference with Joyce Ackers, who's doing publicity for me. I've talked to Candace Leeds, at Town Hall, about my Interludes concert. I'm trying to get my life beautifully organized, and I have several projects under way. One is starting my own place, which Joyce is working on now. I don't want to buy a building or anything, just rent a room. It's going to be *scientifically* done. I want perfect acoustics, so that people *can* talk but won't bother me. You'd be surprised what a performer can hear—every word, every whisper. There

will be the right kind of ceiling and perfect ventilation, so that there won't be that horrible smokiness. And the lighting will not wear my eyes out. Another project is getting my own record label going, in addition to reissuing the Granz things. Some of my wealthy friends have dropped hints about investing in it. I already have my own publishing company. I thought for a while of calling it and the record company Joie de Vivre, and a friend suggested Fragile Publishing and Fragile Records. But I've settled on Blossom Dearie Publishing and Blossom Dearie Records. And, finally, there are my songs, my composing, which has become very important to me. So important that I only want to collaborate with lyricists like Johnny Mercer. I have some new songs for him, but he's in Europe, writing a show with André Previn. He sent me a marvellous letter a little while ago, celebrating our friendship, and saying that since we'd survived folk rock and soft rock and hard rock we'd go on forever. It really pleased me."

Blossom Dearie laughed, and abruptly stood up. "I'd make another cup of tea, but I have to tape part of the sound track for an industrial film for a friend of mine, and the date starts in twenty minutes. The studio is on West Fifty-second Street." We walked to Sixth Avenue and got a cab. "I have a method now when I compose," she said on the way uptown. "I write out

the rhythms first, almost like a piece of drum music. Then I put the melody to that. Songs come to me in different ways. I've written quite a few of what I call tribute songs—songs for people I admire, like John Lennon and Tony Bennett. These songs are pure inspiration, pure communication between my brain and fingers and my admiration for the person, and generally they come to me quickly. Otherwise, I jot down ideas—three bars, eight bars, maybe ten—and work them out at the piano. I keep playing them over. I play them in the morning and I play them in the evening. I play them when I've had a drink and when I haven't. But I set myself a time limit. I'll work on a song for two weeks, and if it doesn't come out right I put it away for a year. But sometimes even that doesn't help, and the song never works. There's a lot of freedom now in writing songs. You don't have to follow the old thirty-two-bars-with-a-bridge pattern anymore. Songs can be any shape or length. They can be in sections or little movements. They can be a kind of string of ideas."

The recording date was in Studio B of Aura Recording, Inc. Two of the three accompanists Blossom Dearie had chosen—the reedman Hal McKusick and the bassist Jay Leonhart—were already there and noodling away on opposite sides of the room. McKusick, ruddy-faced and wearing round, gold-rimmed spectacles, is in his late forties,



and came up through the big bands. An enormously able musician, he favors the alto saxophone, the clarinet, the flute, and the bass clarinet. Leonhart is in his twenties and is well considered. McKusick told Blossom Dearie he had moved from the city to Sag Harbor six months before and was restoring an old house he had bought. He said it had seven fireplaces and so many rooms he didn't know what to do with them. Blossom Dearie was listening and nodding, and then she said, "Marian McPartland told me she's so tired of living in small places where you have to have the piano in the same room with you all the time."

"And the bed under the piano," McKusick added.

Blossom Dearie laughed; then, suddenly, she was all business. She passed out lead sheets to McKusick and Leonhart and sat down at the piano, which was wedged in a far corner of the studio. Only her pants legs and the blond top of her head were visible. The recording involved her playing and singing two choruses of Harold Milan's "Going Away." She ran through the tune once with McKusick, who played the melody on flute behind her. When she had finished, she peered at him over the sheet-music rack on the piano and said, "Does that sound right?"

"Very close," McKusick replied.

"All right, let's do it again," she said, in a commander-in-chief tone. "And maybe you should improvise behind me, Hal, instead of just doing the melody."

"I think I'll switch to the alto flute this time," McKusick said. "I brought it along because I suspect it will fit very well with your sound."

After the runthrough, Blossom Dearie said she was delighted with the alto flute, which has a smoky, enfolding timbre. She got up to greet her third sideman, the drummer Al Harewood, who is short, compact, and a spiffy dresser. They embraced, and she laughed and told him the date would be heavy rock and roll. A tall, sandy-haired A. & R. man, Gordon Highlander, appeared, and outlined to Blossom Dearie what he wanted in the first chorus—a cheerful tempo, quiet drums, and a strong beat. As soon as Harewood was ready, they played the tune again. Blossom Dearie's unamplified voice was being drowned out by her own accompaniment, and all hands put on headphones so that they could hear her. Two takes were made, and the second was played back. It sounded marvellous. Her voice was sweet and exact, and the flute set it off like the

FIRESIDE

Always there would be stories of lights
hovering among bushes or at the foot
of a meadow; maybe a goat with cold horns
pluming into the moon; a tingle of chains

on the midnight road. And then maybe
word would come round of that watery
art, the lamping of fishes, and I'd be
mooning my flashlamp on the licked black pelt

of the stream, my left arm splayed to take
a heavy pour and strum of the current
occluding the net. Was that the beam
buckling over an eddy or a gleam

of the fabulous? Steady the light
and come to your senses, they're saying good night.

—SEAMUS HEANEY

ring around a rain moon. Two more takes were made, and Highlander said they had it.

"Take five minutes," Blossom Dearie ordered. She went up to the window of the control booth and, a little girl standing in front of a toyshop, said, "Have you got any tea or Danish in there?" There was no answer, so she went around the corner and into the booth. McKusick and Leonhart started a fast, light version of Charlie Parker's "Confirmation," and Harewood joined in, dropping contented bombs on his bass drum. The date resumed, but this time thirteen takes were needed before Highlander was satisfied. It was two-thirty. Blossom Dearie took down her musicians' addresses and filled out the necessary tax and union forms. McKusick told her how fine she sounded, and thanked her for the chance to work with her. He and Leonhart left together, and Harewood, after packing up his drums and embracing her again, followed.

"Al is a terrific drummer," she said. "I've worked off and on with him for years, and he can play any kind of drums. And with so much taste." Highlander reappeared and told Blossom Dearie that, after all, they would need some overdubbing—just the title of the song. She looked tired but nodded. She sat on a high stool in the

middle of the studio, and, putting on headphones and raising her chin, sang five "Going Away"s. Highlander asked her if she would sing them with a little more rubato. She did.

WE took a cab back to the Village, and on the way I asked her if she would like some lunch. "That would be nice, very nice," she answered. "I don't eat at night after work, but I do like a nice lunch. There's a new place around the corner from the Village Vanguard, called the Caffè da Alfredo. Let's try that." The Alfredo, which is on the parlor floor, looks out through big windows onto Seventh Avenue. It was crowded, and the only empty table was in the rear. "Oh," Blossom Dearie said. "I was hoping to sit right up front by a window, where there's lots of light and you can see everything. I hate sitting in the dark backs of places. I like light and sunshine and air." We sat down anyway, and then four people got up from a front table. "Let's go up there," she said. The table was loaded with glasses and dishes, and she asked the only waiter if we could move. He looked annoyed and shook his head. I thought that she would sit there anyway. But all she did was let out a long "Well" and look at the menu. She ordered pea soup and a Niçoise salad, and so did I. Alfredo's doesn't have liquor, so I went out for a half bottle of Soave Bolla. Blossom Dearie was attacking the bread when I got back. I poured her a glass of wine, and she said it hit the spot. She broke off a piece of bread and took another sip of wine, and the soup, teeming with real peas, came.

"All I could think about up there in



that studio was my mama. She passed away a little while ago. In fact, I've just come back from the country, and tonight will be the first time I've worked at Three in several weeks. I think they've told everyone that I've closed, so there probably won't be anyone there. My mother was in her late eighties, and she was a wonderful woman. She came over as a little girl from Oslo, where she was born. Her father was in the merchant marine, and she was raised by a grandmother. She married a rich man in New York, and they lived on West Twenty-second Street and had a house in the country—the same house she died in. It was a two-day trip in those days—up the Hudson by steamboat

and twenty more miles by horse and buggy. After her husband died, she moved to the country for good. She met my father up there. When I think of my daddy—well, he was just one of those people who never seem to find their way, who never get into the niche meant for them in life. He was in the First World War, and then he was a bartender for the rest of his life. He was a lovely man. He was from Irish and Scottish parents. The name Dearie goes back in Scotland to the sixteenth century. People ask me over here if it's my real name, but everybody over there knows it. My daddy had the Irish wit—he could mimic anybody—and he was musically gifted. He could sing and dance, and he wanted to be in show business, but I guess he just didn't know how, and anyway he was not aggressive and was very much involved in his families. He had been married before, and both he and my mother had children in their earlier marriages. She had three boys, and he had one. I was their only child. It was he who named me. I was born in April, and the day I arrived a neighbor brought over some peach blossoms, and when my father saw them he said, 'That's it. We'll call her Blossom.' My mother liked Victor Herbert, but she wasn't musically inclined. She'd take me on her lap when I was two or three, and I'd pick out real tunes on the piano. I took my first piano lessons



"He's linked, but not tainted."

when I was five, from a Miss Parks, who lived three or four miles up the mountain. She taught me how to read. Later, I spent some time down in Washington with one of my brothers, and I studied there with a Mrs. Hill. For a year. She'd play Bach and Chopin, and if I liked it she'd tell me to learn the piece. Too many piano teachers force-feed their students. She wanted me to be a classical pianist, and thought I should study at the Peabody Conservatory, in Baltimore, when I got old enough. But I went back to the country, and I didn't study after that. I played with the high-school dance band, and I listened and listened—to Count Basie and Duke Ellington and Art Tatum. The first singer that made a real impression on me was Martha Tilton.

"After I graduated from high school, I came to New York. I had spent a little time here before, and I'd met Dave Lambert, the singer. It was the late forties, and I lived in a midtown hotel with a bunch of girl singers. I started to sing for the first time in New York. I hung out with Dave, and we rehearsed and talked a lot about singing. And I hung out in that basement apartment Gil Evans had on West Fifty-fifth. I don't know how he ever got anything done, because there were people there twenty-four hours a day. Charlie Parker lived there for

a while, and you'd generally find Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis and Gerry Mulligan and John Lewis. Or George Handy would be there, or George Russell or Barry Galbraith or Lee Konitz. I'd go over to Fifty-Second Street, and hear Bird and Diz. Do you remember Parker's first recording of 'Embraceable You'—the take that goes like this?" She hummed the most famous version note for note—a feat, considering that it is also one of the most subtle and difficult improvisations ever recorded. "Then I began getting jobs around New York. I was in the Show Spot, which was underneath the Byline Room, where Mabel Mercer was singing. I played piano and sang and accompanied other singers. I still like to accompany friends who sing."

The salads, which were huge, arrived, and Blossom Dearie dug in. I poured more wine, and she buttered the last piece of bread. "In 1952, when I was working at the Chantilly, I met Nicole Barclay. She and her husband owned Barclay Records, and she asked me if I'd like to work in Paris. I said yes, and took the boat. I stayed with Nicole's grandmother and studied French at Berlitz. I worked in the Mars Club in Paris, and with Annie Ross at a club in London. I formed a group called the Blue Stars of Paris; the Swingle Singers eventually grew out of it. There were four boys and

four girls. The boys played instruments and sang, and the girls just sang. We had Christiane Legrand, Michel's sister, and Bob Dorough, who was in Paris accompanying Sugar Ray Robinson. We had a hit record—'Lullaby of Birdland' sung in French. There was a marvellous ambience in Paris then, an easy, hanging-out-in-café's ambience. Bud Powell was around, and so was Don Byas. I met Norman Granz, and he recorded me there. And I met my husband, Bobby Jaspar. He was playing flute and tenor saxophone where I was working, and we became friends right away. He came from a wealthy Belgian family, and he had a degree in chemistry and spoke three languages. His father was a well-known painter. We were married in Liège, in 1955, and came back here the following year

and lived in the Village. He worked with Miles Davis and J. J. Johnson. Then we separated. He had a heart condition and became ill, and he died. It was all very sad. I hope someday to get married again.

"For the next several years, I worked around New York, at the Village Vanguard, opposite Miles Davis, who became a great friend, and the original Upstairs at the Downstairs. Then I heard the album of 'Beyond the Fringe,' with Dudley Moore and Peter Cook and Jonathan Miller and Alan Bennett, and I was crazy about it. I met Dudley Moore at the Vanguard one night when he was working there, and he asked me if I was English, and I said no, but that it was a great compliment that he had thought so. We talked until five in the morning at the

Vanguard, and it was through Dudley that I eventually got back to England. The English audiences seemed to take me in and like me, and I've been going every year since. In 1966, I started working for a month every summer at Ronnie Scott's club. The only thing I don't like about it is that the first show isn't until *eleven-thirty* and I don't finish until two. But I just sleep a little later in the morning to make up for it."

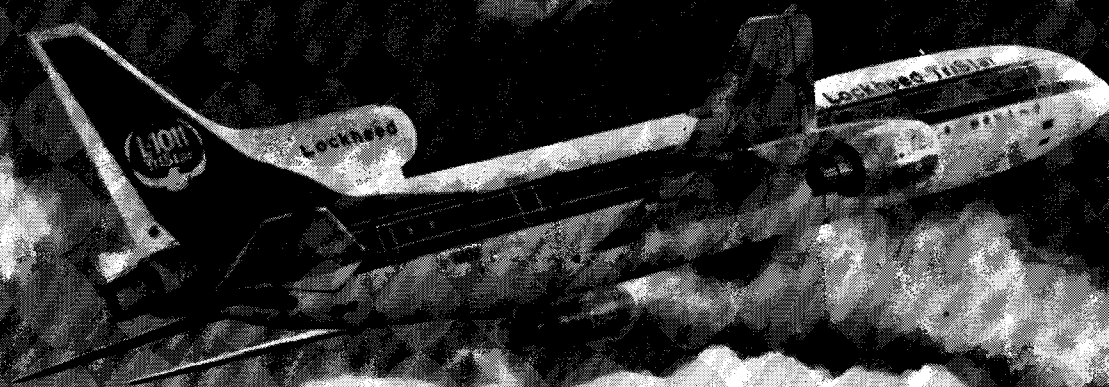
I told Blossom Dearie it was five o'clock. "Oh, my," she said. "I'll just run home and get dressed and put on some makeup. You go out and poke around, or something, and pick me up in twenty minutes. I like to get to the club real early." She was all in blue and white and gold when I arrived. She was wearing a long royal-blue gown with white cuffs and a white Peter Pan collar, and her neatly parted hair shimmered. She handed me the sheet music of "Lush Life," and, sitting down at the piano, asked me to prompt her. I prompted her twice, and when she was several bars from the end she stopped again. "I just don't like the word 'rot' there. I hate it, and I won't sing it." I suggested "die" instead. She thought a moment. "Good! I'll try that." After she finished the song she said, "I think that works. All right, off we go!"

THREE is a long, narrow brick-walled place with a bar up front, a kitchen in the middle, and a small, square room in the back. The back room has an upright piano centered on one wall and facing a dozen tables. Joyce Ackers met us in the bar and said that she had spent the day trying to get the word around that Blossom Dearie would be singing that evening. She turned to me: "Anyway, Jean Bach, who produces Arlene Francis's radio show on WOR and is an old, old friend of Blossom's, is coming with a friend, and so is Harold Taylor. He used to be head of Sarah Lawrence, and he's an educational bigwig now. He's bringing Viveca Lindfors, who's dying to hear Blossom. And there may be a couple of other people." The friends arrived around six, and after Blossom Dearie had chatted with them she went into the back room and played by herself for ten minutes. Then she came out and said it was time. All nine or ten of us—several people had come in off the street—trooped into the back room. A heavy black curtain was drawn across the door, the lights went down, and she started in with "Ask Yourself Why," by Michel Legrand. She has a busy, luminous, childlike look when she sings. Her brow furrows



"No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friends or of thine own were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

"Friend, you sure said a mouthful!"



Our quiet takeoff

can replace two noisy ones.

The TriStar takes off with less than half the noise annoyance of older jets.

And it takes off with more than twice the people.

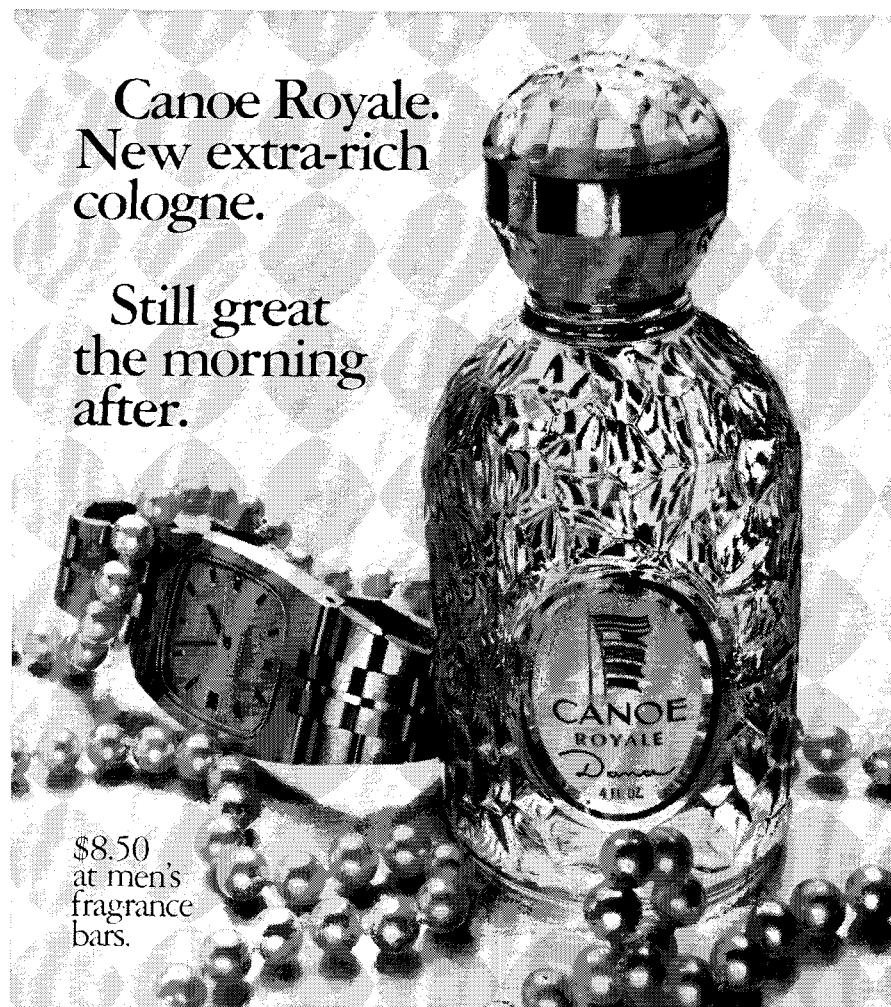
So airports all over the world will have quieter takeoffs. And fewer of them. Or at least, fewer than there would be if only the smaller, noisier jets were flying.

**The Lockheed L-1011 TriStar.
The quietest big jet in the world.**

Canoe Royale. New extra-rich cologne.

Still great
the morning
after.

\$8.50
at men's
fragrance
bars.



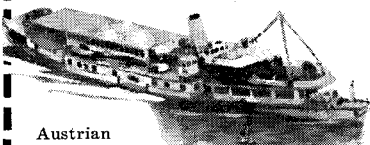
If you long for the good life, come to Austria, the most European country. In this jewel of a vacationland, two thirds the size of New York State, you can find all the marvelous experiences you came to Europe for.

There is history. Austria has more castles and palaces to visit than any comparable area in Europe.

There are ballets, operas and concerts—a cultural season that goes full tilt 12 months a year.

There is scenery. Snow-covered Alps. Mountain lakes. Lush forests and medieval cities—citadels of the arts.

There is good eating. Austria's gracious restaurants are known the world over. The elegant and the rustic. Come to Austria. Mozart, Beethoven and Johann Strauss lived there and loved it. You will too.



Austrian
National Tourist Office
545 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me the
new colorful brochure
about Austria.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____



from time to time, and she rocks continually from side to side, as if she were beating twenty egg whites. She is a superb, swinging accompanist, and her piano sometimes suggests the intense, pushing backgrounds of John Lewis. Her eyes flicker back and forth between her hands and her audience. A funny song by Bob Dorough and Dave Frishberg, "I'm Hip," was followed by the Legrand-Johnny Mercer "Once Upon a Summertime." Then she did three of her own songs—"I'm Shadowing You," "Hey, John," and "I Like You, You're Nice." Before her next number, she said to the room, "What's that noise?" There was a remote humming sound. Joyce Ackers said, "It's the kitchen fan. I'll see what I can do." Blossom Dearie laughed, and started "The Girl from Ipanema." She ended the first part of the concert with another funny Frishberg effort, "Peel Me a Grape." The applause was prolonged and loud.

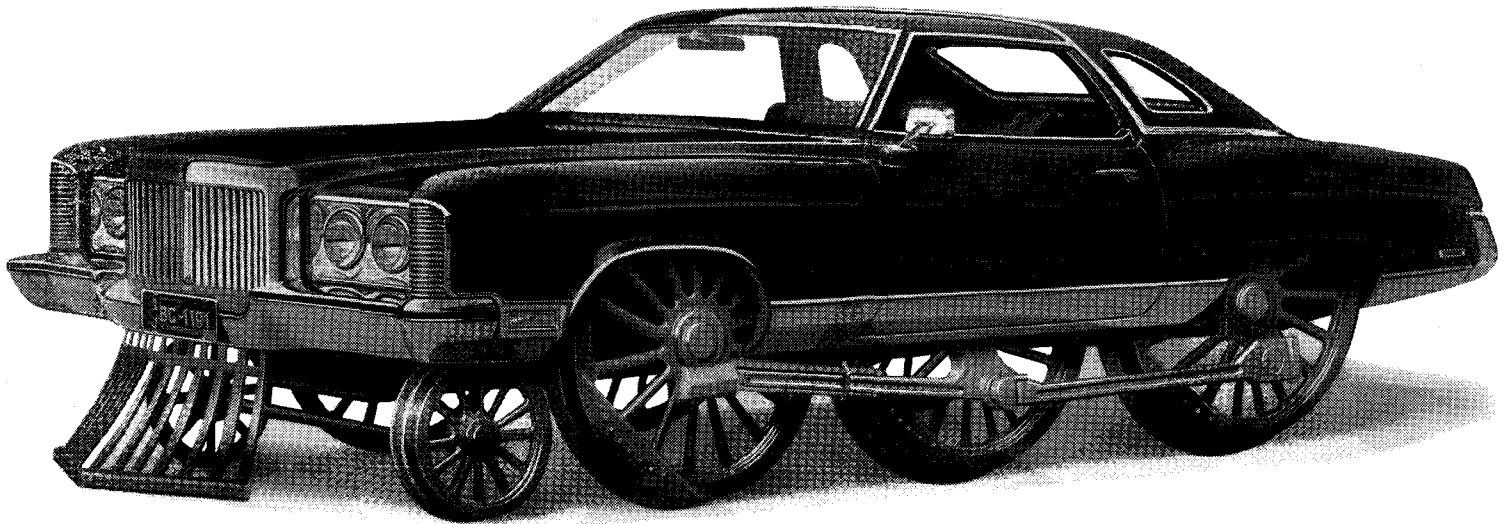
Blossom Dearie went into the bar, and Harold Taylor bought everyone a drink. She ordered a brandy, and we sat down. "Well, it took a while to get going," she said. "I'm a very gentle singer. I'm not a belter. But I try and put feeling into my songs. What I do in my way Streisand and Minnelli can't do. After I've decided how to sing a song, I sing it almost exactly the same each time, so I don't improvise while I'm singing; it's a quality I don't have. But Annie Ross has it. She can get up and sing any song in any place and knock you right out. She's so impromptu it's unbelievable. My mind wanders when I sing. I think about all sorts of things—my mama or a particular person in the audience. I think about the composer or the lyricist or one of my musicians—when I can afford to have them, that is. The words become automatic. I get nervous when I perform, but I'm told I always look perfectly calm. But then I'm a very normal person. I'm not a show-business person. I don't have the ego for that. I'm not neurotic, and I'm not crazy. I've just worked on my career. There have always been hard times financially, but perhaps all my projects will get things off the ground now. I'd sort of like to become the rage for a while."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

So much is written about football and skiing accidents that it was refreshing to learn that ballet injuries also are a problem.—Dr. Van Dellen in the *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Ever tried an ice-cold Coca-Cola, Doc?

**Somewhere on the road to a perfect steel belted radial,
most tire companies took a wrong turn.**



They started out to build the perfect tire.
A tire made with steel.

One so strong, it could drive over nails,
spikes and axe blades, and keep on going.

For 40,000 miles.

And by the time they were finished, their
tough, indestructible steel belted radials were about as
quiet and soft-riding as a locomotive.

That's because most tire companies forgot
one thing: steel isn't exactly flexible.

And unless it's made flexible, no steel
belted radial can give you good handling or a quiet
comfortable ride.

At Pirelli, we never forgot this while
developing our steel belted radial.

The Cinturato CN-75.

The CN-75 is guaranteed for 40,000 miles,
and can take at least as much punishment as any other
steel belted radial.

The difference is, the CN-75 also rides
smoothly and quietly.

Because of the way it's engineered.

The CN-75 is built with a new kind of steel
cord called "Trac-Steel 21." Comprised of more
individual strands than any other tire uses.

And the more strands used in a cord, the
more flexible the steel.

The result is a tire that gives you all the
strength, protection, and mileage of steel without
sacrificing a quiet comfortable ride.

In addition, every single CN-75 is com-
pletely X-ray inspected.

Because if even the slightest thing is wrong
with a steel belted radial, the effect it could have
on your car will be more than slight.

Most steel belted radials will give you the
strength and protection of steel.

But the kind of ride you get depends on
which steel belted radial you buy.

PIRELLI

**All the advantages of a steel belted radial
without the disadvantages.**

Pirelli Cinturato CN75 tires are guaranteed to have an original tread life of 40,000 miles. Replacement credit or cash refund (at Pirelli's option), equal to percent of guaranteed mileage not delivered multiplied by National Price at time of adjustment, issued upon presentation of tire and valid guarantee form to authorized Pirelli Dealer by original purchaser. Tires must be used on American made passenger vehicle listed on guarantee form in normal non-commercial service within continental U.S. (excluding Alaska). In the interests of safety and to maintain guarantee, CN75's must be mounted in full sets or pairs (on rear axle) and balanced. They must not be abused, run flat or underinflated, used on a vehicle out of alignment or with defective shocks, brakes or similar defect. Pirelli Cinturato CN75 tires are also guaranteed against defects in workmanship and materials and normal road hazards. Credit or refund based on tread depth remaining. FOR THE PIRELLI DEALER NEAREST YOU, IN THE U.S. AND CANADA, SEE THE YELLOW PAGES. PIRELLI TIRE CORPORATION, 600 THIRD AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016



PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH

MAN is a maker, and he is also a meddler; he feels irresistibly tempted to tamper with things, even with established literary works that are plainly not in need of bettering. Two of the latest victims of this unbecoming compulsion are Edmond Rostand and Ogden Nash. Rostand's heroic comedy "Cyrano de Bergerac" has been turned into a musical called "Cyrano," and a selection of Nash's verse has been turned into something repellently billed as a "wordsical." Now, "Cyrano de Bergerac" is a very skillful piece of late-nineteenth-century French theatre, with not a word or gesture too few or too many; it can only be diminished by being added to, and this is precisely the paradox we are confronted with at the Palace. The music of "Cyrano" is by Michael J. Lewis, the lyrics are by Anthony Burgess, and the book is described in the program as being based on Mr. Burgess's adaptation of the original. The production has costumes by Desmond Heeley, settings by John Jensen, and lighting by Gilbert V. Hemsley, Jr., and has been directed by Michael Kidd. Everyone has done his work competently, but to what end? A handful of songs and a few pattering dance steps not only fail to intensify the action of the original but also interrupt its nicely calculated rhythm and alter its emphasis. Rostand's bittersweet lightness of tone is made heavy by the explicitness of song; we get the uncomfortable impression that we are hearing everything twice, in a fashion coarser than our intelligence deserves.

The chief reason for going to "Cyrano" is the presence of Christopher Plummer in the title role. He makes us believe that the sensibility of a gifted man of letters exists behind the façade of the soldier-braggart; we take the hint that Cyrano's preoccupation with his immense nose is but the outward sign of some inner and perhaps more hideous and more interesting malformation. The plot requires of Roxane that she be as obtuse as she is beautiful; Leigh Beery makes the silly creature bearable and sings in a clear, pleasing voice. Mark Lamos is the handsome, tongue-tied Christian, Louis Turenne is a splendidly menacing Count de

Guiche, and Arnold Soboloff is perhaps a trifle too self-consciously comical as the baker-poet Ragueneau. I mention, with my usual irritation, that everyone's voice is miked; by a characteristic stroke of electronic idiocy, Cyrano's opening lines are magnified into total unintelligibility.

ACCORDING to the program notes, "Nash at Nine," at the Helen Hayes, was "conceived" as well as directed by Martin Charnin. The conception was to take a number of lyrics and verses by Nash, give them a musical accompaniment, and have them spoken and sung by a small cast. To this end, Mr. Charnin got Milton Rosenstock to write the music, David Chapman to design a pleasant little set, Martin Aronstein to light the set, Theoni V. Aldredge to run up some costumes, and E.G. Marshall, Virginia Vestoff, Bill Gerber, Richie Schectman, and Steve Elmore to recite the Nash lines. So far so good; what went wrong was the disparity in scale between the content of the entertainment and the place of entertainment. If Mr. Charnin had been content to hire a small theatre in the Nash country of the upper East Side, it's possible that an audience, fit though few, could have been built up over a period of weeks or months; to put Nash in a big Broadway house is to arouse expectations that his charming verses cannot possibly fulfill. There is another difficulty, which would exist no matter what the size of the theatre: much of Nash's wit is optical as well as auditory. The varying lengths of the lines of his poems are an important source of the pleasure they give—this is especially true of the very long line with which Nash likes to end a poem—and the nimbly misspelled word that often serves as his climactic rhyme is every bit as amusing to see as to hear.

A MUSICAL called "Smith" has come to the Eden Theatre, far down on Second Avenue. (Broadway and Off Broadway have less to do with geography than with Equity rules; this is a Broadway show because everyone concerned with it has signed a so-called

Broadway contract.) To put the matter as kindly as possible, "Smith" is a catastrophe; from time to time I caught a glimpse of the tip of the tail of the idea that the three authors of the book—Dean Fuller, Tony Hendra, and Matt Dubey—must have intended to bring into being, but what is actually present onstage is a sort of debris, which the cast mills about in and occasionally trips over. The star of the show is Don Murray, whom I did not find winning; of the rest of the company, I was amused only by Ted Thurston. The music and lyrics of "Smith" are by Mr. Dubey and Mr. Fuller. The scenery is by Fred Voelpel, the costumes are by Winn Morton, the lighting is by Martin Aronstein, the choreography is by Michael Shawn, and the direction is by Neal Kenyon.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Suffer, Little Children

FREDERICK COMBS' "The Children's Mass," at the de Lys, is a sentimental melodrama about a transvestite drug addict. He is called Dutchie, and he lives in a loft in SoHo with two other men—one a bisexual hooker and the other straight—right above the apartment of the bisexual's alcoholic wife and his two small children. The action is all domestic chatter and make-believe in the first act but turns rancid and ugly in the second, when Dutchie, on the way home from a charity ball, picks up an anonymous young junkie, who injects heroin into both of them and then, for reasons never clear to me, stabs him. Not quite dead, Dutchie is discovered by his two roommates, and dies with the children looking on. (Long before that, in case you were wondering about the title, the roommates and the children decide to make a small table into an altar to God and sex, and so they do—candles and flowers and Raggedy Ann and a bottle of "uppers.") The stage is drenched in sweetness. The straight young man sits at a typewriter from time to time, struggling to become a playwright. The bisexual young man works as a two-way hooker in order to bring home money to provide for the household. All that is by the way, however; the play is Dutchie, rattling on in his self-assigned role of entertainer and den mother, with every mood and every passing feeling on display.

There is much that is pretentious, and even trashy, about "The Children's Mass," but there is genuine sympathy here along with the senti-



For name of your nearest Triumph dealer call: 800-447-4700. In Illinois call 800-322-4400, British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, N.J. 07605



You not only get a car and a girl but a piece of history.

Way back then a new car flashed on the racing world. Spitfire! Honoring the plane that saved Britain.

It has done the name proud, racking up three national Class F championships, driving British Leyland to more national production victories in Sports Car Club of America competition than any other manufacturer.

For thousands this lovely two seater was their first sports car. It took an uncanny grip on owners. Says one

buff: "I now have a Ferrari. But I still think back to that damn Spitfire".

Straight line integrity, then till now. Still the same throaty sound, the tight circle, the snug seat, the rollicking ride, the intimacy, man and machine—pure Spitfire.

This year, a bigger 1500cc engine, 2 inch wider track, higher 3.89:1 axle ratio, larger 7¼ inch clutch. We look for new tracks to conquer.

There it is. A car, a girl, a piece of

history. Like your first love, you'll never forget your first Spitfire.



GINGER LACEY,
BATTLE OF
BRITAIN ACE,
(18 KILLS)
GROWLS
SPITFIRE.

Triumph Spitfire 1500



No. 2249 — Polyester and cotton in white on white Lilly prints with lace trim. Sizes 4-18 \$55.00

Send check or money order to Mail Order Department, 2901 N.W. 34th St., Miami, Florida 33142.

LILLY PULITZER

PALM BEACH • BOCA RATON • BLOOMFIELD HILLS • BRYN MAWR • EDGARTOWN • LA JOLLA • MEMPHIS • NAPLES • NEW ORLEANS • NEWPORT • NORTHEAST HARBOR • ORLEANS • OSTERVILLE • PALM SPRINGS • PETOSKEY • PHOENIX • ST. ARMANDS KEY • SOUTHAMPTON • WATCH HILL

mentality, and the play does hold one's interest throughout, partly, of course, because of the kind of life it depicts. Mr. Combs, himself an actor, has written playable, though not always convincing, parts. The role of Dutchie almost amounts to a monologue, and Courtney Burr's florid performance in it is the kind of solo turn that doesn't appeal to me much, although it is an effective feat. Kipp Osborne is very good in the far less showy (and, of course, less demanding) role of the discouraged dramatist, always underplaying, and giving some validity to every scene he appears in, and Donald Warfield, too, is good as the junkie pickup.

IN a short-lived curiosity from England—"Owners," by Caryl Churchill—we had on hand a promising dramatist, plus five competent actors. The result, however, as produced at the Mercer Arts, was a foggy mess. The play is a farce about hatred, power, despair, baby-selling, arson, and murder (Joe Orton certainly released something in the British psyche) among some working-class people in a North London development. Marion, the despotic wife of a butcher, has very recently made a lot of money in real estate, and the story of her machinations and the anguish she causes those around her is told in a series of short scenes, almost like animated horror comics. The resultant confusion was not necessarily transatlantic, or necessarily a matter of direction; Miss Churchill is not a very firm or clear playwright. She is, however, occasionally clever, although she sounds as if she had learned about the lower orders entirely from old bound volumes of *Punch*; her characters talk like captions. Jacqueline Brookes gave a strong performance as the merciless, awful Marion, and Stefan Gierasch, as her resentful husband; Sam Schacht, as her former lover, now reduced to apathy; Alix Elias, as his hysterical wife and the mother of the purchased infant; and Martin Shakar, as an employee of Marion's, also did well. Peculiar assignments for all of them, but worth a try, I suppose.

THE best new play to come along in months is Ron Milner's "What the Wine Sellers Buy," which will be running this weekend, and perhaps next, at the New Federal, a showcase theatre of the Henry Street Settlement. The action takes place in the black ghetto of Detroit—in various rooms and alleys, in a corner bar and a dry-cleaning establishment, and on the street outside. The hero is a seventeen-

year-old high-school senior, subject to the usual tugs and pressures of adolescence, and especially stifled by his rotten environment, who is almost conned into becoming the errand boy for a hustler in whores and dope and stolen clothes, and almost conned into becoming the pimp for his own loving girl. Virtue triumphs, I'm pleased to report, and, as distinct from many enterprises of this kind, the only corpse at the end is that of the villain. The struggle for the boy's soul between the hustler, on the one hand, and the boy's widowed mother, a friend of hers, and the girl, on the other, is Faustian in its intensity; Dick Williams, as the mocking hustler, is so insidious, so tongue-in-cheek funny, and so brilliant that he is Mephistopheles himself, and Bill Cobbs, as the mother's friend, is powerful, steady, and persuasive. The plot has a classic simplicity, but theatrically the play is extremely complex, rich in small, seemingly inconsequential scenes that bring a whole neighborhood to life, and rich, too, in characters and emotions and humor and truthfulness. It has been directed with great skill by Woodie King, Jr. The running time is almost three hours, and it might be trimmed some, I suppose, if the trimming could be done without weakening its urgency and vitality. The parts are very well written and very well played. Herbert Rice, a comparative newcomer to the theatre, is quite wonderful as the boy weathering a private, internal storm, and Loretta Greene is lovely and exactly right as his girl, going through some adolescent crises of her own. Kirk Kirksey, as a shrewd, comical fence and cocaine dispenser; R.T. Vessells, as a funny classmate of the hero's; Cornelius Suares, as a lecherous old man; and Marilyn Coleman, as the hero's mother, are also admirable. C. Richard Mills is responsible for the excellent two-level setting.

—EDITH OLIVER

Would it be possible for someone to visually say things equally or better than verbally through language.

Art instructor Richard Termes believes that if a student at the elementary level were visually instructed as he is verbally instructed, by the time he graduates from high school he could communicate as successfully or more so than through verbally through language?

—Black Hills State College (S.D.)

Anemone.

That's the way it would appear, anyway.

Only La Scala is La Scala. Only V.O. is V.O.



CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

Among the world's great opera houses, there is only one La Scala. Part fortress, part cathedral, part university, it has stood since 1778 in the center of Milan.

Inside La Scala, statues of Verdi, Puccini, Rossini, Toscanini—giants of the Italian Opera—line velvet halls. The great auditorium is acknowledged to be the most beautiful in the world. Gold-and-cream-and-red, lined with priceless silk tapestries, its amplitude has space for 3,000 people.



A single performance in this great auditorium can elevate a singer to stardom—or destroy him. Dignified, tuxedoed gentlemen have thrown their shoes against the stage to show their disapproval; elegant ladies hurl programs and opera glasses. Elderly aficionados remember Toscanini's terrible temper, Caruso's stirring high C's.

And through it all, only La Scala is La Scala. A continuing celebration of excellence; a one-of-a-kind creation in a changing world.

Like La Scala, Seagram's V.O. Canadian is also one-of-a-kind; another continuing celebration of excellence. It too stands alone, since 1857, as a whisky uncompromising in quality, with a tradition of craftsmanship that has made it The First Canadian in smoothness. The First Canadian in lightness. And The First Canadian in popularity throughout the world.

Only La Scala is La Scala. Only V.O. is V.O. All the others come after.



Seagram's 
The First Canadian.

The Dodge Colt GT

Built across the ocean.
Serviced across the street.



Up until now, when you bought a sporty little Japanese import, you pretty much had to rely on dealerships the imports themselves set up in the U.S., for parts and service.

But now, along comes the Dodge Colt GT.

Sporty as you could ask for.

But, more important, the Colt comes with a system of ready-made U.S. dealerships.

That means when your Colt gets to America, it's sold and serviced by a network of Dodge Colt Dealers that stretches from coast to coast.

So if you're thinking sporty, think of it this way: The Dodge Colt GT comes from Japan ... to America ... c/o Dodge.



Here are just a few of the 35 things that come standard on the Colt GT: Overhead cam hemi engine • Four-on-the-floor • Front disc brakes • Reclining bucket seats • Adjustable steering column • Rally striping inside and out • Soft-rim sports steering wheel • Flow-through ventilation • Whitewall tires • Center console with storage bin.



AROUND CITY HALL

DIVERSIONS

IN a public scene repeated over and over during the first stage of this year's municipal election campaign, preceding the June 4th Democratic primary, several of the numerous active candidates for mayor tried to get a word in edgewise about their programs for saving the city while reporters, brushing aside the candidates' carefully considered and costly white papers on housing, welfare, and the lack of redeeming social value of Times Square massage parlors, urgently sought their views on the plans and prospects of other politicians, who either were dodging questions in some other part of town or weren't formally in the race at all. The months when the burning issue was whether John Lindsay would stand for reelection were followed by several weeks when the candidates were encouraged to discuss nothing but whether the Liberal Party leader Alex Rose and Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller could persuade former Mayor Robert Wagner, a lifelong Democrat, to run for mayor on a combined Republican-Liberal ticket. More recently, of course, most question periods were hogged by the problems of Bronx Representative Mario Biaggi, the last candidate to enter the Democratic primary: had he or had he not (as he had solemnly assured his supporters and the press) pleaded the Fifth Amendment, against self-incrimination, a number of times in the fall of 1971 before a federal grand jury investigating various aspects of the purchasing of political influence, and if he *had* taken the Fifth (after all, many eminent people have taken the Fifth since 1876, when General Grant was, apparently, the first to invoke its privileges by express mention, in a confrontation with Congress) and had then lied about it, was he dead or, as William Buckley put it, merely "implausible" as a candidate for mayor? "There's never been anything like this in this town in modern history" was the way one young television reporter concluded his account of the scene at the Federal Courthouse after a judge handed down a decision that, with certain restrictions, the grand-jury testimony in the Biaggi case (which has not at any time been referred to as "the Biaggi caper") could be revealed. From the sharp drop in Biaggi's standing in some mayoral polls, it was clear that a message was getting across, although most New Yorkers may not have been giving their full attention to the details of the his-

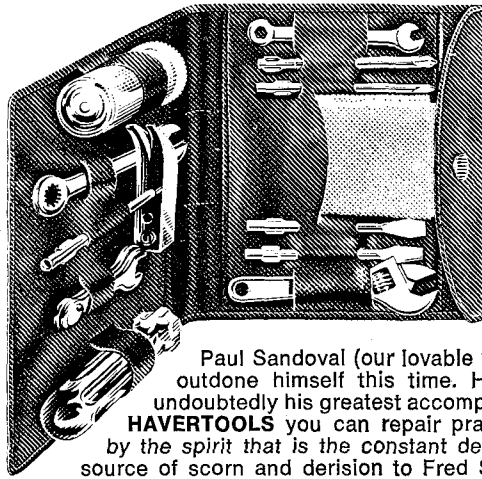
toric case. The Biaggi controversy plainly offered a valuable crash course in Constitutional law, attempted manipulation of the courts, the degree of sanctity of grand-jury minutes, the hazards of underestimating the power and ingenuity of the press, and the consternation of outspoken opponents of softheaded justice when hardheaded judges rule against them—but what political news hasn't in recent weeks?

"And now, at last, we can get down to the issues," said mayoral candidate Albert Blumenthal, a state assemblyman from Manhattan, on March 7th, when Lindsay put an end to the first of the campaign's major distractions. The previous Saturday, the annual musical satire on the year's events at City Hall produced by the Inner Circle, the organization of local political reporters, had been followed by Lindsay's traditional song-and-dance rebuttal, which, as usual, was a slick, well-rehearsed affair, complete with handsome showgirls, and lyrics contributed by some of his On Broadway friends. "Alas, poor Wagner, I knew him well," intoned the Mayor, fondling a

skull. He teased the audience by singing "Should I? Shouldn't I?" as he plucked petals from a plastic daisy, and he recited "To run, or not to run, that is the question. . . . Whether 'tis nobler to . . . suffer the slams of outrageous editorials or to seek votes against a sea of candidates. . . ." He then ticked them off—"the smiling changeling Koch . . . Herman the Boring . . . Biaggi the Bronx Flatfootman . . . Beame the Lesser"—until a mock knifing cued in the line "Et tu, Kretchmer?," a reminder to the crowd that Lindsay's Environmental Protection Administrator for the past three years, in announcing his candidacy for mayor, had incautiously charged the administration whose payroll he had left only four days earlier with having "tolerated corruption." In the finale, Lindsay, after being judged unfit for any job in the outside world except "night manager of a topless bingo parlor in Queens," proclaimed himself mayor forever ("Forever Mayor!") to the strains of the "Hallelujah" Chorus. Four days later, at a crowded press conference, he announced with almost convincing finality that he would not run again. Even his severest critics among the press seemed momentarily downcast, although sentiment didn't



"No, Dad, I don't want to toss the old pill around."



how to repair practically everything for just two dollars

Paul Sandoval (our lovable promotion manager) has really outdone himself this time. He's uncorked **HAVERTOOLS**, undoubtedly his greatest accomplishment to date. Because with **HAVERTOOLS** you can repair practically everything. Overcome by the spirit that is the constant delight of our customers (and a source of scorn and derision to Fred Spanberger, our doughty controller), he's offering it today for just \$2... surely the bargain of the year. Let me tell you about **HAVERTOOLS**: there's a handle with four different regular and Phillips screwdrivers, a hammer, a set of four spanners, two double wrenches, a 4-inch Crescent, a vial with assorted bolts, and even a polishing rag to clean it all up. So you see, it contains practically all you might need, except perhaps for an electric drill, which Paul somehow neglected to include. Paul will also send you our colorful 64-page Catalog and he'll throw in a \$2 Gift Certificate that you can apply to your next merchandise purchase. So, if you want a nice set of tools, fill out the coupon and mail it to us with your check for \$2. Paul will send **HAVERTOOLS** right out to you and he'll even pay the postage.

☐ OK, Paul, old amigo—send me **HAVERTOOLS**—pronto! My \$2 check is enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

Zip _____

haverhill's

586 Washington St.
San Francisco, Cal. 94111
NY0526

342-2

necessarily have anything to do with it. "From now on, the big deal of the week is Garelik droning along with Beame, sponsored by Ovaltine," one reporter grumbled. Out in the City Hall corridors, the Mayor's perennial antagonists on the City Council also looked subdued. "I'm glad he did it, because I think he's been a terrible mayor, but I'm sorry because I won't have Lindsay to kick around anymore," said Queens Councilman Matthew Troy.

BY mid-April, the candidates in the Democratic primary, who had added up to nine at the height of things, were down to the four "B"s: Biaggi, Blumenthal, Bronx Representative Herman Badillo, and Comptroller Abraham Beame. In withdrawing, Jerome Kretchmer, who is thirty-eight, passed over the "Julius Caesar" stabbing dialogue to paraphrase another line in that play: "I would like to think that there is a time for everything and that my time will come again." The first candidate to enter the race, back in November, Manhattan City Councilman Robert Postel, had dropped out to run instead for comptroller—one of the three citywide elective offices, along with those of mayor and president of the City Council. There had been some attrition in that race, too. Early April saw the withdrawal of a candidate for comptroller who had been endorsed a little over a week earlier, on March 30th, as "surefire winning material" by Dr. Thomas Matthew, president of the National Economic Growth and Reconstruction Organization, acronymically known as NEGRO, in a column he writes from time to time in the *Amsterdam News*. Early in 1972, NEGRO representatives, in protest against an article favoring a housing project that Dr. Matthew disapproved of, burst into the Harlem paper's offices, overturned desks, and threatened some of the staff. Although the publishers denounced the invasion as "reminiscent of the raids on press offices by brown-shirted storm troopers in Hitler's Germany of the '30s," Dr. Matthew's column began appearing soon afterward. The hero of his March 30th article, as it happened, was not the surefire candidate for comptroller but Alex Rose, the Liberal Party leader. Dr. Matthew wrote that Rose, although he is Jewish, had found that Jewish New Yorkers derived vast benefits from his party's backing of non-Jewish candidates. Because the Liberals supported John Lindsay in 1969, he pointed out, "through Alex Rose, Jewish people had a strong

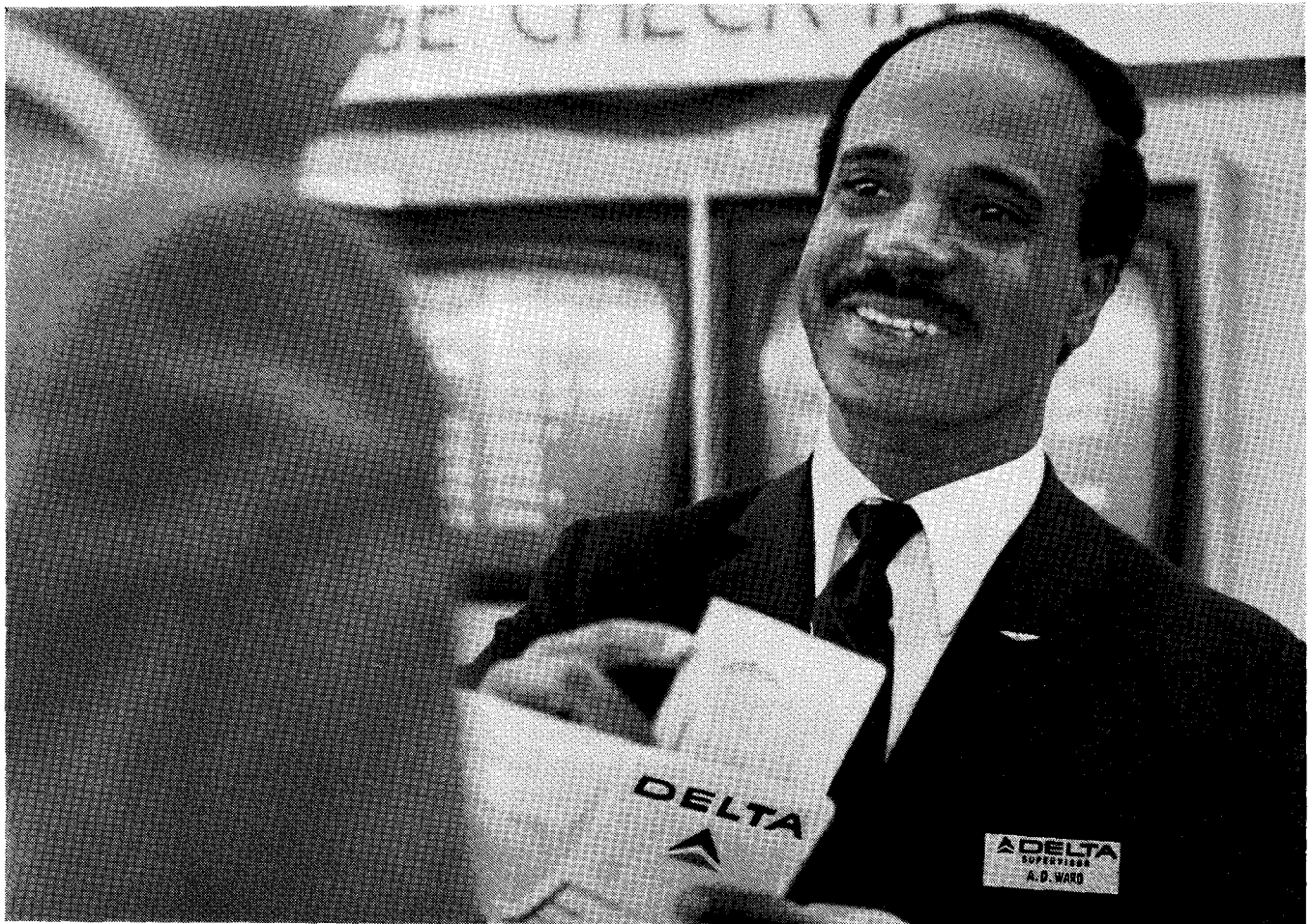
from the land of ERIN for today's pipe smoker

For smokers who value good,
rich flavour and distinctive aroma.

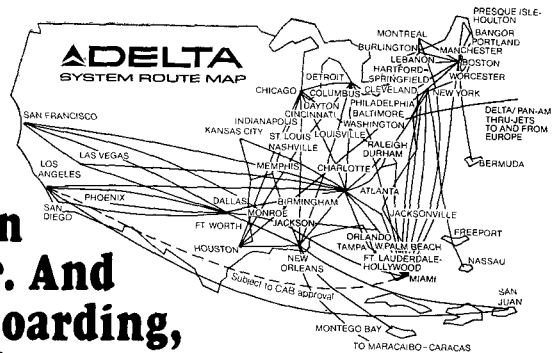


New 1 3/4 oz. tin
Suggested retail price 90c





Delta is an air line run by professionals. Like Alan Ward, Customer Services Supervisor. He directs 15 other agents. His efficiency and skill come from a background of more than 5 years behind a Delta ticket counter. And he hasn't met the schedule, baggage, boarding, fare or package tour problem he couldn't handle. As a supervisor, Alan Ward is super.



Delta is ready when you are.



Delta's Wide-Ride™ DC-10 gives "comfort" a whole new meaning. Two-by-two seats in both Tourist and First Class. Now Delta has the 747, the 727-200 and the DC-10 in its Wide-Ride fleet.

Travel First Class in Europe for 3 weeks. Only \$140.

Unbelievable but true. Because that's what you get when you buy a 3-week Eurailpass for \$140. Unlimited First Class rail travel on over 100,000-



You'll travel from city center to city center.

mile railroad tracks of Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden and Switzerland.

Where else in the world can you get a travel bargain like that? Unless it's our one month Eurailpass for \$175, or two months for \$245 or three months for \$275. Or our Student-Railpass for two months

of unlimited Second Class rail travel for only \$150 and available to all full-time students up to 25 years of age, registered at a North American school,

college or university. Or unless you add the extra bonuses with all these passes like free or reduced rates on many of the lake, river or sea ferries and motor coach routes in Europe which also belong to the railroads.

And this isn't just ordinary travel either. It's First Class European train travel which is quite unlike anything you're used to. Almost everyone trav-

els by train in Europe so our trains are really modern, extremely fast (some over 100 mph), punctual, frequent, clean, comfortable and convenient.

They'll speed you from city center to city center saving you hours of wasted time on the roads. They'll enable you to meet Europeans and have them tell you all about their country. And they'll show you more Europe, the real Europe, as you relax in First



Breakfast at over 100 mph!

Class luxury and watch the vista glide by through your picture window.

Our long distance trains

have dining cars, cocktail bars and sleeping cars. On a number of our crack Trans European Expresses you even find a Vistadome car, a telephone, a secretary and a barber.

There's one catch! You must see your Travel Agent about your Eurailpass or Student-Railpass before



You'll really see Europe.

you go, because they are NOT obtainable in Europe. Ask also about Eurailgroup rates for groups of ten or more and Eurailtariff for specific individual itineraries. Meanwhile return the coupon for your free Eurailpass folder with map.

EURAILPASS

The way to see Europe without feeling like a tourist.

Eurailpass is valid in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland.

Eurailpass, Box 90, Bohemia, New York 11716

Please send me your free Eurailpass folder with railroad map. ☐

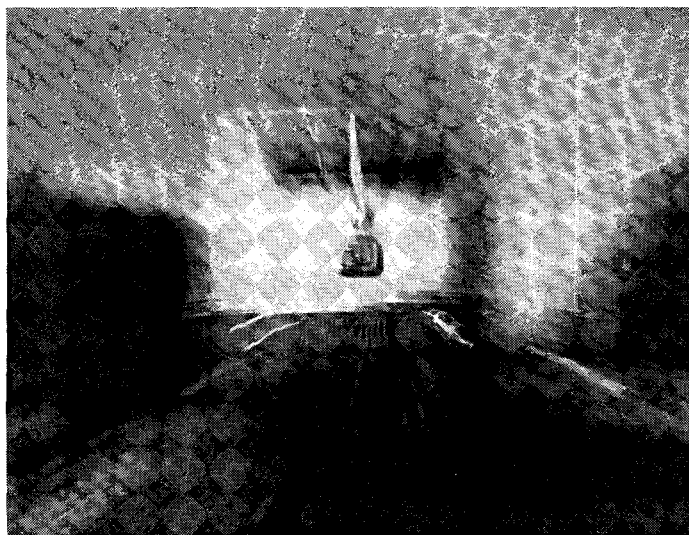
Or your free Student-Railpass folder order form. ☐

Name

Street

City

State Zip

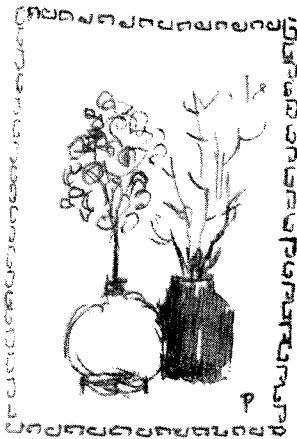


153D

influence in Lindsay's administration," and this year, he noted, the Liberals planned more of the same by supporting Wagner. "Right On, brother Rose, more power to you!" said Dr. Matthew, who then announced that, in an adaptation of the Rose tactic, NEGRO was endorsing Mario Procaccino as candidate for comptroller. Procaccino's campaign, Dr. Matthew pledged, would be supported by large numbers of black volunteers and by twenty-five thousand dollars raised in the black community. This was a considerable surprise, since Procaccino, the 1969 Democratic nominee for mayor, had run on an anti-crime-in-the-streets program that a number of other Democrats, including Wagner, branded as racist, and had attracted few black votes, although he had assured one ghetto-area gathering, "My heart is as black as yours." In announcing his candidacy for comptroller this year, Procaccino pointed out, accurately, that in 1973 every municipal candidate, black or white, is running on some kind of anti-crime-in-the-streets platform, but his reminder attracted little attention, and, ignoring Dr. Matthew's encouraging words, he retired from the race.

Soon after Dr. Matthew's column appeared, the 1973 strategy of Rose in the race for mayor also underwent necessary revision. The Liberal leader made it clear that he had joined with Rockefeller in the Wagner maneuver in order to save the city from Mario Biaggi. In an era

when—despite Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy's reports that robberies in New York are on the decrease—half the city finds it prudent to operate as if a mugger might be around the next dark corner, Biaggi, an aggressive law-and-order candidate, who during his twenty-three years in the Police Department killed at least



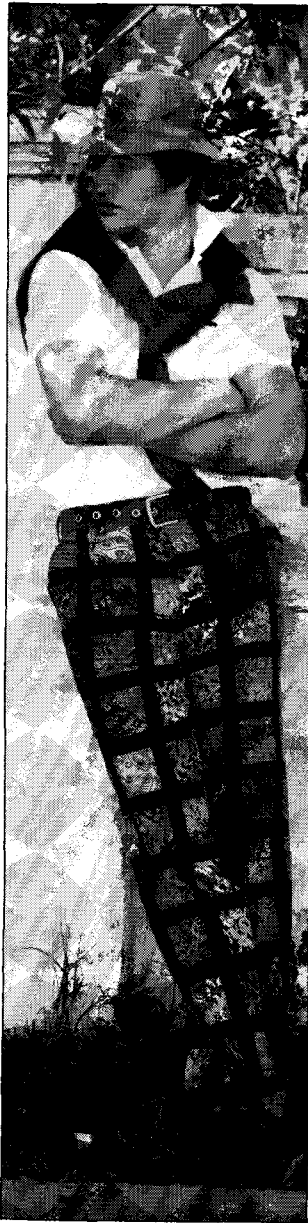
two men, both in self-defense, seemed certain to get all the 1969 Procaccino vote and a good deal more than that in the Democratic primary, and he already had the Conservative Party nomination in hand. (Philadelphia's mayor, Frank Rizzo, who is a former police commissioner, is said to have defined a conservative as "a liberal who got mugged the night before.") Rockefeller's contention that his only interest in having Wagner make the race as a Republican-Liberal candidate was to

provide a leader who could "heal this city" was inevitably interpreted as another anti-Lindsay move by the Governor, to insure that the Liberal nomination would not be available, as it was in 1969, in case Lindsay crossed everybody up and ran, after all. Wagner, of course, then crossed Rockefeller up by declining the Republican nomination, put off by the rude names ("moron," "retread") that he had been called by some of the city's five G.O.P. county leaders. The leaders immediately nominated in his place State Senator John Marchi, of Staten Island, whom the *Times* described as a candidate of "total integrity and considerable distinction." In announcing his candidacy, Marchi seized the opportunity to complain about the theory that there is a monolithic Italian constituency in the city, and, perhaps just testing, slyly mentioned "those who want law and order everywhere except at Columbus Circle." (He didn't have to add that Biaggi had been present at the Italian-American Civil Rights League rally at Columbus Circle in June, 1971, when the League's founder, Joseph Colombo, was shot and his alleged assailant was immediately killed, apparently by one of Colombo's followers.) He also made fun of the notion of the compulsory balanced ticket in the city, but it was noted later that the final Republican slate consisted of an Italian (Marchi), a Jew (Richard Lewisohn), and an Irishman (Tom Galvin). Marchi was

the same man who, as the G.O.P. candidate for mayor in 1969, had declined to join his fellow-Republican Vice-President Spiro Agnew in denouncing the Vietnam war's opponents as an "effete corps of impudent snobs," because, he said, he didn't want to lose the effete-impudent-snob vote.

Four years ago, when the alternative in the mayoral race was, of course, John Lindsay, Rockefeller announced that, as state leader of the Party, he had no choice but to support Marchi, the Republican nominee. This spring, however, he stubbornly continued to back Wagner as long as there was a chance that the former mayor might run on the Liberal line. Wagner was his choice, the Governor informed his indignant Republican followers, because he would bring the city "good government in the tradition of Fiorello LaGuardia." As a young politician,

THE GRANDE TOUR



Photographed in Nassau via Norwegian Caribbean Lines

The Fox man finds a patch of shade wearing batik patchwork Madras, 35 and Chemise Lacoste, 13.

Our Scottish cashmere sweater is 55.

All available now at Wm. Fox.

Wm. Fox & Co.
Foggy Bottom Washington D.C.

A tradition in the city of Washington at 2136 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W. 337-7080

Some people are getting the best of Dragon Bay.

Actually, they do it all summer long.

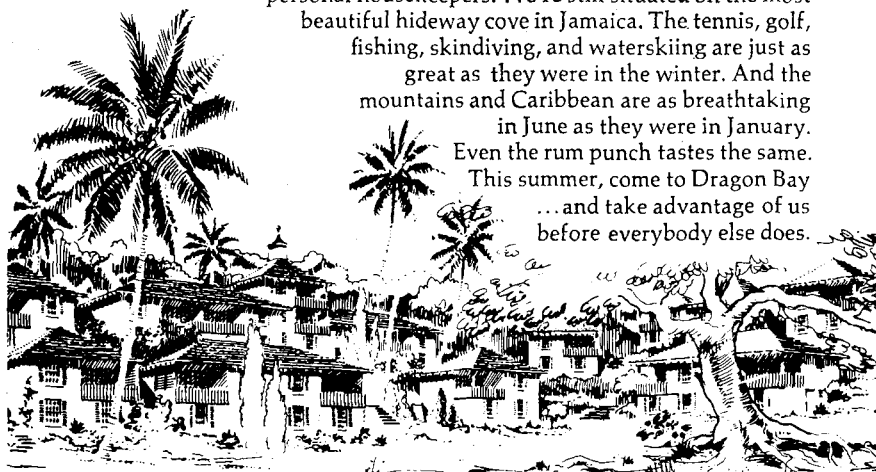
They know prices at Dragon Bay are much lower in summer... even though everything else is the same. Our guests still enjoy private 3 bedroom cottages with personal housekeepers. We're still situated on the most beautiful midway cove in Jamaica. The tennis, golf,

fishing, skindiving, and waterskiing are just as great as they were in the winter. And the mountains and Caribbean are as breathtaking in June as they were in January.

Even the rum punch tastes the same.

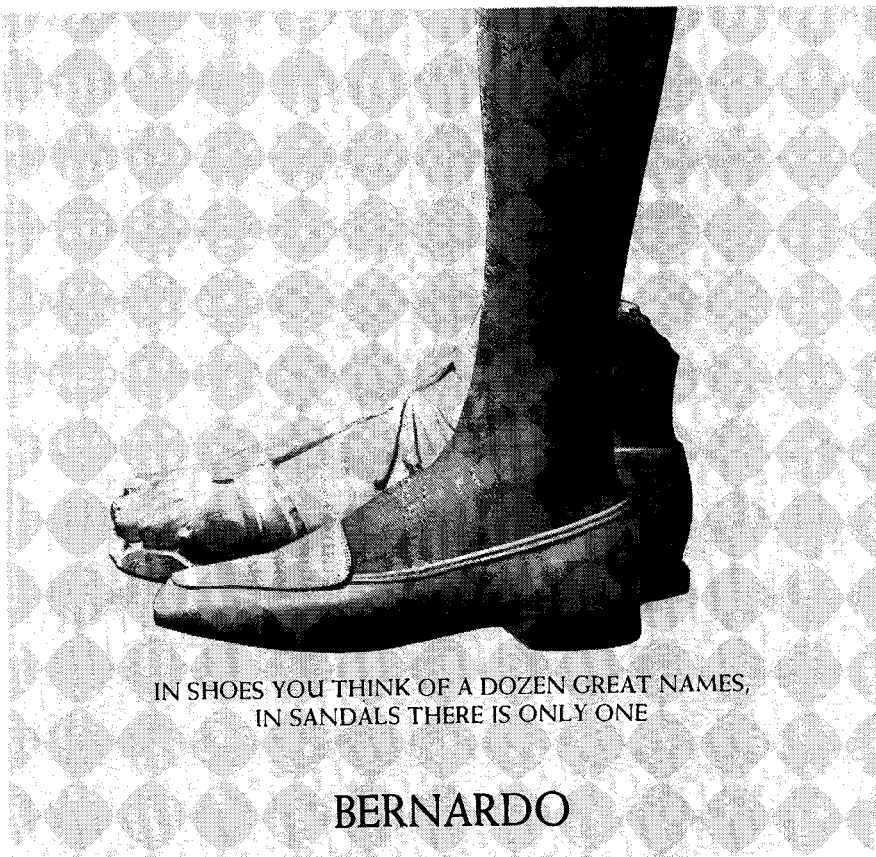
This summer, come to Dragon Bay

...and take advantage of us before everybody else does.



Dragon Bay, Port Antonio, Jamaica

For more information on our dilemma and how you can capitalize on it, write William Bancroft, Dragon Bay, 964 Third Avenue, New York, or call (212) 838-2902.



IN SHOES YOU THINK OF A DOZEN GREAT NAMES,
IN SANDALS THERE IS ONLY ONE

BERNARDO

AT BLOOMINGDALE'S, NEW YORK; WOODWARD & LOTHROP,
WASH., D.C.; BULLOCK'S, SO. CALIFORNIA; DENVER DRY GOODS
STORE, DENVER; BURDINE'S, MIAMI; IVEY'S, WINTERPARK;
I. MAGNIN & CO., CALIFORNIA; OR WRITE BERNARDO,
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK.

Wagner had in fact supported LaGuardia's opponents at every opportunity, but the "sainted Fiorello" reference, as some reporters call it, is now so routine in local political rhetoric that new voters would no doubt be startled by onetime City Hall reporter Alva Johnston's comment on the Little Flower (which in the view of many who were around at the time helps explain why he had such a long run in New York City politics): "Anyone who extends to him the right hand of fellowship is in danger of losing a couple of fingers." After Wagner's pleasant years on the political sidelines, four weeks in the line of fire may have seemed like enough. Political writers had begun to dredge up some of the old grievances that had helped make it possible for Lindsay to be elected in 1965 as one who would heal a Wagner-run city. Irritated at the nostalgic pronouncements about the good old Wagner days before there was such polarization in the city, the chairman of the editorial board of the *Amsterdam News* noted that "in politics, nostalgia can mean racism," and urged New Yorkers to remember that "it was during the latter months of Robert Wagner's last term as mayor that the lid blew off Harlem." And on April 8th the *Times* ran on its front page, where it probably would not have appeared if Wagner had not been a prospective candidate for mayor, an account of the operations of the Real Estate Fund of America, Ltd., incorporated in Liberia. Besides lending this corporation his reputation for probity, Wagner had served as chairman of the board of the company, whose current condition has been described by the *Wall Street Journal* as "a shambles," and has been a defendant in a thirty-million-dollar fraud suit brought by the stockholders. After Wagner (who had agreed to contribute to the court-approved settlement of the suit) suggested to the *Times* that his role had been largely honorary and unremunerative, the federal judge in the case, Edmund Palmieri, said of the defendants, "I can assure you that nobody worked for nothing. They all had their feet in the gravy pot." Three days after the *Times* story appeared, Wagner declined the Liberal nomination and withdrew from the race entirely. He found, he said, that he didn't have an "overriding desire" to be mayor, and, in addition, he was concerned that he might be diminishing the political prospects of his son, twenty-nine-year-old Robert, Jr., who is running for the Democratic nomination for Manhattan councilman-at-large. (The

If Colgate is just a kid's cavity fighter, how come Gwen Verdon won't brush with anything else?



The *Sweet Charity* of Gwen Verdon is well known to many people. For even while starring in Broadway hits from *Damn Yankees* to *Redhead*, Gwen's life has been people. Teaching. Working with the underprivileged. Giving. That's what Gwen Verdon is all about.

Gwen brushes with Colgate, a toothpaste for people who like people. Colgate freshens breath as long as a leading mouthwash as clinical test results show. And the taste is brisk and clean.

Only your dentist can give teeth a better fluoride treatment than Colgate with MFP. But a great cavity fighter can be a powerful breath freshener, too.

If you like people, be sure you brush with Colgate. Gwen Verdon wouldn't think of brushing with anything else.



**Colgate
with MFP...the
breath-freshening
cavity fighter.**

© 1973, Colgate-Palmolive Company

Keep Father Dry

This hooded Djellabah is a Moroccan idea that is welcome at the shore or pool or wherever he celebrates summer.

A perfect cover for Father in dense absorbent cotton terry with a sheared exterior. Orange, red, white, mid-blue, navy or dark green.

One size fits all, \$37.50.

Please add \$1.50 for postage.
New York State residents
add applicable tax.

Paul Stuart

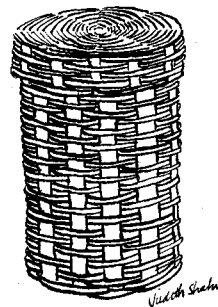
MADISON AVENUE AT 45TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017



former mayor's own father, the first Robert Wagner, who was senator from New York from 1927 to 1949, helped arrange for a safe nomination as state assemblyman for his son even before the second Robert Wagner had left Yale Law School, but these things apparently take a little more time now.) A few days after Wagner's withdrawal, the Liberal Party shattered Dr. Matthew's theory of Rose's Rule of Political Procedure by nominating Assemblyman Blumenthal in Wagner's place.

THERE have been some political developments in the city outside the mayoral election, of course, and, as on the national scene, some of them have had legal—or, rather, illegal—ramifications. Dr. Matthew, presumably, is now giving the campaign little thought, for early in April he was arrested by detectives from the office of Queens District Attorney Thomas Mackell on an indictment charging him with the diversion of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in Medicaid funds from a NEGRO-owned hospital in Queens. It wasn't Dr. Matthew's first indictment. Although he is a licensed physician, he has been better known as a high-powered operator in the black business community, having received, through NEGRO, some eleven million dollars in government grants in recent years for various real-estate and manufacturing enterprises. All of them, he has been fond of saying, embody his theory that what blacks need is not welfare but a chance to help themselves—a philosophy that in 1966 commended him to the attention of workfare-minded President Nixon. In 1969, Dr. Matthew was sentenced to six months in jail for income-tax evasion, and the President commuted his sentence after two months so that he could continue his good work. (This included signing, a few weeks after his release, a full-page ad supporting the President's policies—specifically, his Supreme Court nomination of G. Harrold Carswell, who had been accused of racism.) District Attorney Mackell, who is a Democrat, announced that of two thousand toll calls made from the hospital last year twenty were to the White House. Governor Rockefeller and the United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, Whitney North Seymour, Jr.—a Republican—had given him the runaround in the Matthew investigation, Mackell

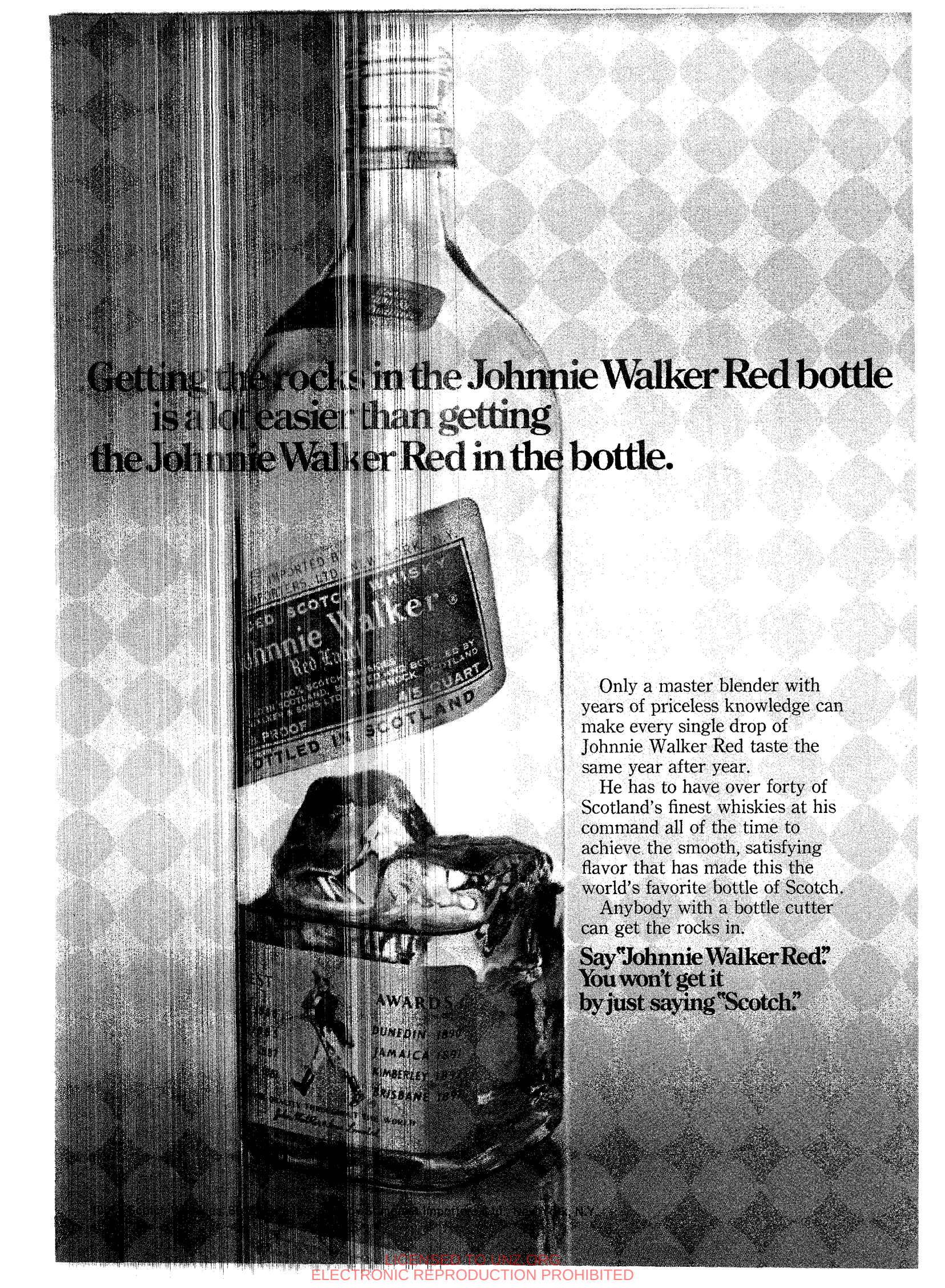
said, raising his eyebrows significantly. After Dr. Matthew was released, on bail of twenty-five thousand dollars, he accused Mackell of "Gestapo and terrorist tactics," and suggested that Mackell was trying to distract attention from the investigation of the Queens D.A.'s office which was then being conducted by Maurice Nadjari, the Special State Prosecutor—or, as the *News* calls him, Supersnoop (he is independent of and empowered to supercede the five local district attorneys)—who, in line with a recommendation of the Knapp Commission, was appointed by the Governor last September to investigate corruption in the city's criminal-justice system. Eleven days later, District Attorney Mackell was himself indicted for criminal conspiracy and obstructing the prosecution of the perpetrators of a get-rich-quick scheme in which members of his staff, including his son-in-law, an assistant district attorney, were involved. "This is the worst type of Gestapo tactics on one single family," Mackell said on his way to the grand-jury room. It was the first time in New York history that a district attorney had been indicted for misconduct in office. Among the defendant Mackell's biographical credits is the chairmanship of a tax-free foundation called the Institute for the Advancement of Criminal Justice, whose accomplishments are unclear. A recent *Times* story reported that, according to evidence given to the state's Joint Legis-



lative Committee on Crime, virtually all the Institute's funds had come from International Telephone & Telegraph, a corporation that has made other, larger headlines in the past year. Some of the money—given in the interests of improving the quality of life in America, according to I.T.T.—had been turned over to Mack-

ell's foundation during a period when one of I.T.T.'s subsidiaries, Avis Rent-a-Car, was concerned in a case before the Queens District Attorney's office; the case was concluded to the company's satisfaction. By the time this story came out, however, Mackell had resigned from the D.A.'s office in order to make sure of not losing his twenty-six-thousand-dollar annual pension, built up in part during his twenty years in the New York Police Department.

The day after Mackell was indicted was the day word of Wagner's withdrawal appeared in the newspapers and



Getting the rocks in the Johnnie Walker Red bottle
is a lot easier than getting
the Johnnie Walker Red in the bottle.

Only a master blender with years of priceless knowledge can make every single drop of Johnnie Walker Red taste the same year after year.

He has to have over forty of Scotland's finest whiskies at his command all of the time to achieve the smooth, satisfying flavor that has made this the world's favorite bottle of Scotch.

Anybody with a bottle cutter can get the rocks in.

**Say "Johnnie Walker Red."
You won't get it
by just saying "Scotch."**



Just as a great painting is more than canvas and paints, there are some things that go beyond the sum of their parts.

The Porsche Targa is such an object.

It is a piece of machinery whose purpose far exceeds transporting you from one point to another. The Targa's goal is to afford the

ultimate driving experience. In performance, in engineering, in comfort.

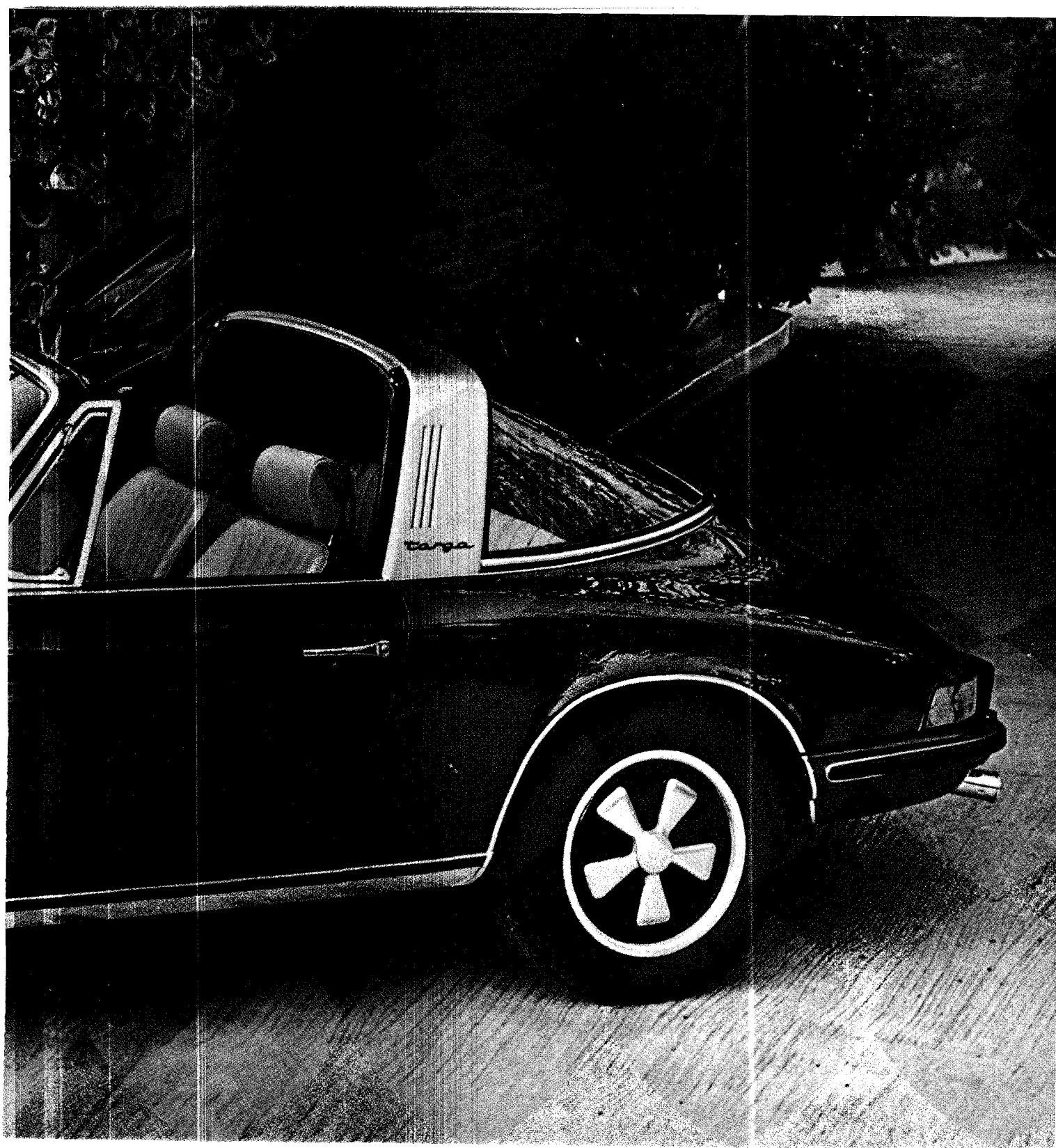
The Targa has come amazingly close to that goal; each year, with subtle improvements, a bit more.

First, consider its superbly thought out features. It has a built-in roll bar, and a huge fixed rear window. To give the car the

practicality of a hard-top coupe. And you the exhilarating experience of a roadster.

It has an aerodynamic shape, to protect you from wind blast. And a rear-engine design that has been steadily improved upon for

“The



IT 25 years. All controls are meticulously engineered to be functional and logically accessible.

Yet it is the total effect of these innovations that impresses.

With the removable top stored

in the trunk, cushioned in luxurious bucket seats, you ride in "Belle Epoque" comfort.

But the grandest feature of the Targa is the experience of driving it.

The handling is quick, correct, precise, because of Porsche's legendary engineering. Putting the driver and car in perfect collab-

oration. It is almost as if you just "think" where you want the car to go.

The Targa is available in all three 911 models: 911T, 911E, and 911S.

But be warned.

It is very difficult to be humble about owning any Porsche. And if it's a Targa, that's IT.



McKesson LIQUOR CO., N.Y., N.Y. 80 PROOF LIQUEUR

"May all your screwdrivers be Harvey Wallbangers."

That's how true believers in vodka and orange juice toast each other.

Because, thanks to Galliano, a Harvey Wallbanger is more than just a gold-plated screwdriver. It's the party drink of the decade, the

taste that's sweeping the country. Proving how Galliano can add new life to the most familiar combinations.

Make your next drink with a friend or friends a Harvey Wallbanger party. Somebody brings

Liquore Galliano. You take it from there:

Fill tall glass with ice cubes.

Fill 3/4 full with orange juice.

Add 1 oz. vodka. Stir. Float 1/2 oz. Liquore Galliano on top.

LIQUORE GALLIANO®
A LIQUEUR

© McKesson LIQUOR CO. 1972

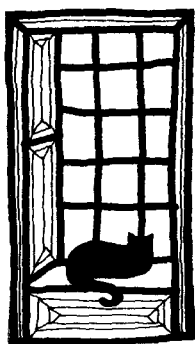


the day Patrick Murphy came down to City Hall and, sitting to the Mayor's right hand, announced his retirement as police commissioner. During his two years and two months in office, Murphy has been under almost weekly attack by leaders of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, the policemen's union, for what they consider his demoralization of the force; the large organizational changes that Murphy has made in an effort to discourage the corruption that the Knapp Commission found to be almost endemic in the department have come in for particular criticism. Murphy, who was leaving to become head of the Police Foundation, in Washington, thanked the Mayor and a number of high-level officers in his usual precise, even voice, but, to the surprise of everyone in the room, he broke down briefly when he spoke of the thousands of ordinary policemen and policewomen on the force and their need for "support, understanding, great leadership." A moment later, however, he pointed out that they would receive such leadership from the man who was sitting on the other side of the Mayor—forty-three-year-old Chief of Patrol Donald F. Cawley, whom Murphy had handpicked as his successor. A little later, out in the sunlight in front of City Hall, Sanford Garelik, who served twenty-nine years on the force, rising to the rank of chief inspector, before he got into politics four years ago, stepped in front of the television cameras to announce that, having withdrawn as a candidate for mayor, he planned now to run again for his present post of president of the City Council. He had said a few days earlier that if he weren't elected mayor he had some interest in being police commissioner in the next administration. As Garelik climbed back up the marble steps, Lindsay's new police commissioner, who lives in Floral Park, Queens, was moving down them, leading his wife and their five handsome children. Among the other visitors to City Hall that morning were two delegates from an earlier era: Stanley Lowell, who had been deputy mayor under Wagner and was now helping the Badillo campaign, and Paul Screvane, president of the City Council in the Wagner days, who had run unsuccessfully against Beame for the Democratic mayoral nomination in 1965 and was now Beame's campaign manager. As they vanished inside City Hall, an office seeker from a new political gen-

eration twice walked slowly down the steps, for the benefit of the cameras: City Council candidate Robert F. Wagner, Jr., who bears a startling resemblance to his father and who has said that his campaign may cost as much as a hundred thousand dollars. As often happens, he was asked about the sons of other well-known local figures who are running for office this year. They included Manhattan Surrogate Samuel DiFalco's son, Anthony DiFalco, a thirty-four-year-old state assemblyman, who is a candidate for president of the City Council. Although no surrogate necessarily takes advantage of the circumstance, the natural resources in the form of patronage in the Surrogate Court—dealing, as it does, with such matters as estates, wills, and guardianships—are considerable, and the claim at City Hall that morning was that young DiFalco's campaign slogan was "Where There's a Will, There's a Way."

IN mid-April, in an interview with the *Amsterdam News* editors, Biaggi was asked in what ways he would try to help young black New Yorkers who don't have influential fathers. Biaggi, whose mother was a charwoman in what is now East Harlem, insisted that advancement in life comes down to the fact that "some of us have greater motivation than others." He went on, "I have two brothers who didn't make it. I made it because I have more motivation than they. They didn't help themselves." ("My boyhood was a pretty rough passage," Senator Wagner once said of his own early years in Yorkville, where his mother took in washing. "I came through it, yes. That was luck, luck, luck. Think of the others!") In 1969, after Procaccino had announced his dedication to a world in which "every

boy should have a chance to come up the hard way, like I did," former Mayor Wagner said, "My father spent his life trying to work things out so every boy *didn't* have to come up the hard way," and quietly voted for John Lindsay over his party's candidate.) A few weeks after he entered this year's mayoral race, Biaggi's motivations came under some scrutiny when the state Appellate Court upheld a lower-court ruling that he must return a hundred-thousand-dollar fee that it said had been paid to him "fraudulently," at the expense of the stockholders of a bankrupt company. This was not the



From
MONTBLANC
The
"Masterpiece"
group...a new
generation
of elegant
writing pens
\$23.00 to \$242.00

Pen experts here and abroad have long recognized the MONTBLANC as the finest fountain pen ever designed. Now they have a new "generation" of MONTBLANC pens to admire and extol. You have only to take one of these beautifully proportioned, superbly balanced writing instruments into your hand to know why! The smooth glide of the "Masterpiece" wide-wing nib puts an easier flow, a discernible difference into your writing style.

No less than 13 technical advances have been accomplished in the basic MONTBLANC design! The result is sheer elegance in performance and style. See and try a "Masterpiece." High-gloss or matte finish. Barrels and caps in rolled gold or rhodium-plated sterling silver. Nibs from extra fine to extra broad, in 14 and 18 karat gold or rhodium-plated gold. Matching pencil and ballpoint for each of nine "Masterpiece" pen styles. Beautifully gift boxed. Write for full-color brochure:

Koh-I-Noor Rapidograph, Inc., 201 North St., Bloomsbury, N.J. 08804.

At fine stores, college stores, stationers and pen shops everywhere, including Abercrombie & Fitch, N.Y.C., Chicago & San Francisco; Alfred Dunhill, N.Y.C., Beverly Hills, Chicago & San Francisco; Bonwit Teller, Bloomingdale's, Goldsmith Bros., N.Y.C.; Siegel's Stationery, Summit, N.J.; Golden Gate Pen Co., Haverhill's, J. D. Browne, San Francisco; Fahrney's, Wash., D.C.; Marshall Field, McLennon's, Chicago; A. Pomerantz, Philadelphia; Bromfield Pen Center, Boston; The Fountain Pen Shop, The Pen Shop, Inc., Pens Plus (No. Hollywood), L.A.

iittala innovates



Kekkerit—Finnish for “party”—is iittala’s newest glass. Shaped like a snowball, Kekkerit is a robust, happy goblet. Five sizes, from \$3.25 to \$5.25. When shopping, look for this mark:



iittala USA Ltd.
225 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10010
Telephone: (212) 689-7430
And in Canada:
R. G. How Limited, Montreal

Every busy person needs one. A place where you can organize things, and know they'll be there when needed.

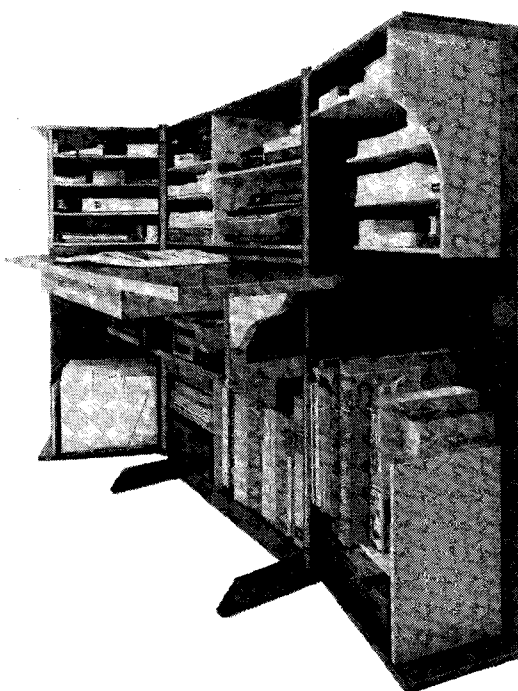
Handcrafted in Norway, The Organizer is designed to help you get more work done in less space. And it fits beautifully into your living room, den, bedroom, or wherever you work.

Closed, The Organizer is a handsome cabinet just 32"W x 45"H x 21"D. But open it, and you'll find everything you need to get down to business. Including a folding glide away desk. 19 adjustable shelves to store all your papers and books. Separate vertical file. Compartmented center drawer. Built-in lamp. Even a lock and key. All in a space just 64"W x 30"D.

The Organizer saves you money as well as space. Because you buy direct from the importer. And we ship promptly from our fully-stocked New York warehouse. Choose from three dramatically grained woods: Teak or Walnut (\$395), and Rosewood (\$445). It's usually tax-deductible. And comes with a 30-day, money-back guarantee.

Come in and see the Organizer. Send check, or charge to Master Charge, BankAmericard, Amer. Exp., or Diners Club. Or call our order desk (686-7233). We ship anywhere in the U.S. for \$25 or less (depending on location). Send for color brochure No. YO526-3. Isn't it time you got organized?

The Organizer.



GREATWOOD PRODUCTS, INC.

290 Madison Avenue (corner 40th St.)
New York, New York 10017 (212) 686-7232

question of law, of course, that, six days after former Mayor Wagner ceased to be the center of attention last month, swung the political spotlight over to Biaggi, who has spent much of his time during the succeeding weeks dodging and weaving to get out of its revealing glare. He had sworn privately and publicly that the prevalent rumors about his having taken the Fifth Amendment were irresponsible lies, ethnically motivated. “I hate to see a guy smeared just because he is an Italian,” said Councilman (and Queens County Democratic leader) Troy, who, after Biaggi gave his assurances, not only endorsed him but also became his campaign manager. He was the only one of the five local county leaders to back Biaggi, and if he had guessed wrong and Biaggi should lose, he remarked, “Pd be dead.” “Well, I’ll go to his funeral,” said Comptroller Beame. An April 18th story in the *Times* reporting—apparently on the authority of sources with access to the testimony—that Biaggi had taken the Fifth at least thirty times was substantially repeated in later editions of the *News* the same day, but Biaggi concentrated his wrath on the *Times*, presumably to encourage his followers to consider him the victim of a publication that had been prominently identified as a prime enemy of the non-*elitist* American majority. In an emotional television response, which had been filmed privately—presumably so that the press could not confront him afterward—he called the *Times* story part of “a plot of attempted political and character assassination.” The plotters against him now included not only Rockefeller and Rose but John B. Oakes, the editor of the *Times* editorial page. Toward the end, dwelling on his family’s distress over the charges, he asked, “How do you tell a fourteen-year-old kid about dirty politics?” (“No Checkers?” Rose asked afterward.) What the complex legal maneuvering that followed came down to was that the federal district judge—again it was Palmieri—who had to rule on whether Biaggi’s testimony should be made public, and, if so, in what form, proved (like his fellow-Italian John Sirica, on another District Court) to be a disappointment to any petitioners who may have thought they could use a federal court for their own purposes. In successive requests to have his grand-jury testimony made public in order to settle the question of whether he had pleaded the Fifth, Biaggi had framed his petitions in terms that were either so narrow or so broad that they had evidently been made for the

purpose, in Judge Palmieri's words, of "publicly exploiting the court's denial" so that the truth could "either be successfully concealed" or "made to appear different from the underlying facts." Instead, Palmieri, who a few days later signed the order for the arrest of Robert Vesco in the case involving the President's 1972 campaign funds, ordered Biaggi's 1971 testimony released after the deletion of the names of all other persons mentioned. It revealed (after Palmieri was affirmed on appeal) that the congressman had invoked his Constitutional privileges, specifically encompassing the Fifth Amendment, in answer to sixteen questions. Even before this development, however, it was beginning to seem doubtful whether anything the minutes might reveal could be any more damaging to his candidacy than the sight of Biaggi at bay on the few occasions during the controversy when he had been available for questioning by the press—stuttering, sweating, clutching at a microphone or any other nearby object as if he would like to throttle it, half lunging at reporters whose attitudes he resented: the last man, it seemed at such times, who could safely be put in charge of a volatile city.

The Fifth Amendment question was scarcely settled before there were other diversionary developments in the campaign. Word came that Bronx District Attorney Mario Merola was looking into new evidence, reportedly dug up by the *News*, concerning Biaggi's off-duty shooting of a civilian in 1959, when he was a police lieutenant—an incident that, as Biaggi immediately pointed out, had led to Mayor Wagner's pinning on his chest the Police Department's Medal of Honor for heroism. He blamed political "forces of evil," whose "paranoia must be served," for the latest inquiry. Two days later, when special prosecutor Nadjari, investigating payoffs to local judges, subpoenaed him to testify about the case involving the disputed hundred-thousand-dollar legal fee, Biaggi, after declining to waive immunity, accused his enemies of "Gestapo tactics" and of making him feel "like a black man about to be lynched."

Biaggi and his campaign manager had parted company even before the grand-jury testimony was released. The glum comment from Troy, who had supported Senator McGovern last fall, was that he was still hardly over "the trauma of the Eagleton thing." ("Trauma" and "paranoia" are words that even the most aggressively non-



The Thomas Jefferson coin shown actual size

Commemorative 1776 Gorham Mint sterling medals

A boxed set of 13 sterling silver medals, each 1½" in diameter, commemorates our country's 200th anniversary with famous quotations from America's founding fathers. Each reverse side shows the state seal of one of the original 13 colonies. Limited edition of 5000 sets. An investment that will grow in value. **\$150.**

Mail, phone. Beyond delivery area, add 1.10 handling.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

Madison Avenue, 45th Street, N.Y. (212) 682-3600; Chicago, Ill.; Oak Brook, Ill.; San Francisco; Troy, Michigan; The Broadmoor, Colorado; Bal Harbour and Palm Beach, Fla. And, at The Mall, Short Hills, N.J.

LOEWE

A very special part of Spain in the most exciting part of Europe

Here. Where the past is present. Where friendship and hospitality are a way of life. In Spain, the most exciting part of Europe. We are here with the exquisite elegance, the rare perfection and the sophisticated style of our leather haute couture.

LOEWE

Leather goods

MADRID

Bilbao
S. Sebastián
Palma de
Mallorca

BARCELONA

Valencia
Granada
Las Palmas

LONDON

Sevilla
Córdoba
Santa Cruz
de Tenerife



elitist local politician may throw around these days.)

Asked about Biaggi's predicament, the head of the Queens Conservative Party, Serphin Maltese, answered, "Certainly there is a hiatus in the forward-thrust of this campaign." By the end of last week, many prominent Conservatives, including Buckley, had withdrawn their support of Biaggi as their party's candidate—some of them after expressing "compassion" for his situation.

"So far as this campaign is concerned, Biaggi is dead," said rival candidate Blumenthal.

"I look better dead than he does alive," Biaggi snapped when he heard about it, his spirits clearly having revived somewhat. "The only way they are going to get me out of this race is to kill me," he said on another occasion.

"The only issue in this campaign is that we don't get a chance to discuss the issues," candidate Badillo said.

"The only issue is which candidate has the most dedicated experience in city government," said Beame, who has been working for the city in one capacity or another since 1946, and is generally expected to benefit from the falloff in the Biaggi vote, while Badillo and Blumenthal divide up the Liberal remains in the primary. As for what happens after that, some of the Mayor's supporters were now spreading the rumor that, with the Democrats in such disarray and forty per cent of the voters listing themselves as undecided in some polls, Lindsay had gone back to plucking petals off plastic daisies—but the hope among the other candidates, who have had enough of distractions, was that he had only done it to annoy, because he knows it teases.

MEANWHILE, the Governor's two-week delay in naming a Queens district attorney to replace the indicted Mackell may have led to that borough's being the site of still another historic first. Early one recent morning in South Jamaica, a white plainclothesman named Thomas Shea shot in the back and killed a ten-year-old black boy walking with his stepfather, who was on his way to work. The policeman said the boy had pointed a gun at him, but no gun was found. The boy was the second ten-year-old unarmed black child to be shot by a white policeman in the last nine months. An assistant district attorney in the somewhat disorganized District Attorney's Office stepped in and charged the policeman with murder, holding

BVLGARI

JEWELLERS

NEW YORK
HOTEL PIERRE

ROMA
VIA CONDOTTI

him on twenty-five thousand dollars' bail. It was the first time in city history that a New York policeman had been immediately charged with murder for an act committed in the line of duty. After a look at the record in the case, and at the record of Shea, which included four previous incidents in which he had injured civilians with firearms, Cawley did not protest as the murder charge went to the grand jury. A few days later, he instituted a program of reviewing the files of every policeman on the force for evidence of repeated resort to force in cases "which his fellow officers deal with in other ways." Meanwhile, former District Attorney Mackell is free on his own recognizance, and plainclothesman Shea, like Dr. Matthew, is free on twenty-five thousand dollars' bail. The cases of Dr. Matthew and Shea will be the responsibility of the man whom Rockefeller, citing the need for an independent outside prosecutor, has appointed as Mackell's successor—Michael Armstrong, who lives in Scarsdale. Armstrong was the chief counsel of the Knapp Commission, an association that will not automatically make him a popular figure among the large number of New York policemen who live in Queens. Rockefeller has also made a decision in another awkward situation. At an Albany press conference on an entirely different subject, he finally mentioned in passing that, "in the light of developments," he planned to support Senator Marchi for mayor. He didn't mention it to Marchi, who was in the building at the time. "I feel a warm glow," Marchi said when a reporter gave him the news.

—ANDY LOGAN

EMPORIA, Kan. (UPI)—Author E. B. White has been named winner of the 1973 William Allen White Children's Book Award.

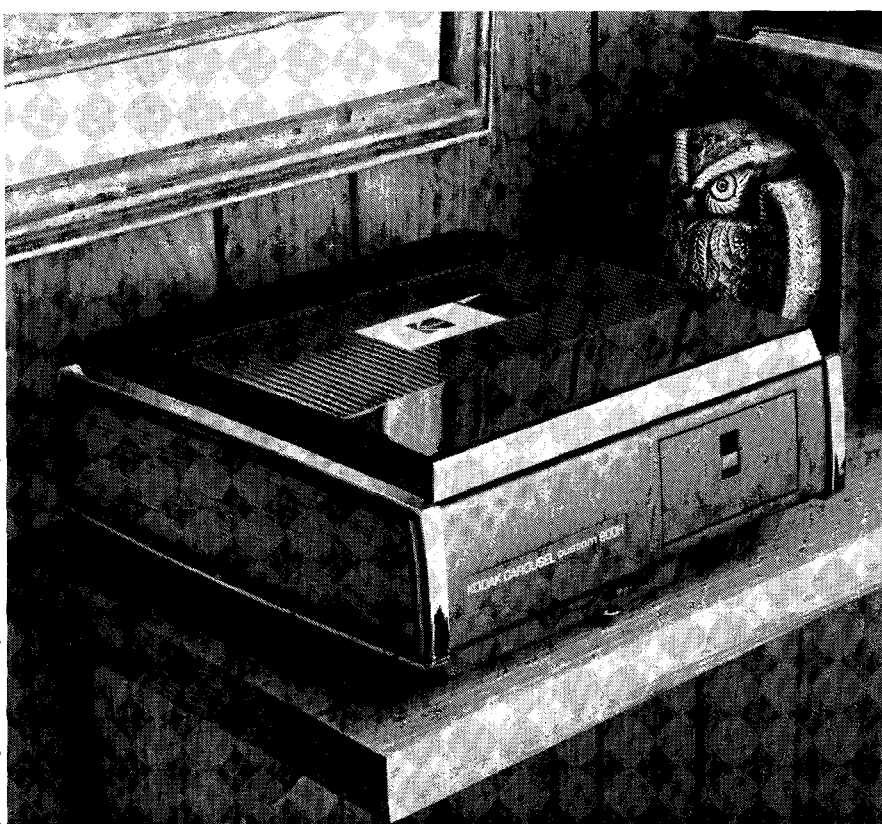
White won the award, presented annually by the William Allen White Library at Kansas State Teachers College, for his book "The Trumpet of the Swan." More than 75,000 Kansas school children in grades four through eight selected the book as best-liked from 22 titles.

E. B. White is not related to the late William Allen White, editor and publisher of the Emporia Gazette.—*Ann Arbor (Mich.) News.*

So you can put *that* out of your mind.

8 20 Lisa With A Z. Showcased talents of Lisa Minelli include her performance of "Cabaret," "Lisa With a Z," "God Bless the Child"—*TF listing in the Sarasota Herald-Tribune.*

CRAZY! With an "S."



Dependable never looked better

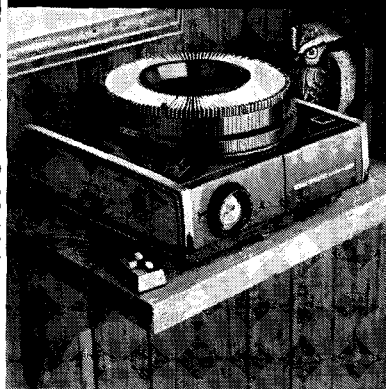
Look at both sides of this Kodak Carousel custom H projector. On the outside, it's as handsome as a costly stereo. So you don't have to hide it somewhere between shows. (Note the smoke-tinted dustcover that snaps on in place of the 140-slide tray.)

The inside story is quiet dependability. Like all Kodak Carousel projectors, the custom H is as dependable as gravity. Because it's gravity that gently lowers each slide into place. There's no pushing or pulling. Just one brilliant slide after another.

Choose from three Carousel custom projectors, all quiet as a whisper. You have a choice of automatic features: Automatic focus, automatic timing, remote control, and more.

Prices start at less than \$180. Other Kodak Carousel projectors from less than \$65.

Prices subject to change without notice.



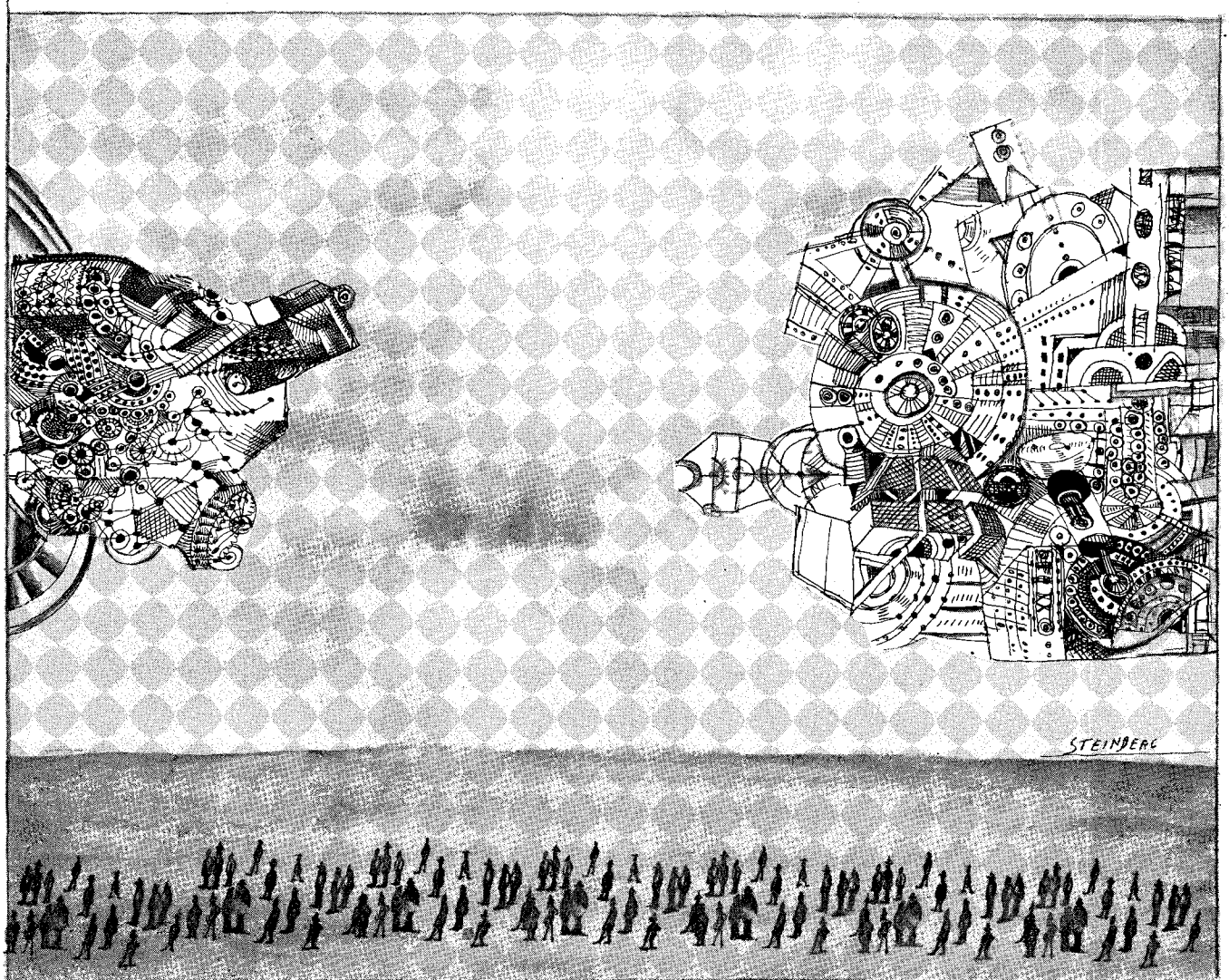
**Kodak Carousel
custom H
projector.**



ANNALS OF DIPLOMACY

SALT

IV—THE BACK CHANNEL



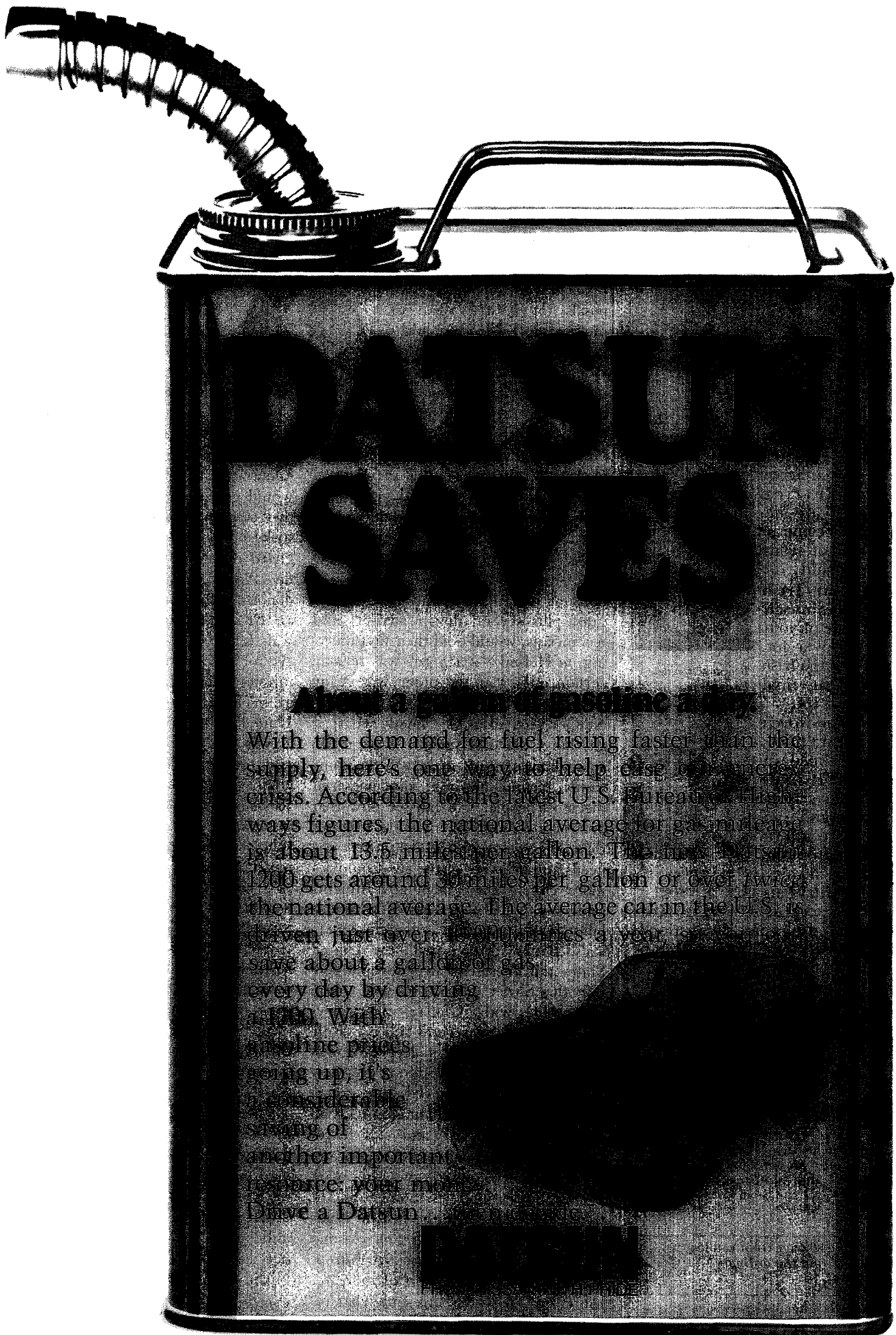
IN late October of 1969, there was general satisfaction and relief that strategic-arms-limitation talks were at last to begin, but Washington and Moscow took a wary view of the prospects. Both capitals were skeptical, perhaps even fearful, of the popular notion of SALT as a vast enterprise that would begin by promoting stability and end by liquidating the arms race. They preferred to consider it just the priority business between them at that moment. And at that moment both were continuing what they had been doing—leading from strength. The Russians were expanding their SS-9 force, testing multiple warheads, and stepping up production of nuclear submarines. The Americans had tested their two missiles equipped with MIRVs (for “multiple independently targetable reentry vehicles”)—the submarine-launched Poseidon and the land-based Minuteman III—ten and twelve times, respective-

ly; they would finish these tests in a matter of months and proceed briskly to deployment. They were also moving ahead on the construction of the first two sites for Safeguard ABMs (for “anti-ballistic-missile missiles”). Apparently, SALT and the process of refining weapons were disjunctive; the talks were to proceed *andante*, the arms buildup *allegro con brio*. Such, at least, was the concern of the arms-control community—that deployment of more and better arms would outstrip, and perhaps frustrate, efforts to limit or reduce them.

Obviously, a frank mistrust by either side of the other’s motives would have a part in restraining the pace of the talks. Washington was troubled by the commonplace assumption that SALT would formalize the parity principle. Parity, it was felt, would serve Soviet purposes but not necessarily America’s. Although parity may have seemed to

be in the cards, with or without SALT, the habit of strategic and political supremacy dies hard. Moreover, equality in strategic weapons would confer on the Soviet Union heavy political and psychological advantages. The concern was that Moscow would use SALT to nail down these advantages and would then exploit them. Washington also suspected that the Russians, while conceding nothing themselves, would maneuver SALT into sharpening American public and congressional opposition to the Safeguard and MIRV programs. Finally, Washington worried (as it does today) that Moscow, if only for political purposes, would establish a first-strike threat to Minuteman, often called the backbone of America’s deterrent.

Moscow’s concerns were no less. Soviet leaders worried most about American ABMs. Safeguard, if it evolved toward city defense, would force them



About a gallon of gasoline a day

With the demand for fuel rising faster than the supply, here's one way to help ease our energy crisis. According to the latest U.S. Bureau of Highways figures, the national average for gas mileage is about 13.5 miles per gallon. The new Datsun 1200 gets around 36 miles per gallon or over twice the national average. The average car in the U.S. is driven just over 10,000 miles a year, so you can save about a gallon of gas every day by driving a 1200. With gasoline prices going up, it's a considerable saving of another important resource: your money. Drive a Datsun.

PRINTED IN JAPAN

For people who are still individuals...



the Irish country hat

Each Irish country hat is hand-crafted with pride by skilled artisans on the wild, western coast of Ireland. These hats are created by individuals, not production lines, and are designed to become an extension of your own personality.

Shape your Irish hat to suit yourself

The style of your hat can say a lot. That's why the Irish hat leaves the final shape up to you.

The hand-woven tweed is extra thick, and fully lined in the crown. It sheds rain, protects from the wind, and can give you a comfortable shade from the sun.

Irish country hats are made exclusively for Norm Thompson, and come in distinctive gray or brown tweed mixes. Sizes 6 1/4 to 8. Each \$14.50. Two for \$27.50. You have full return privileges.



Benedicte Boulet,
Paris, France



Peter Christian,
London, England

Dept. M:26
1805 N.W. Thurman
Portland, Ore. 97209

Telephone orders any time: (503) 221-0380.

Qty.	Size	Brown	Gray
Irish Hat(s)			

☐ Check enclosed. ☐ Charge to my BankAmericard. ☐ Master Charge. (Include all raised letters and numbers on card.)

Card No.

Signature X

☐ Send free 80 page color catalog.
"Escape from the ordinary"

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

into yet another offensive-weapons cycle and perhaps even into the development of a comparably sophisticated ABM system of their own. The record of thirty months of negotiation leading to the agreements signed in May of 1972 didn't reflect the collateral Soviet concern about the American MIRV—Moscow was determined to develop a MIRV, not talk about it—but tests of Poseidon and Minuteman III were unquestionably disturbing. Since these were due to end in 1970 and some Nixon Administration officials were supporting proposals for a MIRV ban or moratorium, Moscow wondered whether Washington would seek by some such means to monopolize this technology after mastering it. In short, the Russians suspected that Nixon might accept parity in gross numbers of weapons only if they agreed to accept—indeed, to legitimize—America's commanding qualitative lead in offensive missiles.

As November 17, 1969, drew near—the day on which SALT delegations of six Russians and five Americans, plus several dozen advisers and technicians, would hold their first meeting, in Helsinki—each side was reliably certain only that the other was ready to talk. Neither knew precisely why. Neither, for example, knew what, if anything, the other might want to do about limiting ABM or MIRV, the companion technologies that most bothered the most people. We can see now that prospects for agreement were brighter than they appeared. SALT fitted the needs and purposes of the two countries more closely than their governments understood. Russia's concern with stability was beginning to match America's. Better relations with the United States and Western Europe would permit the Soviet Union to cope more effectively with China; their doctrinal struggle was (and still is) really the visible overlay of a deeper conflict mocking ideology and pitting the new China—united, aggrieved, and tough—against a traditional antagonist, Russia. Moscow feared (and still fears) an understanding between America and China that would be put to work against Soviet interests. Somehow, the China problem had to be held to manageable size, so as to contain existing and latent heresies in Eastern Europe and permit the assignment of more resources to the listless and somewhat retarded Soviet economy. Throughout the first seven sessions of SALT, China was to be a silent offstage presence, never

mentioned by name—at least, not by the Russians—but deeply affecting their position on a number of issues, most notably the ABM. In time, stable relations with the capitalists would return such tangible dividends as increased trade and, more important, access to sophisticated Western technology in sectors unrelated to defense and essential to Soviet economic growth. And diminished tensions and increasingly benign contacts would promote a supreme Soviet purpose—acceptance by the West of the status quo in Europe.

As the stronger of the two nations, America may have seemed to have less at stake. In reality, American interests could be seen to benefit at least as much as

Russian from an agreement limiting offensive and defensive missiles. Most important, a limit or ban on ABMs would go far to remove fears that either side harbored thoughts of a first-strike option. Besides, the recent Safeguard debate in Congress had alerted the Administration to the program's doubtful future; far better to work out an ABM limit with Moscow than to wait for Congress to starve Safeguard. As for offense, a ceiling on strategic missiles would constrain Soviet programs but not American. Although the United States had embarked on MIRV, it was not building any new ICBMs (intercontinental ballistic missiles) or bombers or Polaris submarines. The Russians were building about two hundred and fifty ICBMs and eight new submarines per year. The latter figure meant that they were building as many as a hundred and twenty-eight SLBMs (submarine-launched ballistic missiles) as well. At that rate, the United States would sooner rather than later find itself substantially behind in numbers of missiles and in "throw weight," or gross megatonnage. Then, SALT might offer a means of achieving a limit on the single weapons system that most bothered Washington—the giant SS-9 ICBM. Indeed, negotiating a hold on the SS-9 program not only was basic to the United States position but was by itself a good reason to press SALT vigorously. The autumn of 1969 was too soon to measure the significance of SALT. Not before the talks were well under way would a full sense of occasion be borne in on the governments. Nixon had started by talking about an era of negotiation but also, to Moscow's annoyance, about linking SALT to progress on other matters, especially the Middle East and Vietnam. By au-



Zenith gives you the two things you want most in color TV.



The best picture of the 6 leading big screen color TV's.

In a recent test conducted by Opinion Research Corp., 2,707 people from all over America looked at the 6 leading big-screen color TV's. They voted Zenith Super Chromacolor the best picture by more than 2 to 1 over the next best brand.

Which color TV has the best picture?	
Zenith	50.1%
2nd best brand	21.1%
3rd best brand	8.8%
4th best brand	8.5%
5th best brand	5.8%
6th best brand	5.7%

Percent of Ballots

The fewest repairs according to a survey of TV servicemen.

In a 175-city survey of independent TV servicemen, Zenith was named, more than any other color TV, as needing fewest repairs.

QUESTION: "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?"

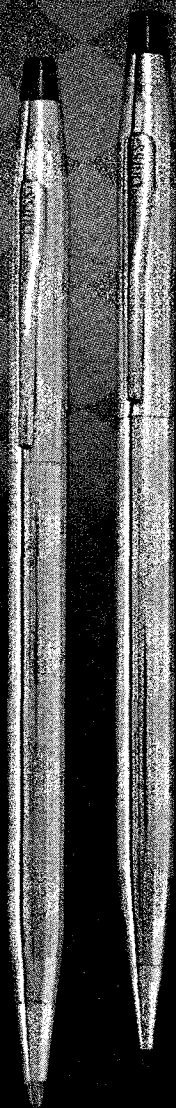
ANSWERS: Zenith	30%
Brand A	11%
Brand B	9%
Brand C	5%
Brand D	4%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	3%
About Equal	21%
Don't Know	11%

We're proud of our record of building dependable, quality products. But if it should ever happen that a Zenith product doesn't live up to your expectations—or if you would like additional details of our surveys—we want to hear from you. Write the Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corp., 1900 N. Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60639.

Simulated TV picture.

ZENITH
®
The quality goes in
before the name goes on.®

Gift Suggestion



Fine writing instruments mechanically guaranteed
for a lifetime — from five to fifty dollars.
Desk Sets from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars.
At better stores worldwide.

CROSS
SINCE 1846

© 1971 A.T. CROSS COMPANY, LINCOLN, R.I. 02865 U.S.A.

tumn, the "linkage" notion, if it had not been entirely discarded, was in declining fashion. The SALT agreements reached last year buried it once and for all, coming as they did on the heels of Nixon's decision to close off North Vietnam's ports to Soviet shipping.

Linkage of a different sort, having nothing to do with Soviet good behavior, does connect SALT with great-power politics. SALT is the key East-West negotiation, and, as such, it helps to legitimize and bolster other negotiations. Quite possibly, the 1971 four-power agreement on Berlin would have been concluded without SALT; since history doesn't reveal alternatives, we really don't know. We do know, however, that Moscow and Washington both wanted a SALT agreement, and this suggests that a protracted stalemate might have troubled parallel negotiations and later ones. Moreover, Soviet eagerness to nail down an acceptance of Germany's frontiers and promote détente in Europe may have argued for reaching agreement with the Americans on SALT as well.

With all kinds of East-West contacts popping up like crocuses, SALT became the single issue under exclusive great-power control. Unlike Berlin, the Middle East, or Vietnam, SALT includes no other actors. (Washington, though, does consult closely with the NATO allies.) Thus, SALT reminds us, among other things, that the world is not yet multipolar, as many suggest, but bipolar. Neither Soviet phobias nor Nixon's foray into triangular politics can give China the attributes of a modern great power. Japan has a few of these and may yet acquire most of them, but it, too, is several removes from the great-power game. Western Europe is still an assortment of small and middle powers, each ultimately dependent for its security on American commitments and guaranties; the dream of a tightly knit political community may become a reality, but not for a long time, if ever. As the months passed, the Nixon people came to look upon SALT in much the same way their predecessors had. Properly managed, the process would promote stability; it would show that the United States, even though it was still embroiled in Vietnam, could carry on major transactions with the Soviet Union. Finally, a SALT agreement, as in Johnson's day, was good domestic politics; Nixon, like any President, had to think about the next congressional elections.

All periods of history, we realize, are transitional, but some, as the French political scientist Pierre Hassner says,



“My daddy does cancer research. What does your daddy do?”

Greg's daddy is Dr. Edgar E. Smith, an alumnus of Tougaloo College. He's also Associate Professor of Biochemistry and Surgery at Boston University's School of Medicine. And Assistant Dean, specializing in the recruitment and counseling of qualified minority group students.

In 1969, Dr. Smith received a Career Development Award from the National Cancer Institute. He is using this five year grant to research specific enzymes and isoenzymes in human cancer.

It's a surprising career for someone who was born poor in the Mississippi Delta. And who

earned his first degree at a college you may never have heard of.

Dr. Smith went on from Tougaloo to Purdue, where he won his doctorate. In a sense, however, Dr. Smith has never left Tougaloo. He serves as vice chairman of our Board of Trustees. If there's one thing he's acutely aware of, it's our sorry financial state.

More than 90% of our student body of 750 is here on financial aid. Most of them come from the modest rural beginnings that produced Dr. Smith. Almost half of our graduates go on to graduate and professional

schools with more famous names than ours.

For example: today there are as many Tougaloo men and women in medical schools as there are practicing black doctors in the entire state of Mississippi.

There are also many other potential Dr. Smiths knocking at our gate. But it's taking more and more money to let them in.

This money must come from contributions. Every contribution we receive is a priceless investment. In our college, of course. But more importantly, in the kind of people our college produces.

Tougaloo College. With your help.

Contributions are tax deductible.

George A. Owens, President, Tougaloo College, Tougaloo, Mississippi 39174 Telephone: (601) 956-4941

SWIRL®



Into Summer

CONCEPT 70's®

long shirtdress . . . nicely tailored, beautifully detailed. At its summer best in washable blue polyester and cotton denim. Sizes 6-18, \$20.

Available at
Bonwit Teller, Bullock's-Wilshire
The Higbee Company
Strawbridge & Clothier
and fine stores everywhere.

SWIRL, 1411 Broadway, New York 10018

price slightly higher in west

are more transitional than others. SALT coincides with one of the more transitional moments—a time when the game of triangular politics, in the form of making contact with China and improving relations with Moscow, has become playable. It is still too soon to announce that the era of confrontation has been superseded by one of negotiation. The process by which the one yields to the other is gradual, but the process is under way, and SALT is both its servant and its beneficiary.

THE White House, even while it was still tentative about SALT, took great comfort from the analytical preparations for the first round. A gaggle of task forces was organized around the so-called central systems—land-based missiles, sea-based missiles, ABMs, and aircraft. The work of the task forces was filtered and compressed into a report of some eighty pages, designed to help the President make precise decisions. Nixon is believed to have read the report carefully.

In all, nine options were tossed up by the exhaustive studies on SALT. One option, known as S.W.A., or Stop Where We Are, froze the missile and bomber forces on both sides, permitted MIRV, and banned mobile ICBMs. Six of the nine options froze both ICBMs and SLBMs at existing levels. Five of them permitted MIRV, and four banned it. All but one option banned mobile ICBMs, which neither side has yet deployed. Seven of the nine proposed an unspecified limit on ABM systems. And one confined ABMs to protecting Moscow and Washington. Pockets of support developed around various options, with some people pressing missile freezes, others a MIRV moratorium, and still others a suspension of Safeguard. The White House shared none of these biases.

Nixon and Kissinger wanted to avoid drawing battle lines on the various alternatives either in Washington or in Moscow. Round One, they felt, should be exploratory. The two sides should sort out major and minor issues and establish at least the outline of a working program for following rounds. None of the nine options would be presented to the Russians; rather, all would afford guidance to the bureaucracy and the delegation. The White House regarded its options as “building blocks.” The idea was that the elements of each could be shuffled into various combinations and packages, giving the United States negotiating position great flexibility. If the

Russians frowned on some parts of a proposal when it was offered, the other parts could be speedily mixed into some alternative proposal without the necessity of an internal renegotiation of the entire United States position; all agencies would have already concurred in all the options. The building blocks, in short, would permit swift reaction to Soviet moves, while minimizing bureaucratic conflict in Washington. It was yet another device by which White House control of SALT would be assured.

The American delegation left Washington with a brief stating merely the Administration's “willingness” to negotiate agreements on both offensive and defensive weapons. The head of the delegation was Gerard C. Smith, who directed the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. The other members were Llewellyn E. Thompson, former United States Ambassador to the Soviet Union; Paul H. Nitze, who had long been involved in national security matters, most recently as Deputy Secretary of Defense; Air Force Lieutenant General Royal B. Allison, who had been in on SALT preparations since the summer of 1968, representing the Joint Chiefs of Staff; and Harold Brown, president of the California Institute of Technology and formerly Secretary of the Air Force, representing the academic community. The delegation was authorized to discuss any Soviet proposals, with all decisions reserved to the President. But the Russians already knew, from a secret White House message, that Washington would not offer specific proposals, and Moscow apparently

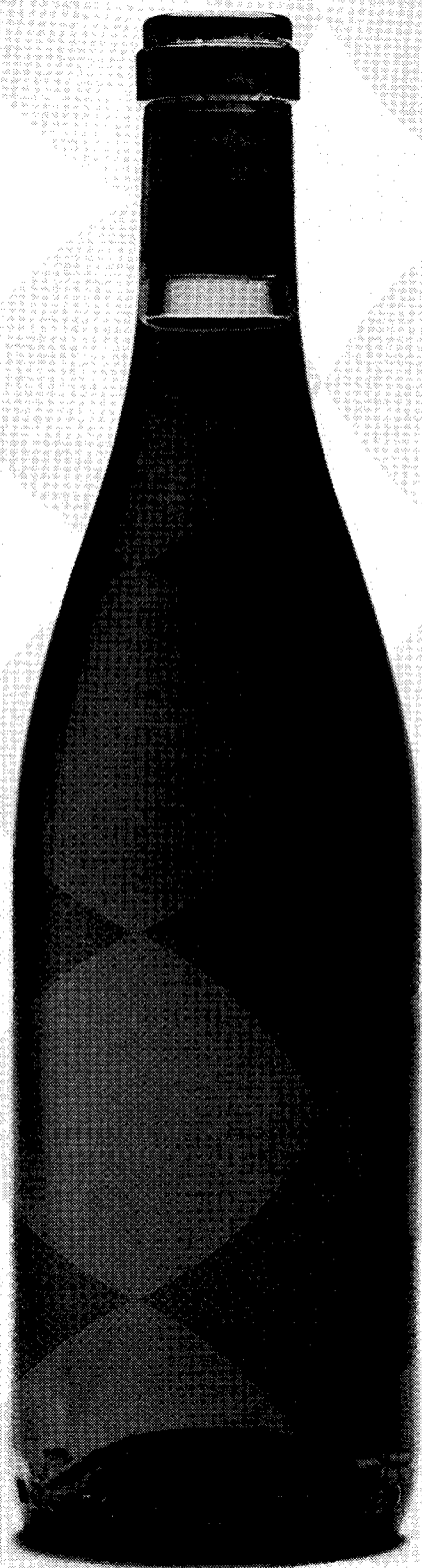
shared the White House reluctance to burden the preliminary round in Helsinki with actual negotiations. These would await the spring round, in Vienna. (Both cities had been on the short

list of sites acceptable to both sides, although the Soviets had a preference for Helsinki, the Americans for Vienna. The solution to this modest difference was simplicity itself. The short preliminary round was held in Helsinki, a longer working round was held in Vienna, and the succeeding talks alternated between the two. The bargain satisfied all considerations except physical comfort. It condemned the delegations—at least, in the early rounds—to spend the cold months in Helsinki and the warmer months in Vienna. By mid-1971, some recycling had been achieved, and the pattern was reversed.)

On November 17th, the talks be-



You can buy good French wine by the bottle.
Or great French wine by the label.



The B&G label.

The one label that stands for the finest of wines from all the major vineyard regions of France. From Bordeaux, our classic Medoc, medium-bodied and dry. From Beaujolais, our popular light, fresh Beaujolais-St. Louis. From Burgundy, our brilliantly fruity Pouilly-Fuisse. From the Loire, our delicate and lively Muscadet. From the Rhone, our rich, soft Chateauf-neuf-du-Pape.

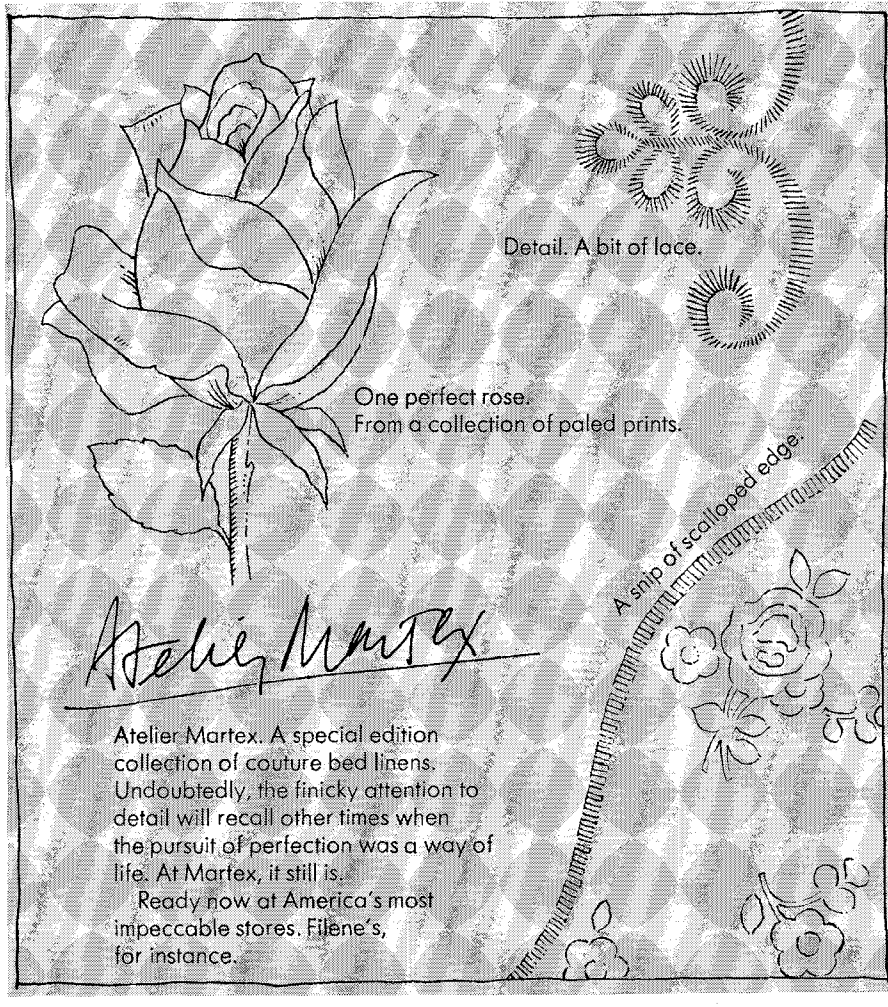
B&G. 36 great reds, whites and rosés. Produced only in the finest French tradition since 1725 by Barton & Guestier.

Why bring a good French wine when you can bring a great one? It's as easy as B&G.



B&G. Love Letters from France.

Barton & Guestier. 36 fine wines in one fine family. Imported by Browne Vintners Company, New York, N.Y. and San Francisco, CA.



Detail. A bit of lace.

One perfect rose.
From a collection of paired prints.

Atelier Martex

Atelier Martex. A special edition collection of couture bed linens. Undoubtedly, the finicky attention to detail will recall other times when the pursuit of perfection was a way of life. At Martex, it still is.

Ready now at America's most impeccable stores. Filene's, for instance.

A ship of scalloped edge.

Live like the Kings on Hilton Head Island. Rent a villa.

Larry and Billie Jean King use a secluded villa at Shipyard Plantation as a hideaway from the pressures of business and (for Billie Jean) the pressures of the championship tennis circuit.

While the Kings and their neighbors are away, you can move in and play to your heart's content. If a fairway-side villa is more to your liking, we have those, too. As well as magnificent houses with more than all the comforts of home.

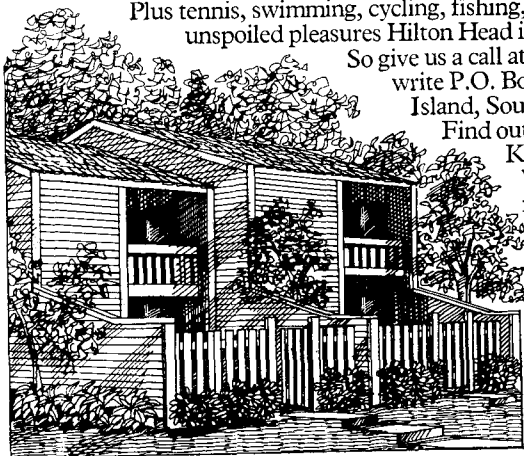
No matter where you stay, you'll find championship golf a chip shot away.

Plus tennis, swimming, cycling, fishing, and all the other unspoiled pleasures Hilton Head is famous for.

So give us a call at (803) 785-4256 or write P.O. Box 5606B, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina 29928.

Find out how you can live like a King on Hilton Head.

Without paying a king's ransom.




**THE
HILTON HEAD
COMPANY**

(This offering is not available to residents of states where prohibited by law.)

gan with a minimum of fanfare and ceremony. As the first few days passed, nearly five hundred journalists who had been dispatched to record the event learned only that the talks were "businesslike." They discovered that delegates from the two sides met occasionally for dinner or lunch. The persistent handful of reporters who remained were unable to capture even a few shreds of the substance of the twice-weekly meetings. Because the meetings were held in secure rooms (rooms that were known to be free of bugging devices) in the American and Soviet Embassies, no other party, whether the host government or another embassy, had a chance to pry. Not even the American Embassy staff saw messages on SALT; separate communications were established between the delegation and Washington. The secrecy, faithfully observed by both delegations, was complete. The opening round lasted thirty-six days, and ended with a brief communiqué whose least inconsequential passage said that "an understanding was reached on the general range of questions which will be the subject of further Soviet-U.S. exchanges of opinions." Otherwise, the world learned only that SALT would resume in Vienna on April 16, 1970.

Some wrongly surmised that SALT I, as it was known to the bureaucracy, was a kind of strategic seminar. The fact is that the talks were closely focussed, revealing, consistently serious, and nonpolemical. During the formal meetings and the informal dinners and lunches, each side discovered a lot about the other's attitudes. Each took some positions that would not be lightly abandoned and would strongly shape the actual negotiations that lay ahead. The stress was on the central systems, offensive and defensive. Among the early surprises was Moscow's concern about ABMs. There had been a reversal in Soviet thinking since the meeting at Glassboro two and a half years earlier. A closely involved American recalls that "both sides made McNamara-like noises about the destabilizing effects of ABM deployment;" the Russians, he adds, "were surprisingly explicit on this point." Moscow's delegation noted three possible ABM options: heavy deployment, limited deployment, no ABMs at all. An American who was present says the Russians obviously felt that heavy deployment was undesirable and that the choice lay between no coverage—Zero, as this option was called—and limited coverage. The United States position, he adds, was noncommittal. Washington mistrusted the dov-

ish Soviet overtures on ABM. People worried that Moscow, having noted fifty Senate votes against Safeguard, would toy with an ABM ban in SALT so as to hasten congressional dismemberment of the American program. Both sides were ready to talk about quantity (numbers of weapons) but were reluctant to talk about quality (MIRVs, improved support systems, and potential innovations). The Americans planned to raise some quality issues, but in a tentative and exploratory way. They weren't ready to ventilate any of these ultrasensitive problems. It didn't matter, though, because the Russians had clearly been instructed to avoid talking about them altogether. The Russians could discuss numbers of launchers, for example, but not the size of launchers or the accuracies of warheads.

It was the United States that raised the MIRV problem, linking it to other innovations that might degrade one side's ability to retaliate. For Moscow to make an ABM network of its Tallinn air-defense system would be one such innovation. Improving warhead accuracies to the point where either side could contemplate a first strike against the other's forces would be another. In effect, the Americans, thoroughly aroused by the SS-9 and the prospect of a MIRVED version of it, wanted to back into a MIRV discussion by insinuating a list of qualitative issues into the SALT agenda. But the Russians, who never mentioned MIRV themselves, refused to play this game. Even in regard to ABMs, the issue to which they were most sensitive, they would discuss only numbers of interceptor missiles—not their performance or that of the radars and other elements vital to the system. Such matters, they said, were just too complex for negotiation. Their attitude is better explained by technological lag; the United States was ahead in all or most qualitative aspects of offensive and defensive weapons, and Moscow's interest lay not in discussing America's advantages but in devising some means to cancel them. Nor did the Russians share Washington's abiding concern with verification. Any time the United States delegation raised the issue, the Soviet side would reply that any and all parts of a SALT agreement must be verified by "national means"—that is, from afar, as distinct from on-site inspection. At one moment in Helsinki, the Russians relaxed slightly and seemed willing to entertain discussion, at least, of alternatives. But then, presumably acting on fresh instructions, they returned to the "national means only"

"Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams will be arriving at any moment!"

The two future Presidents were among the pioneers of the American tourist trail in England. In the spring of 1786 – while John Adams was the first U.S. Minister to Great Britain – the pair of them took a sight-seeing vacation. They called at Stratford, Blenheim Palace and other places prominent on the tourist circuit today. Most of all they enjoyed the great country estates, where elegant houses made a perfect setting for fine pictures and furniture. Perhaps they paused to admire this distinguished long-case clock, which is currently to be seen in the Garrard antiques collection. Then almost a century old, it was made by Joseph Knibb, one of the greatest of English clockmakers. The superb olivewood and marquetry case is still in fine condition. So too is the original movement.

The House of Garrard is famous for antique clocks, silver and jewellery. Visitors to London are made welcome at Garrard, where they will also find one of the world's great selections of modern watches, superb jewellery, and a wonderful display of cutlery and plate.

To judge the richness and variety of the Garrard collection from a distance, please ask for a copy of the Garrard Gift Catalogue.

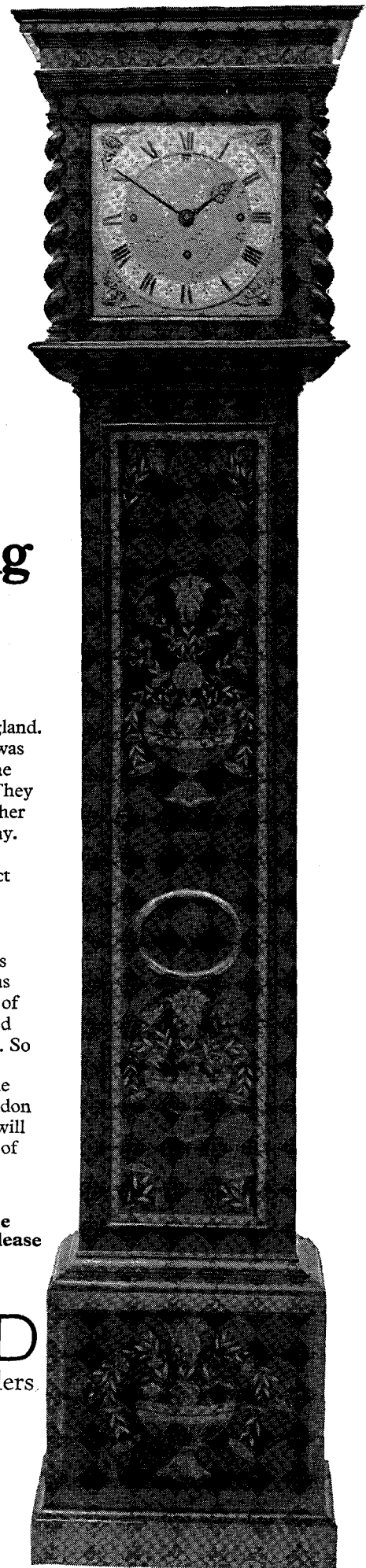
GARRARD

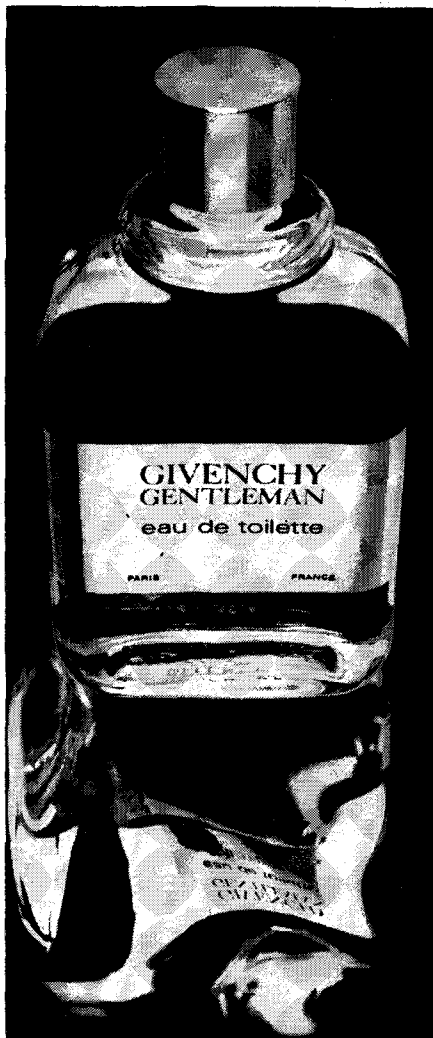
The Crown Jewellers.



BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
GOLDSMITHS & CROWN JEWELLERS,
GARRARD & CO. LTD., LONDON.

112 Regent Street London W1A 2JJ
Telephone: 01-734 7020





**Think of it
as
investment
spending.**



Eau de Toilette
After Shave Lotion
Bath Soap
Shaving Foam
Protein Shampoo
Spray Talc

position, which the United States eventually swung round to.

The Russians raised one issue that was both utterly unexpected and more than a little disturbing to the Americans. As the delegates began discussing offense, the Soviets abruptly brought up the Forward Based Systems, aircraft that the United States deploys in Continental Europe and on carriers in the Mediterranean and the northeast Pacific. Most of these aircraft are dual-purpose, capable of carrying nuclear or non-nuclear bombs. Their numbers reach well into the hundreds; there are about six hundred in Europe alone. It had never occurred to anyone in Washington at any time, either then or in the Johnson days, that these weapons, which the United States regards as tactical, not strategic, would figure in SALT. Thus, there was consternation among the Americans when the Russians insisted that United States forward-based aircraft, because they are technically capable of striking some Soviet cities, would have to be treated as one of the central systems, no different from long-range missiles and bombers. In vain did Washington protest that most of these aircraft, although they might be capable of attacking inland Russian cities on one-way missions, couldn't return to base, or that they posed no first-strike threat and had very little second-strike potential. The chief purpose of the forward-based aircraft is to counter the seven hundred-odd Soviet medium- and intermediate-range ballistic missiles (MR/IRBMs) targeted on the cities of America's European allies. Therefore did Washington say, also in vain, that the Forward Based Systems were not an issue for bilateral talks, because the interests of other countries were involved. Unprepared and off balance, the American delegation sought to extricate itself from the problem by moving on to something else. Gerard Smith elected an analogy that left the Russians as it found them. Just as olives are removed from a bottle one at a time, he suggested, the delegations should identify the issues one at a time, but should avoid getting bogged down on any of them. This only confused the Russians, who do not pack olives in narrow bottles.

The United States side stressed problems of stability; these didn't seem to impress the Soviet delegation. Steering the discussion back to Minuteman, the Americans sought to explain that all elements of each side's strategic forces must be "survivable;" for one ele-

ment—Minuteman, say—to become vulnerable would create dangerous anxieties, hence instability. The Russians replied, in effect, Why are you so worried about Minuteman when your sea-based forces will always remain intact and available for the second-strike role? It was a *dialogue des sourds*. What did comfort the arms-control bureaucracy in Washington—and rightly—was an apparent disinclination on both sides to deploy nationwide ABM systems against "a third country." For "third country" one can safely substitute "China," the only other nuclear power whose intentions seriously troubled either Moscow or Washington. By rejecting nationwide defense of their cities against another power, the two were, in practice, rejecting the option of heavy ABM

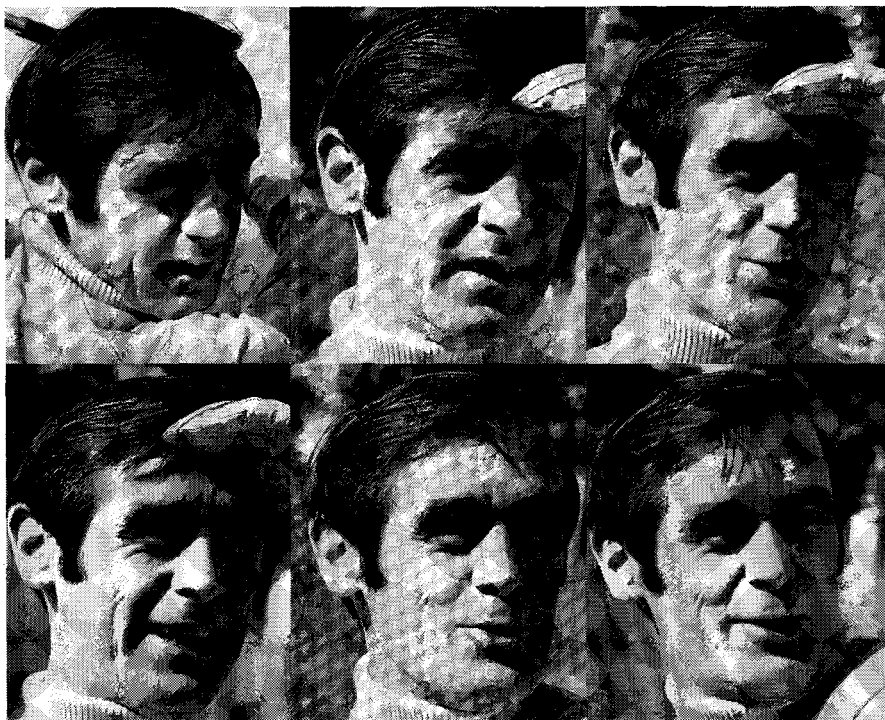
deployment against each other. This was progress. Moscow had come more than halfway toward accepting the frosty apothegm of America's assured-destruction school of strategy: "Offense is defense, defense is offense. Killing people is good, killing weapons is bad." In short, SALT I was a useful curtain raiser for the sessions to come, for which both sides launched intensive preparations upon their return from Helsinki three days before Christmas.

DURING the hundred-and-fourteen-day recess between SALT I and SALT II, Washington began to accept the notion that the race for strategic advantage was impelled by the MIRV-ABM interplay. Each system could beget the other. Stop one and any reasonable need for the other disappears. Although innumerable options and variants could be dreamed up, the pith of SALT lay in four basic choices. These were high ABM and high MIRV; low ABM and high MIRV; a ban on MIRV but not on ABM; a ban on both. To a surprising degree, the four options ground out in Washington for SALT II came close to embodying these choices. The options bore letters. Option A inhibited no American programs. It permitted both MIRV and all twelve of the ABM sites originally planned for Safeguard. Options B, C, and D each proposed that ABMs be either banned altogether or confined to National Command Authority—that is to say, the capital cities, Moscow and Washington. The option of National Command Authority or Zero, Washington thought, should appeal to the Russians, since they had suggested at Helsinki that the best choice lay between Zero and limited coverage; for "limited cov-



crage," read "Moscow," which is the site of the Russians' only ABM system, called Galosh. In return for indulging the Russian preference on ABM, Washington hoped to gain what it wanted most—a ceiling on the Soviet offensive-missile program and, beneath that ceiling, a so-called "sublimit" on the number of SS-9s. The Soviets had about three hundred of these monster missiles either deployed or under construction. Washington sought a sublimit of two hundred and fifty but would have settled happily for agreement on three hundred. The critical, though doubtless negotiable, United States number was one thousand seven hundred and ten—the sum of America's 1,054 ICBMs and 656 SLBMs. Each of the four options would hold Soviet and American missiles to that number. Bombers would be frozen at existing levels. Washington called A and B the low options, C and D the high. They were high in the sense of being venturesome. Alone among the four, Option C would ban MIRV. Option D's distinction lay in a bold scheme for effecting reductions in precisely the area of Soviet strength—land-based missiles—that most disturbed Washington. It provided that after settling on a ceiling of one thousand seven hundred and ten strategic missiles, each side would reduce these forces to a thousand by 1978—a reduction rate of a hundred per year. All four options were shaped by the Americans' abiding concern with the potential threat to Minuteman of an SS-9 force equipped with MIRVs. Briefly, they represented a bald effort to achieve a lasting hold on the SS-9. Each option, for example, would permit "freedom to mix," but in one direction only—out to sea. This meant that neither side could convert SLBMs to ICBMs but either could do the reverse. Even with MIRV, it would be difficult for the Russians to give the sea-based missiles, which are smaller, a first-strike punch. The Administration was, in the words of one official, "trying to push them out to sea."

Each option also contained eleven "collateral constraints"—the American term for a set of technical prohibitions on various means of improving and modernizing forces. For instance, one would give America the right to inspect Tallinn air-defense sites to make sure they weren't being upgraded into an ABM system. But the one to which Washington attached the most importance would deny either side the right to enlarge or otherwise modify existing missile silos. Here, again, the United States sought to restrain Moscow's SS-9



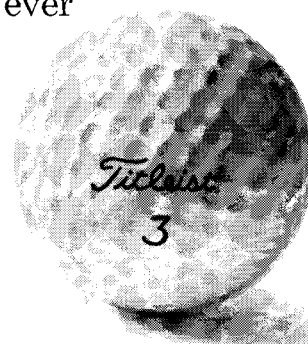
Thanks, Titleist golfers. You're settling all the distance arguments for us.

Forget the advertising claims. Forget all the distance tests. Forget the empty testimonials. The distance argument is being settled where it should be settled: out on the course.

This year, more people than ever are teeing up the new Titleist golf ball. So more people than ever are hitting the longest drives of their lives.

Titleist golfers know what it feels like to hit a golf ball farther than they ever thought they could. They're looking good this year because they're playing the longest golf ball ever made.

ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT 
Sold thru golf course pro shops only



Titleist: It will improve your game.



**The
Vintage™ Gift.**

In a vintage year everything must be "just right." Rarely has a writing instrument been designed so completely right as "Vintage" by Sheaffer. Antique tooled finish. Choice of solid sterling silver or 12K gold-filled. "White Dot" quality. Sheaffer "Vintage" ballpoint, \$12.50. With pencil, \$25.00. Impress someone.

SHEAFFER®
the proud craftsmen

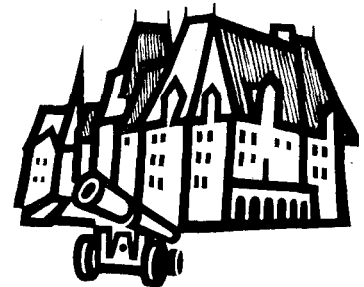
SHEAFFER, WORLDWIDE, A **textron** COMPANY

buildup; if the Russians were barred from altering silos, they would be unable to replace smaller missiles with the huge SS-9. Such a constraint would add to the pressure to force the Russians away from the land, where their strength lies, and out to sea. The broad purpose of the collateral constraints was to frustrate any attempt by Moscow to elude the provisions of an agreement by technical ploys. And, to that end, the constraints were very tightly written; indeed, so tightly were they written that when a Soviet delegate plaintively asked whether painting the doors of their missile silos would violate the constraint on silo modification he was given an affirmative reply.

THE second round of SALT merits a special niche in history because of two White House decisions involving MIRV and ABM. The MIRV decision aroused great bureaucratic passions, but in the end it probably affected nothing. The critical ABM decision, on the other hand, slid by largely unremarked but ultimately caused the Administration more difficulty, if not embarrassment, than anything else it was concerned with in Vienna and Helsinki. The first decision turned on how to verify the ban on testing and deployment of MIRV proposed in Option C. As written, this option provided for verification by national means, the only approach acceptable to the Russians. As Option C wound its way through the working groups, the language remained intact. But then, following a National Security Council meeting, it was broadened to include verification by on-site inspection. The larger part of the SALT bureaucracy took the change badly. They felt that a testing ban could be adequately verified by national means, and that the Russians would not deploy without extensive tests. Many were angered that the mass of analytical work lying behind the original language could be so abruptly upset. Others feared that the White House had lost a first and last chance to turn back the clock on MIRV. The United States was soon to conclude its MIRV testing, and would begin actually deploying Minuteman III in June and Poseidon nine months later. Time, it seemed, had all but run out for those who saw MIRV as an agent of instability second only to ABM. The prospects for Moscow's accepting a ban on MIRV tests were bleak enough without Washington's attaching the one condition—on-site inspection—that would all but guarantee a categorical rejection.

Obviously, Nixon and Kissinger

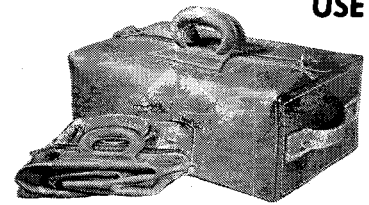
European flavour much nearer than Europe itself. In the heart of French Canada, the Manoir Richelieu overlooks the St. Lawrence River at Murray Bay. Historic in architecture. Elegant in appointments. Superb in cuisine. And a 'joie de vivre' that captures the spirit of QUÉBEC. Golfing, swimming, fishing, riding, tennis, sked shooting and planned entertainment.



*Call or write now
[the place to be in '73]*

The Manoir Richelieu
Murray Bay, Québec, Canada.
Tel: 418 665-3701

THE CARRYALL YOU'LL REALLY USE!



CARRY-ALL, CARRY-ON, or CARRY-BACK, this bag is an ideal companion. Made of luxurious, thick, butter-soft cowhide. Terrific for sports, weekends, travel, or just to take along wherever you go. Thoughtfully finished and made to last; with nylon stitching, a heavy duty zipper, doubled edges, and a cushioned handle for carrying comfort. 17" x 10" x 6½" folds to 12" x 10" x 2½". Color, Rich Tan. **Price, \$26.50, postpaid.** (Virginia residents add sales tax)

Please ship me _____ Leather Carryalls • \$26.50

Name _____

Address _____

Zip _____

VIRGINIA SHOPPING CO.
Box 593, Gordonsville, Virginia 22942

were as keenly aware as anyone else of the pitfalls of on-site inspection, and of the Soviet loathing of the idea. And nobody can know what consideration inspired the President's decision to attach the on-site-inspection clause. He may have been impressed by the argument that a test ban might not be fully verifiable. He may have worried that Soviet acceptance of a MIRV ban would damage relations with the Joint Chiefs and their congressional allies, and with some part of his more conservative constituency. Except for MIRV, America was doing little to improve its forces, while the Soviet expansion program was bounding ahead on many fronts. Thus, instead of stopping MIRV, Nixon and Kissinger may have elected to broaden the commanding United States lead in an esoteric technology—an area that might eventually represent its sole advantage over the Russians. In this light, the decision to saddle Option C with on-site inspection could be reasonably seen as a convenient way to head off a MIRV ban. That was how it looked to many bureaucrats. Some also saw the decision as partly tactical. The Joint Chiefs, along with various other parts of the Pentagon, had a preference for the low options, A and B, which would impose few restraints on United States programs. The rest of the government preferred C and D. It struck some observers that Kissinger might have broken down this polarity by recommending to the President that he take the high options but not the uninspected MIRV ban. In this light, on-site inspection would have been the price for Pentagon acquiescence in the high options. The State Department and the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency were troubled by the decision. Secretary of State William P. Rogers and Gerard Smith, who headed the agency as well as our SALT delegation, much preferred the uninspected ban. So did Under-Secretary of State Elliot Richardson, who had considerable standing in the White House. That these men, either singly or together, didn't make a strenuous effort to reverse the situation suggests that the President—and doubtless Kissinger, too—had taken a tough position, from which there would be no retreat.

It is clear now that Moscow would have turned down *any* proposal to ban MIRV testing. Option C was speedily rejected in Vienna. Yet if the Russians had responded by asking the United States to drop on-site inspection as the price for their acceptance of the proposal, Washington would almost certainly have felt obliged to acquiesce. But



Before you take off for anywhere, buy

COOKS Travel Cheques

Then, wherever you go, you won't risk being stranded away from home or friends without money.

Cooks, the world's most accepted cheques, are now celebrating a Century of protecting the funds of travelers.

If your Cooks Cheques are lost or stolen, you get a prompt refund. Nobody refunds travel cheques faster than Cooks—world's largest travel organization.

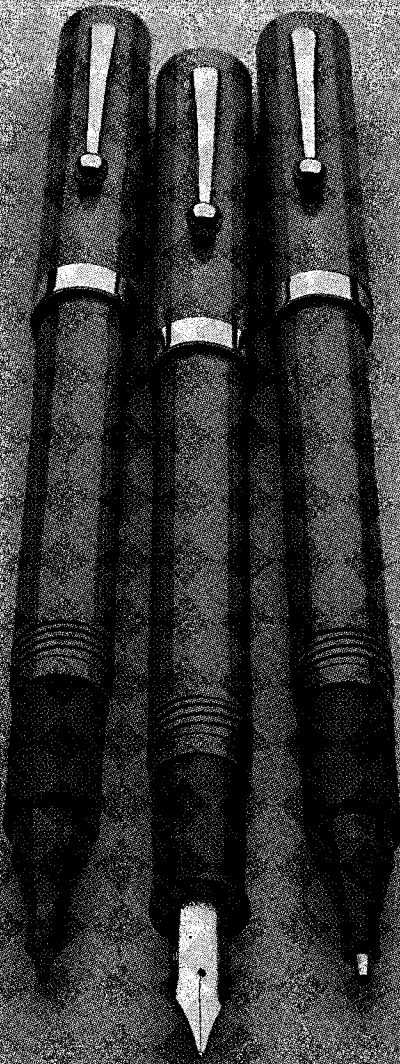
In denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100 and \$250 — issuance charge only \$1 per \$100. At banks, savings banks, savings & loans, Cooks offices, and authorized travel agents.

Ask for **COOKS** Travel Cheques.

No Nonsense Pens

Simple, straight-forward, classic, out of step with today's throwaway culture. Refillable cartridge ballpoint or fiber tip marker in basic tan or navy blue. \$1.98, not bad for a pen you may use the rest of your life.

\$1.98



SHARPER WORLD-WIDE A **SHARPER** COMPANY

the Soviet interest lay elsewhere. Just as the United States leadership was determined to sustain MIRV, Moscow was determined to master the MIRV technology. The time to have stopped MIRV was August, 1968, before either side had started testing it. After that, it was probably too late. Thus, the invasion of Czechoslovakia, by retarding SALT, may have erased whatever chance there ever was of blocking MIRV deployment.

The passion and controversy aroused by the MIRV affair were absent from the second critical SALT decision, which for a time troubled nobody. It seemed merely a question of presentation. Three of the four options, as has been noted, contained the alternative of banning ABMs altogether or limiting each side to National Command Authority, or the defense of its capital. Early in March, 1970, the White House decided that instead of offering the Soviets an immediate choice between Zero ABM and National Command Authority, the delegation would put forward National Command Authority first and Zero afterward. The four options were reviewed for the last time on April 8th, by the National Security Council. On April 10th, six days before the start of SALT II, the White House issued National Security Decision Memorandum 51—one of the more historic SALT documents. It instructed the delegation to offer Option C first, Option D second. Of greater, and lasting, importance, it specified that in presenting either option the delegation should offer National Command Authority before Zero.

THE second round of SALT was to be the longest—it lasted a hundred and twenty-one days—and the most episodic. SALT II also established an operating style that, for the most part, was to endure. Perhaps because of its length, SALT II brought the delegations closer together; something like working relationships were established. In other respects, SALT II could not be judged productive. Curiously, the Administration's wariness of SALT had shifted to an attitude of confidence at times approaching optimism. Yet little of what took place in Vienna in the spring and summer of 1970 should have fostered optimism. For, above all, SALT II provided some lessons on how not to negotiate with the Soviet Union on issues of surpassing sensitivity.

As in Helsinki, the delegations set-

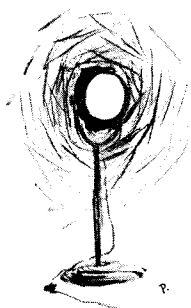
tled down to work after their new host government, Austria, had ceremonially welcomed them. This was on April 16th. The Americans wasted little time in offering Option C, and their Russian colleagues wasted still less in refusing it. A MIRV-testing ban policed by on-site inspectors was formally anathematized. The Russians, in turn, proposed a ban on MIRV production and deployment. This was not a serious proposition. MIRVs cannot be detected at the production and deployment stages—only while they are being tested. The United States said no. Option D

fared no better than Option C. It had, in the words of a senior bureaucrat, "a half-life of one plenary session." As with Option C, the Russians' reaction was unambiguously negative. Conversely, their reaction to National Command Authority, which the American delegation, as instructed, also offered dur-

ing this brief period, was not only positive but remarkably swift. It took the Kremlin less than a week to instruct the Soviet delegation to say yes to National Command Authority.

Otherwise, the Americans were talking to a stone wall. After being greeted with C and D, the Soviets argued, in effect, that the United States was not making serious proposals but merely staking out a one-sided position, which would serve only American interests. Their language was elliptical, but the meaning was clear. They felt that with Option C the Americans sought to freeze them into a technologically inferior position and impose on-site inspection in the bargain. With Option D, they felt, understandably, that the United States was seeking to diminish the greatest source of Soviet strength, land-based ICBMs, and force them out to sea, where the advantage lay with America. One American participant says, "They were awaiting our 'real' position, and never mind that *their* 'real' position hadn't emerged, or that their negotiating position was more ambiguous—indeed, opaque—than ours."

This was disconcerting. The United States delegation had expected the offer of National Command Authority to generate some discussion, during which it could present the Zero alternative, much preferred by the State Department and the Arms Control agency. Now the United States was in the position of offering the Zero alternative after Moscow had accepted National Command Authority. Tactically, the Russians had a great advantage in the



ABM discussion. They knew what they wanted and what they didn't want. They did not want Nixon to deploy Safeguard, which had growth potential. They wanted minimal ABM deployment but the right to keep their Moscow defenses. The National Command Authority proposal was one they might well have made themselves. And that, indeed, was a large part of its purpose.

The White House privately regards National Command Authority as an intellectual blunder, and accepts full responsibility for it. National Command Authority was designed to meet the Soviet preference for limited coverage. The Soviet Union, the Americans knew, would find it hard to abandon the Galosh system, whose real purpose, they also knew, was to defend Moscow against a sneak attack by China. For the United States obligingly to confine ABM deployment to Washington would have the virtue of symmetry—a virtue that it was hoped would carry over into offense and help achieve a common ceiling on strategic missiles. Most untypically, the National Command Authority option was raised and settled in a single meeting of senior officials at the White House, and quite escaped the analytical process through which SALT-related ideas normally travel. At the time of that meeting, everything seemed to fit. National Command Authority was probably negotiable with both the Russians and the Joint Chiefs, who had an aversion to Zero ABM. Most of the Pentagon preferred National Command Authority to Zero, since it would keep up the ABM technology and provide some hedge against Soviet abrogation of a SALT agreement. It wasn't until National Command Authority had been offered to the Russians that its defects were borne in on the government. The symmetry turned out to be more apparent than real. First, the Soviet Galosh could offer some protection not just of Moscow but of three hundred ICBMs deployed within the operating radius of the system. An American National Command Authority would offer at best marginal protection of a few cities on the East Coast, and nothing more. Here was a clear plus for Moscow of the sort that matters to strategists and systems analysts. Of vastly greater importance, however, was the spectre of total asymmetry. In proposing National Command Authority, the Administration risked saddling itself with an agreement that would leave the Soviet Union with a Moscow defense and the United States with nothing; Congress,

DONMOOR INC. 34 WEST 33RD STREET, NEW YORK 10001 ©1973

Donmoor® for boys

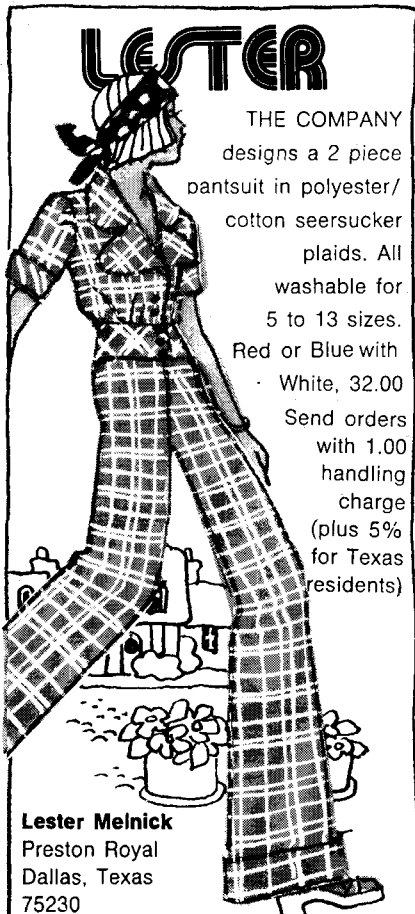


DONMOOR KNIT SHIRTS, WOVEN SHIRTS, SWIMWEAR, PANTS, SWEATERS—BOYHOOD COORDINATES.

LESTER

THE COMPANY designs a 2 piece pantsuit in polyester/cotton seersucker plaids. All washable for 5 to 13 sizes. Red or Blue with White, 32.00

Send orders with 1.00 handling charge (plus 5% for Texas residents)



Lester Melnick
Preston Royal
Dallas, Texas
75230

MELNICK



Traveling light

Sling our zippy crushed patent leather travel bag over your shoulder and you're on your way. Strap adjusts for shoulder or hand. 10½ x 6¾ x 2¾ inches with plenty of inside and outside zippered pockets to keep you organized. Very Saks Fifth Avenue. In white, bone, navy or black, \$39. Handbag Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

alas, might well deny funds for National Command Authority. Congress's aversion to area, or city, defense had already helped persuade the White House to present Safeguard as primarily a protector of Minuteman sites (although the White House also was seeking approval of four Safeguard sites for area defense). Construction was starting on the two sites for protection of Minuteman authorized by Congress. Would the Administration—indeed, could it—abandon these in the hope that a disaffected Congress would bestow its approval on a defense of Washington? Voter reaction to defending Washington was known to trouble many congressmen; appearances might suggest that the government was concerned only with protecting itself, and cared not a fig for the expendables living elsewhere. Briefly, National Command Authority could well mean Zero for the United States and one site for Moscow.

The Administration was feeling discomfort. Its efforts to restrain the Soviet missile program, using National Command Authority as bait, had got nowhere. National Command Authority had been accepted, but the United States delegation was now also talking about Zero. The Russians, though they did not rule out Zero (they had been the first to mention it, in Helsinki), began to needle the Americans, saying, in effect, You propose one thing (National Command Authority), and after we accept it you propose another (Zero). Meanwhile, your leaders ask Congress for funds to build more Safeguard sites. What is your real ABM position? It wasn't working. That is what the delegation told Washington in a memorable message called the SALT 80 cable, which was dated May 20th and appealed for some recourse from Options C and D.

Smith returned from Vienna on June 23rd. A good deal of what one official called "stewing around" followed. On the following day, the Verification Panel, a group, chaired by Henry Kissinger, that handled all SALT issues, exhaustively reviewed the possibilities, after which nothing happened for ten days—nothing visible, anyway. Then, abruptly, the White House surfaced National Security Decision Memorandum 69, signed with a flourish by the President in his own hand, and dated July 4th, also in his own hand. Decision Memorandum 69 outlined yet another United States proposal—Option E. With a covering memorandum from Kissinger, signed on July 9th, the new position descended on the agencies, none of which had any

NEMOURS

French Faience Dinnerware
by Longchamp



Delicately hand painted faience in Louis XV style. Brings the charm of a French country garden to your dining table. 5-piece place setting, \$17.50 Write for brochure and name of nearest dealer.

Exclusive Distributor:
Jacques Jugeat, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave.,
New York, N.Y. 10010

RETIREMENT on Your Mind?

Give Cape Cod a good close look as the place for your seasonal or retirement home. You will find many advantages: the relaxed atmosphere of the 15 seaside villages, the clean unpolluted air and water, the chances for a life as full of interest and activity as you wish.

Send for free booklet, "A Wonderful Way of Life." Then come to the Cape for a full sample.



Cape Cod

Chamber of Commerce
Hyannis 8, Mass. 02601

STAMP PAPERWEIGHT

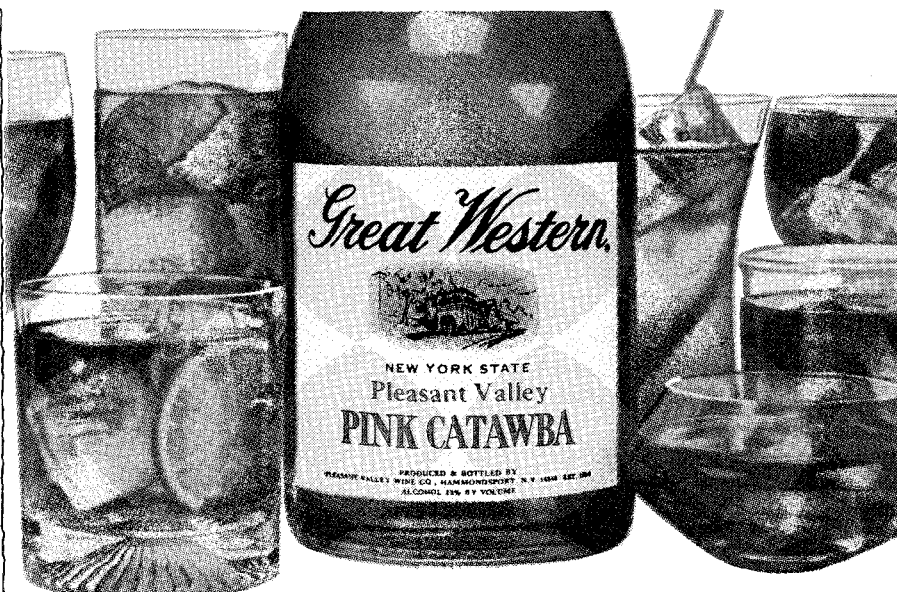


A perfect enlarged replica of the American Bald Eagle Stamp. Engraved on pewter. Mounted on 3½" x 2½" Italian Marble. Handsome desk accessory. \$5. Not shown: Polar Bear Stamp Paperweight. \$5. At all Hoffritz stores. Mail: 75¢ pstg. & hndlg. Area sales tax. Credit cards accepted. Send \$1 for catalog of 1,125 items.

HOFFRITZ HAS IT
20 Cooper Sq., Dept. N10, N.Y.C. 10003

advance knowledge of its content. Whereas the other options had been methodically shaped and honed by the entire SALT apparatus, Option E was strictly a White House affair; its architect was Kissinger, working in close consultation with the President and one or two members of his own staff. Option E was a change in course, designed less as an instrument acceptable on all sides in Washington than as one that might be negotiable in Vienna. Gone was the MIRV ban of Option C. Gone, too, were the phased reductions of Option D. Instead, Option E proposed that both sides be limited to a total of nineteen hundred strategic missiles and bombers—a number that would leave the United States with its 1,054 ICBMs, its 656 SLBMs, and 190 B-52 bombers. Since the Pentagon was planning to reduce the B-52 force from the existing level of a little more than five hundred to two hundred and fifty, Option E would have meant a further reduction of sixty bombers and put the United States bomber force in line with the Soviet Union's.

Option E was hardly a radical departure. Given the pace of the Soviet missile buildup, the ceiling would oblige Moscow to cut back some construction. Also, Option E sustained the effort to push the Russians out to sea. The so-called sublimit of two hundred and fifty SS-9s was retained. So was the ban on modifying silos. Washington was still allowing conversion of land-based forces into sea-based, but not the reverse. As for ABMs, the Soviets were offered National Command Authority and Zero as alternatives equally acceptable to the United States. A few weeks of internal negotiation would be needed before Option E could be put before the Russians. At that same time, influential congressmen were becoming both curious and impatient. Some wondered what had befallen the idea of a MIRV ban and missile reductions. Others were openly annoyed by the absence of consultation—the more so since they knew that the NATO allies were well briefed. Apart from making such gestures as a Senate resolution in April that had proposed a mutual suspension in deployment of offensive and defensive strategic weapons, there had been little outlet for congressional frustration. It remained for the Senate Armed Services Committee, nobody's dove, to take a step that had to be reckoned with. Shortly before Gerard Smith's return to Washington, this committee rejected the Administration request, already approved by the House of Representatives, to proceed with four new



Great Western happily introduces great new wine coolers. All named Pink Catawba.

Great Western Pink Catawba is a delicious pink wine all by itself. But the fun really begins when you mix it. With club soda. Lemonade. With berries or peaches or pineapple. With just about any mixer this side of cola. Or, make up your own. Just start with Pink Catawba, and you know it'll be great. Because it's Great Western.

Great Western. The Great American Wines from New York State. Pleasant Valley Wine Company, Hammondsport, N.Y. 14840. Visit our winery. (And bring friends!)

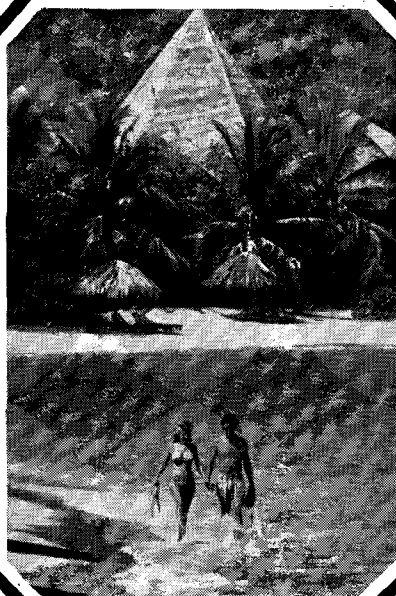


AUTHENTIC HENRY FORD MUSEUM REPRODUCTION

You've waited long enough for true lead crystal this good, this easy to own. And made in America. With a high lead content recognized by European standards. Catching and playing with light as only deep faceted crystal can. Lead crystal. By Fostoria, of course. We've been working on your crystal since 1887. The crystal of America.

Fostoria
We've been working on
your crystal for 86 years.

Rockresorts Style:



Little Dix is for island lovers. You two, for instance.

Everything you love about islands you'll love even more about Little Dix Bay. The Caribbean sun. The incredibly blue sea. The pelicans diving, and the rainbow fish darting through the reef.

You can swim, snorkel, sail our Sunfish, play tennis, and skim in our water taxis to other beaches, all at no extra charge here. You can scuba. (Ask about our Scuba Plan.) And from May through December you can stay with us at sharply lower rates. How about the two of you coming?

Ask your travel agent, too, about our Combination Vacation with Caneel Bay, and our Honeymoon Plan. Or in New York call (212) 245-8055. In Chicago (312) 372-4489. Washington, D.C. (202) 347-4951.

LITTLE DIX BAY



VIRGIN GORDA
BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

Operated by
Rockresorts, Inc.

Safeguard sites for area defense, in addition to those already authorized for protecting Minuteman.

Area ABM defense was now all but dead, and, along with it, Safeguard's future as a big system. Funds remained available for continuing work on the two sites already approved and for preliminary work on two proposed sites. All four of these, of course, were situated near Minuteman bases, and most of the bureaucracy had conceded that Safeguard was unconvincing in the role of Minuteman's protector. So the White House worried—and with reason—that Safeguard might be shorn of two of the four remaining sites once the military authorization bill reached the Senate floor.

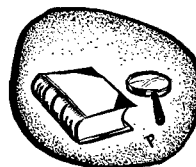
Still, the Administration was far from ready to give up on keeping Safeguard, or on extending it. The bigger the system's potential, the richer its probable value as a bargaining chip in Vienna and Helsinki. Henry Kissinger arranged to make one of his rare appearances on Capitol Hill—a secret one. Not even the staff members of relevant committees were informed of the meeting. The date was July 23rd—the day before the delegation was to make an informal presentation of Option E in Vienna. The place was a reception room off the House floor. Thirteen senators and thirteen members of the House were invited. The affair did not go very well. A number of the senators and representatives failed to appear. The meeting was interrupted by numerous roll-call votes. Worst of all, from the Administration's viewpoint, accounts of the event appeared the following day in the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*—an intolerable breach of secrecy, for which the executive branch blamed certain senators. The Senate version is that the two reporters got their information by eavesdropping at the door. Both news stories had Kissinger using SALT to sell Safeguard, on the ground that the system was an essential bargaining chip. According to the *Washington Post* account, which was the more specific, he said that continuing Safeguard was the way to persuade the Russians to limit their SS-9 program. Senator J. William Fulbright was said to have reproached Kissinger for putting NATO ahead of the Congress with regard to SALT briefings. The tone of the meeting was not good.

Back in Vienna, the delegations were fencing, and reiterating basic attitudes of their governments; as in May and June, there was a lot of highly tech-

nical discussion. The Russians had begun to hack away at the eleven "collateral constraints," most of which were directed only at them. The Americans were awaiting authority to put the new proposal before the Russians, who did not have a new proposal of their own; instead, they had some goals, but even these lacked precision and detail. They were letting the Americans do most of the running. The Russians' most memorable initiative during this first Vienna round had nothing to do with SALT—at least, not from Washington's point of view. It did threaten to complicate matters, though. In Helsinki, the head of the Soviet delegation, Vladimir S. Semenov, had called attention to so-called "provocative attacks by third nuclear powers"—a subject that the Americans managed to fin-

nesse. But on July 7th, at a concert in Vienna, Semenov reopened the issue by putting it squarely to Smith in the form of a proposal, which was formally presented three days later. A stunning glimpse of Moscow's Sino-phobia was provided; on learning of plans for some "provocative" action or attack, the two sides—the United States and the Soviet Union—would take joint steps to prevent it, or, if it was too late for that, joint retaliatory action to punish the guilty party. The Russians, in effect, were proposing nothing less than a super-power alliance against other nuclear powers. The proposal, although it was clearly aimed at China, risked arousing NATO, whose membership includes two other nuclear powers—Britain and France. The Russians would never explain exactly what might constitute provocative action. Washington rejected the idea immediately, and, just as swiftly, informed the other NATO governments, lest they hear of it through another channel and conclude that, as they had feared, SALT really did foreshadow a great-power axis, or condominium.

Option E is still known within the government as the August 4th proposal—the day of its formal presentation in Vienna. It had a more auspicious unveiling than C and D, but the Soviets remained wholly unprepared to talk seriously about limiting offensive weapons on American terms. With no counter-proposal of their own, they sought to keep the ball in the American court. They quarrelled mildly with Washington's ceiling of nineteen hundred offensive weapons—the "aggregate," as the bureaucracy put it—and



hinted that they might have a number of their own; if so, it did not surface. What was more disturbing, the Russians argued that European- and carrier-based aircraft would have to be treated as part of the American aggregate. This, of course, had been the surprise issue of the inaugural Helsinki round. The Americans had then objected—as they would continue to object—that their Forward Based Systems had no place in a negotiation to limit strategic arms. Moscow was unmoved, and would badger the Americans on this issue throughout SALT II and SALT III.

On August 14th, ten days after Option E's début, the parties recessed the talks, signed an inconclusive communiqué, and agreed to meet again on November 2nd, in Helsinki. SALT II had amassed a written record of more than a hundred thousand words, most of it consisting of prepared statements by the two chief delegates, Smith and Semenov. Nothing the Soviets did or said in the closing days forcibly discouraged American hopes that Option E might be negotiable, and, with congressional elections just ahead, the Administration chose to regard the SALT II experience as salutary, and even encouraging. Washington, one notable said in a background news conference, was "extremely optimistic about the progress" of SALT.

Opinion is divided on whether the White House should have offered the Soviets so many proposals within a short period. When two negotiating parties are far apart, they normally hold for some time to fixed positions, inching slowly toward each other and toward the eventual agreement or failure to agree. By offering the Russians two ABM alternatives in quick succession, the Americans all but closed the door on one of them, Zero, before deciding how they really felt about the other, National Command Authority. And by withdrawing Options C and D so quickly Washington lost any chance of acquiring something in return for giving them up. People accustomed to dealing with the Russians worried that Washington's flexibility might confuse them, or tempt them, or end by doing both. Confusion breeds suspicion, and suspicion softens nobody's negotiating position. Alternatively, Moscow might mistakenly assume that Washington's interest in a SALT agreement exceeded its own and, if properly exploited, could return numerous concessions. Such was the concern of numerous Sovietologists within the bureaucracy. Tedium has its place in the negotiating process, par-

Hickory Farms of Ohio®

OLD-TIME QUALITY MAKES A GOOD-TIME GIFT

FATHER'S
DAY
IS JUNE 17



Deluxe
Holiday
Classic
(above)



Premium Pak



Deluxe Snack Pak

HICKORY FARMS OF OHIO FOOD GIFT PAKS FROM \$3.98 TO \$27.98 PLUS POSTAGE IF MAILED

Select his gift from these or many other Food Gift Paks on display at your nearby Hickory Farms of Ohio store. Our famous BEEF STICK® Summer Sausage and some of our 126 cheeses are included in many Gift Paks. Take it with you, or we'll mail it.

There's a Hickory Farms of Ohio store near you featuring old-fashioned country store atmosphere:

ALA Birmingham (3), Huntsville. ARIZ Phoenix. CALIF Bakersfield, Canoga Park, Carlsbad, Chico, Concord, Costa Mesa, Daly City, Dana Point, Downey, Escondido, Fresno, Glendale, Hayward, La Habra, Long Beach, Los Angeles (2), Marina Del Rey, Mill Valley, Montclair, Mountain View, Newport Beach, Northridge, Oakland, Orange (2), Palm Springs, Playa Del Rey, Redondo Beach, Riverside, Sacramento, San Bernardino, San Bruno, San Diego, San Francisco, San Jose (3), San Mateo, San Pedro (2), Santa Rosa, Stockton, Torrance, Ventura, West Covina, Whittier. COLO Colorado Springs, Denver. CONN Enfield, Hamden, Meriden, New Haven, New London, Waterbury, West Hartford. DEL Wilmington. FLA Ft. Lauderdale, Jacksonville, Pensacola, St. Petersburg, Miami (3), Tallahassee, West Palm Beach. GA Atlanta, Columbus, Decatur, Savannah. HAWAII Honolulu. IDAHO Boise. ILL Bloomington, Chicago, Harvey, Lombard, Mt.

Prospect, Peoria, Schaumburg, Skokie, Waukegan (2). IND Elkhart, Fort Wayne, Indianapolis (3), Muncie, South Bend (2). KAN Prairie Village, Wichita (2). MD Annapolis, Baltimore (2), Gaithersburg, Landover Hills, LaVale, Rockville. MASS Braintree, Danvers, Dedham, Framingham, Nantucket, Pittsfield, Springfield, Worcester. MICH Grand Rapids (2), Jackson, Kalamazoo. MINN Edina. MO Kansas City (3), St. Louis (2). MONT Great Falls. NEV Las Vegas. NJ Cherry Hill, Pompton Plains, Westfield. NM Albuquerque. NY Albany, Bay Shore, Buffalo (3), Garden City, Massapequa Park, Middletown, New Hartford, Niagara Falls, Rochester (5), Schenectady, Syracuse (2). NC Asheville, Burlington, Chapel Hill, Charlotte, Fayetteville, Greensboro, Raleigh (2), Rocky Mount, Wilmington, Winston-Salem. ND Fargo. OHIO Cincinnati (3), Columbus (2), Dayton (3), Lima, Mentor, Niles, Springfield, Toledo (3), Youngstown. OKLA Oklahoma City (2), Tulsa.

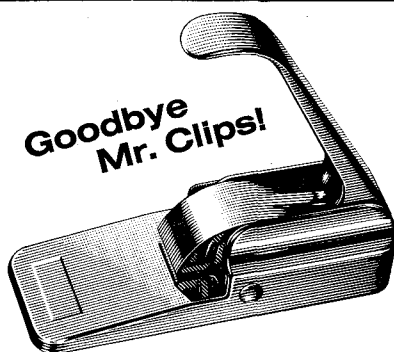
ORE Eugene, Portland (3), Salem. PA Bethlehem, Exton, Harrisburg, Lancaster, Monaca, Pittsburgh, Plymouth Meeting, Scranton, Sharon, State College, Uniontown, Wilkes-Barre, Wyomissing, York. SC Charleston (2), Columbia (2), Florence, Greenville. TENN Chattanooga, Goodlettsville, Knoxville, Memphis (2). TEX Arlington, Austin, Corpus Christi, Dallas,

Houston, San Antonio. UTAH Orem, Salt Lake City (2). VA Alexandria, Norfolk, Richmond, Roanoke, Springfield. WASH Bellevue, Bellingham, Federal Way, Kennewick, Olympia, Seattle (2), Spokane, Tacoma, Wenatchee, Yakima. WVA Fairmont, Parkersburg. WIS Greendale, Milwaukee. CANADA (5).





soft touch, our contrast-stitched, Nandel® orlon acrylic knit shirt by State of Maine. Navy, white, red, sky, yellow. S-M-L-XL sizes, \$14. Mail orders to FURCHGOTT'S of florida, Jacksonville, 32202. Please add 50¢ for handling.



Excuse the lame pun but it's true—you can now free yourself of such cumbersome paraphernalia as paper clips & staples. Our handsome chrome Paper Fastener smartly joins up to 6 sheets of paper, with just one gentle stroke. And it never needs refills. Keeps your files slim and neat, your copier from blowing a fuse and your fingernails from breaking. No quicker or less expensive way to establish yourself as a progressive executive. Order yours right now!

☐ Rush me a Paper Fastener. I encl. \$15.45 (\$13.95 plus \$1.50 post. & ins.) Calif. res. add tax. Return in two weeks if not completely delighted.

Name _____

Address _____

Zip _____

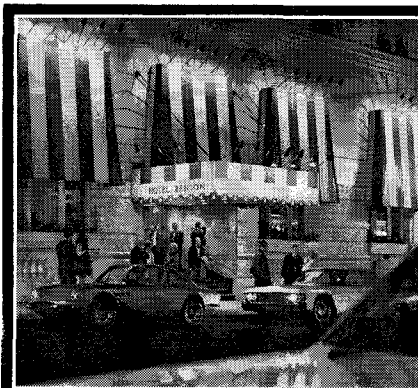
584 Washington St. San Francisco 94111

haverhill's
NY0526

ticularly when the negotiation harbors as many exquisitely sensitive and complex issues as this one. SALT II had its tedious intervals, but perhaps they should have been longer. Perhaps the parties would have been better prepared for the third and fourth rounds if they had devoted more time in Vienna to explication and reiteration of basic positions, however conflicting. The Americans were setting a fast pace, while the Russians—though, as it turned out, they were no less serious—were exercising traditional and normal caution. To put it differently, the Nixon-Kissinger team did shorten reaction time in Washington by their central control. But in Moscow, as events would show, the decision-making process was more cumbersome, the reaction time longer. The Soviet military bureaucracy, Washington discovered, was then playing a more critical role in SALT than its American counterpart. And at that stage Soviet leaders seemed to agree only that they wanted to limit ABMs; the rest was being played by ear.

Vienna pointed up the two sides' stylistic differences, which may have been more disconcerting than instructive. The Americans were struck by the lack of precision in the Russians' statements, and, indeed, by their reluctance, or lack of authority, to talk about most issues in detail. They were also struck by the Soviet civilian delegates' ignorance in regard to their own weapons; even Semenov, the chief delegate, knew little about the numbers and characteristics of Soviet strategic weapons. The Americans, of course, did know, and discoursed fluently on the military hardware of both sides. The ignorance of the Soviet civilians was no accident; at one point Colonel-General Nikolai V. Ogarkov, who was listed as the second-ranking Soviet delegate but who was also the First Deputy Chief of the General Staff, took an American delegate aside and urged that he and the other Americans discontinue talking so specifically about Soviet military hardware; such matters, he said, need not concern his civilian colleagues.

All this hinted that Moscow was reluctant, or even unable, to advance the pace. The Soviet Union's position was unformed; its tactical preference, like that of a boxer in the early rounds of a long match, was for sparring with the adversary. Moscow was suggesting longer recesses between negotiating rounds than Washington wanted. The Americans seemed already caught up in a momentum born of intensive preparation. They had come to Vienna with the more advanced positions, greater



In Portland, Oregon a great hotel tradition

Trader Vic's, Holiday Magazine Award-Winning London Grill. The Benson is a great place to stay—to do business, to entertain, to relax. On Broadway. Portland's warmest welcome awaits you here.

For instant reservations call your local Western International Hotels reservation office (see yellow pages), your travel agent or call us.

THE BENSON

(503) 228-9611, PORTLAND, OREGON

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS
Partners in travel with United Air Lines



If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing and boating. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

**And, if you like,
remain the year 'round.**

Living in your own private little world of brightness at the 1740 House, with every need and wish provided for, is a joy to contemplate. And we hope you will.

**1740
HOUSE**

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5561

In the heart of Ireland's lovely
Shannonside

Clare Inn • Golf • Fishing • Swimming
• First class accommodation



Newmarket-on-Fergus, Co. Clare, Ireland
9 MILES FROM SHANNON AIRPORT

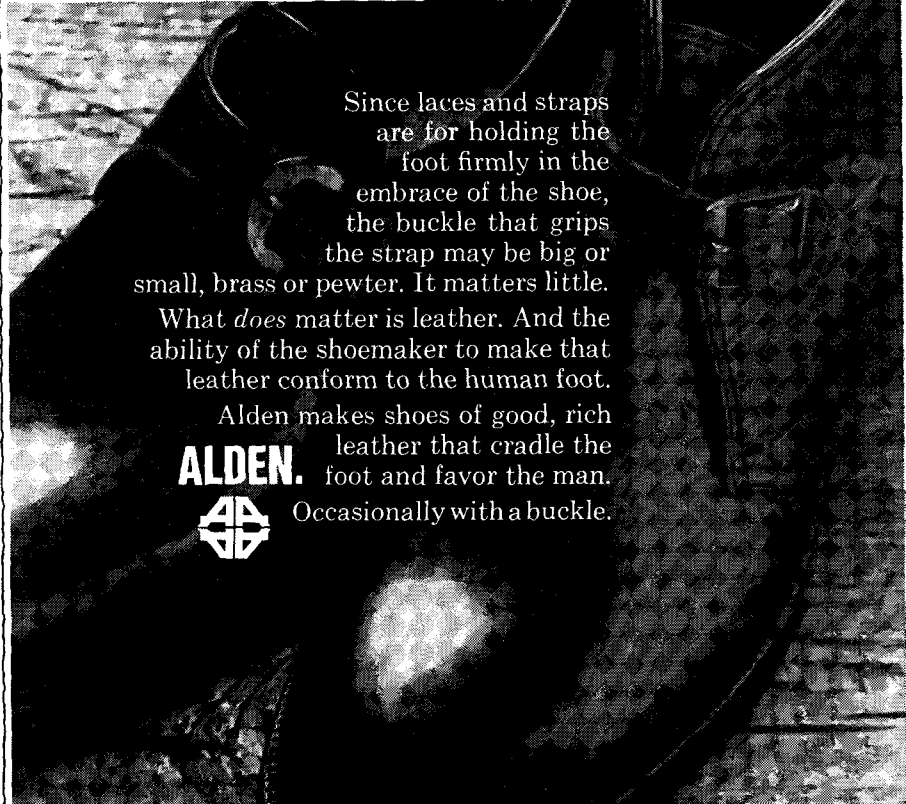
expertise, and a remarkable, if slightly uneven, analytical base. What they needed now was patience and consistency. That was the lesson of SALT II.

IT was just as well that SALT III, which began November 2nd, was a short round, lasting only forty-seven days. The two sides were further apart than at any other time. Washington had hoped for a negotiable Soviet response to its Option E which would permit an agreement in principle by the end of the year. Hope dissolved quickly. In tone and substance, the twice-weekly meetings were about as inspiring as Helsinki's brumous sky.

The Russians arrived still unprepared to talk precisely about issues that to the Americans cried out for precision. As before, they would neither confirm nor deny deploying the kinds and numbers of weapons that United States intelligence ascribed to them. Moscow's position had hardened during the recess. It now appears that the Soviet leaders were split, though into how many factions and on what issues no one can say. They were doubtless negotiating a good deal more with themselves than with the Americans. Very probably, the leaders were slowly sorting out their differences and trying to reach a consensus on SALT before the start of the Twenty-fourth Soviet Party Congress, on March 30, 1971. (It had been scheduled for late 1970 but mysteriously postponed.) Meanwhile, their immediate position combined inflexibility, generality, and unwillingness to negotiate on issues about which they were still uncertain or divided. The effect was to reinforce a suspicion among the Americans that it was they who were negotiating with themselves. A vexed American official unburdened himself in these words: "We have tabled three minutely detailed proposals. They complain bitterly about the degree of detail, yet they've learned a great deal about our programs. They've told us nothing. All we've got in return is general statements. And whatever they want in the way of agreement is supposed to be based on our acceptance of these general statements. The bulk of this negotiation is not bilateral but internal. We make presentations. They complain, because by objecting to the wealth of detail they get more of it. They'll say, for example, 'We do not understand the following points.' That obliges us to get into even more detail. Let's face it. They are learning a lot, but nothing else is happening."

The Soviet position was simplicity itself, and was perfectly suited to the

NOT TO EMBLAZON, BUT TO GRASP.



Since laces and straps are for holding the foot firmly in the embrace of the shoe, the buckle that grips the strap may be big or small, brass or pewter. It matters little.

What *does* matter is leather. And the ability of the shoemaker to make that leather conform to the human foot.

Alden makes shoes of good, rich leather that cradle the foot and favor the man.



Occasionally with a buckle.

Alabama: Sons & Harwell, Auburn. Calif: Huggins Shoes, LaJolla & Pasadena. Georgia: Spencers, Ltd., Atlanta. Mass: Arthur Johnson Co., Boston. New York: Tom Austin Shoes, N.Y.C. Ohio: Bunce Bros., Cleveland. Penna: Fillings, Lancaster. Texas: Chas. O. Smith Clothiers, Dallas. And other fine stores. For brochure, write: Alden Shoe Co., Middleborough, Mass. 02346.

The man who wrote "Around the World in 80 days" went around Scandinavia with Bennett

In 1862 Jules Verne took a Bennett Tour. He visited Christiania. Toured Norway via cariole. And avoided a wayside tavern because we said the food wasn't very good.

Today the carioles are gone. Christiania has become Oslo. But fine service and extra care are still a part of every Bennett Tour.

We can take you on an escorted Scandinavian tour that treats you royally, from lavish hotels, to guided sightseeing, to unusual gourmet meals. Or give you one that's more moderate. Or even plan a special vacation for you alone.

Whatever you're looking for, be sure to have Bennett arrange it. We'll take you around Scandinavia in 8 days or 80. And show you the best of our world.

Bennett Tours



For a free brochure
on Scandinavia write
270 Madison Ave
New York, N.Y. 10016

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
San Francisco's British Natural Shoulder Store Since 1946

**"Fuller Cut"™ Straight Leg
White Sailcloth Slacks \$12***

White Walk Shorts 9.95*
White or Reversible Black-to-Brown Leather Belt 8.50

A "Fuller Cut"™ for the man who needs a more ample, comfortable & better fitting slack. These handsome White sailcloth slacks by Levi's® need no ironing. Ideal for travel, sports, tennis, leisure, work. Coordinates well with blazers. Classic belt loop model with pre-cuffed straight bottoms. *Size 44-50, \$15.
*Classic White Dacron & cotton Walkshorts by Harris, sizes 30-42, 9.95. Size 44-48, 11.95.
1½" White or Reversible Black-to-Brown soft cowhide leather belt. 30-42, 8.50. Size 44-50, \$10.

Waist, inches	Length of Inseams
30-31	28-29-30-31-32
32-33	28-29-30-31-32-33
34-36-38	28-29-30-31-32-33-34-36*
40-42	28-29-30-31-32-33-34-36*
44-46-48-50*	28-30-32-34

Mail Orders to: White Sailcloth Slacks & Shorts, Belts
Cable Car Clothiers, No. 150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108

Circle Item	Qty.	Size	M.O. or Chk. ☐
Slacks or Shorts			Cable Charge ☐
Belt, White or Rev.			Sorry, no COD's

☐ Please send catalogue (415) 397-4740

Name.....
Address.....
.....Zip.....
Add 1.75 Ship. & Hdlg. * 5½% Sales Tax in Cal. M5-26



**INTRODUCING OUR WEAR-LIKE-IRON
JUST-LIKE-THEY-USED-TO-MAKE, SUPER
TOUGH, SUPER THICK BUTTERFLY COVER**

Here's a heavy-duty cover you simply won't have to replace year after year. And it fits every size frame, even the original Hardoy model. It's made of rugged, welter-weight 18-oz. duck, triple stitched with nylon threads; has double pockets at all stress points. Choose Black, White, Olive, Tangerine, Sky Blue, Royal Blue, Spring Green, Marigold or Lemon. **\$9.95**

Standard 10-oz. canvas covers available too: Black, Natural, Gold, Tangerine, Avocado or Turquoise. **\$6.95**

Postage: add \$1 for 1st cover; 50¢ for each additional cover. Add 5% if we mail to a California address. Satisfaction guaranteed. Please send check or money order; or charge to BankAmericard or MasterCard.



catalog \$1.; free with order.

550 Powell
Dept. NY526
San Francisco
California 94108

tactic of keeping SALT more or less on the shelf for a time. A fundamental difference that had lain just under the surface was conveniently emerging. The Americans wanted to limit both offensive and defensive weapons, while the Russians wanted a simple ABM agreement and had little, if any, interest in constraining offense. The White House, perceiving this, was doubly convinced that the only way to inhibit the Soviet buildup of the SS-9 and other missiles was to insist on tying offense to defense. The Russians had two objectives, which, for tactical reasons, were linked. First, they wanted a formal agreement on National Command Authority—on limiting each side to ABM defense of its capital city. The United States, of course, had helped by first proposing National Command Authority. Second, the Russians insisted that any negotiable proposal would have to take account of America's Forward Based Systems, consisting mainly, as has been noted, of tactical airplanes in Continental Europe and the Mediterranean.

On neither issue were the Russians clear. Yes, they wanted National Command Authority, but they still refused to talk about the numbers or types of the radars that would be permitted, or the numbers of defensive missiles, or any of the other highly technical but essential conditions of an ABM agreement. The Forward Based Systems issue was pressed with force and conviction; Moscow's aversion to a cluster of American airbases within striking distance of the motherland was genuine and long-standing, and was quite unaffected by Washington's argument that these planes were tactical, not strategic, and were essential to NATO war plans—notably, to counter the Soviet missiles targeted on Western European cities. The Russians argued that such airplanes, by virtue of their proximity, were not tactical but strategic. It was, and is, a good debating point; the Americans squirmed but conceded nothing on the Forward Based Systems. Probably they couldn't—not then, at least—because here, again, the Russians put the issue on grounds that were not specific, or even reasonable. They began by urging that all forward-based aircraft—both carrier-based and land-based—be withdrawn some unspecified distance from Soviet territory. Next, they demanded compensation; in exchange for those airplanes that were not withdrawn, the Soviet Union would be entitled under a SALT agree-

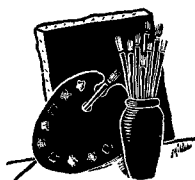
ment to deploy more strategic missiles. A variation on the theme was the notion that the United States should be penalized for its forward-based aircraft by being obliged to liquidate some unspecified portion of its actual strategic weapons.

Possibly, the Russians thought that the Forward Based Systems issue just might be negotiable on some such terms. If so, their leadership was investing its position with the kind of wishful thinking that the Americans displayed in pressing Option E. The Arms Control agency and some closely involved members of the State Department would have favored a deal on Forward Based Systems; not so the White House, for whom concessions on this issue might have caused serious trouble both with NATO governments and with the Joint Chiefs.

Hypersensitive questions would have arisen, among them the right of the United States to deploy aircraft carriers where it pleased, and, in turn, its ability to intervene in local conflicts on the Mediterranean littoral, if only to show the flag. The anxieties of the Western Europeans were a major consideration. Henry Kissinger later observed, in a congressional briefing after the Moscow summit agreements:

The Soviets believed that strategic meant any weapons system capable of reaching the Soviet Union or the United States. This would have included our forward-based aircraft and carrier forces, but excluded Soviet intermediate range rockets aimed at Europe and other areas. We opposed this approach since it would have prejudiced our alliance commitments and raised a distinction between our own security and that of our European allies.

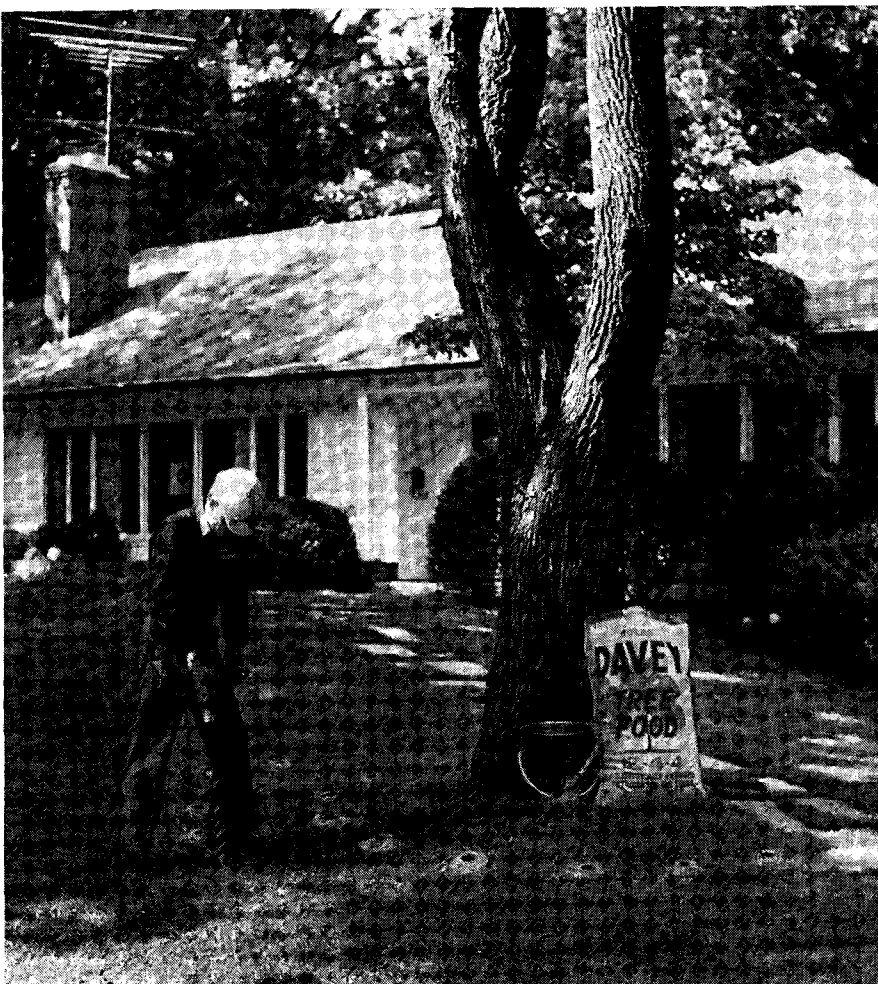
Toward the end of SALT III, Moscow dressed up its position by formally proposing the separation of offense from defense, and an ABM agreement based on National Command Authority. The Americans, who were still fine-tuning Option E and hoping it might even be negotiable, refused, insisting that agreement on ABMs alone was unacceptable. To this the Russians replied by declaring a willingness to negotiate limits on offensive weapons if the Forward Based Systems were included. They would not deal with offense on any other basis. Since Washington was unwilling to give ground on the Forward Based Systems, the obvious thing to do, argued the Russians, was to begin by agreeing to limit ABMs—a goal that both sides professed to seek. Washington refused. At best, it was an impasse. At worst, SALT



was having a perverse effect—planting doubts and uncertainties instead of promoting some understanding. Suspicion and mistrust were being fed, not dissipated. Again, Moscow was almost certainly confused, if not startled, by the versatility of the Americans in their efforts to contain the Soviet Union's natural and preferred source of strategic power—large land-based missiles. Some Kremlin-watchers in this country were starting to doubt seriously whether the Russians would be content with parity. The rate of Russian missile construction backed by a tough ABM-only SALT position aroused concern that Moscow was seeking to strip the United States of the right to defend itself against Soviet strategic power, the scope of which in numbers of missiles and in megatonnage would greatly exceed that of the United States unless it could be somehow braked by the kind of agreement that now seemed utterly non-negotiable. The Forward Based Systems issue was seen as another in a long series of Soviet initiatives aimed at dividing the United States from its allies. Growing tensions in the Middle East and Cuba, plus a disturbing Soviet naval buildup in the Mediterranean, added to the gloom. A Berlin agreement seemed at this time unattainable; again Moscow was being tough and uncompromising. To the degree that SALT relies on some identity of great-power interest, the prospect of any early agreement appeared even more doubtful than when the talks had begun, a year earlier. "Tensions with the U.S.S.R. in other areas cannot fail to have a negative influence," Gerard Smith said in December, breaking a two-year rule of no press interviews. Relations between Washington and Moscow were on the downside. Their identity of interest was narrowing—or so it seemed.

Washington was mildly cheered—although not for long, as it turned out—by a curious but seemingly genuine slowdown of the SS-9 program. As recently as October 9th, Defense Secretary Melvin R. Laird had announced that more than three hundred SS-9s had been deployed or were under construction. But on December 16th he revealed that the program was slowing down. The Russians, it turned out, had halted work on eighteen SS-9 silos started eight months earlier and had not begun any new construction for either SS-9s or the smaller and more numerous SS-11s. The Soviet ICBM program, it seemed, had finally levelled off at about fifteen hundred, including two hundred and eighty-eight SS-9s.

Skepticism, caution, and suspicion



Want beautiful, healthy trees? Begin with a Davey deep-root feeding

... and a copy of our new tree-care booklet

Deep-root feeding is one of the many important Davey services that will maintain your trees in healthy, luxuriant condition. Feeding will build up their vitality to help resist destructive insects and diseases.

Don't take chances. Insist on modern technology and trained personnel to protect your trees and shrubs. It costs no more to call Davey. Look for Davey in the Yellow Pages under Tree Service.

Send for this beautiful new Davey Tree Booklet

Latest edition of "Davey Guide to Tree Beauty and Tree Care" shows how to recognize signs of tree trouble, provides a calendar to plan tree-care work.

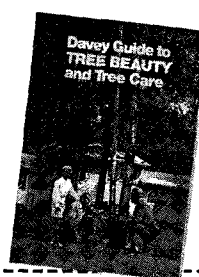
Value of pruning and tree fertilization, importance of cabling, bracing, and cavity work are explained.

Tells how to plant small, bare-root trees; shows how to move large trees; features full-color illustrations of 16 common insects and tree diseases.

Explains how to select trees for shade, windbreaks, screens, and fall color. Lists new and popular trees, their mature height, climatic zones, flowering effects.

Easy-to-follow directions help homeowners plan best location for new trees, avoid common landscape mistakes, and create grounds that increase in beauty and value.

Send the coupon with \$1.00 (includes postage and handling) for this informative 36-page booklet.



DAVEY TREE,
Department 6
117 South Water Street
Kent, Ohio 44240

Enclosed is \$_____ for _____ copies of the "Davey Guide to Tree Beauty and Tree Care."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

DAVEY TREE 
KENT, OHIO 44240
Coast to Coast and Canada

It's Carroll Reed for...



... Woof & Woof & Woof. Did you ever hear a salty sea dog bark? You might in this Salty Sea Doggie lined dress by Vested Gentress. 65% polyester/35% cotton in white/navy. Sizes 6-18. \$31.00 Ppd.

Send for our salt-free catalog.

Carroll Reed
(Mail Order), Inc.

BOX 570 NORTH CONWAY, NEW HAMPSHIRE 03860
SHOPS: CAMPTON, N. H., SIMSBURY & WESTPORT, CT.

come naturally to those in Washington who deal with the Soviet Union. The effect of three rounds of SALT was to sharpen the tendency to expect the worst. A large part of the bureaucracy was second-guessing the White House, and was downright critical. One concern was that in offering National Command Authority the White House had played its high card—an ABM limitation—with little assurance of getting in return an agreement on offensive weapons. More specifically, the bureaucracy worried—and with reason—that “informed” opinion might force the President to accept an ABM-only agreement, thus depriving the Russians of any incentive to talk seriously about limiting offensive weapons. Thanks to a leak in Washington, the essence of the Soviet position crept into the American press. A New York Times editorial of January 17, 1971, said just what the Administration and most of the SALT bureaucracy least wanted to hear:

The Soviet Union's suggestion of a preliminary strategic arms agreement restricting antiballistic missile (ABM) defenses in both countries deserves an immediate, favorable American response without waiting for resumption of formal talks....

A meaningful agreement on offensive delivery systems is proving difficult to negotiate. The Soviet Union wants all American tactical bombers in Europe counted in the numerical limitations, something the United States justifiably refuses....

It would be self-defeating to endanger a possible ABM agreement by insisting that offensive weapons limitations must be linked to it....

The editorial was an early warning—an expression of a view that took hold quickly in liberal political circles and in much of academe. Even the best-informed people knew little about SALT except that the Administration was reluctant to accept an ABM-only agreement and to ban MIRVs, which were just beginning to be deployed. They needed to know nothing more to become convinced that if MIRV could not be halted the negotiators should speedily agree to remove the single greatest source of instability, the ABM. The pressure was all on the Nixon Administration. The momentum of its SALT preparation had been artfully diverted by the Russians. With their solitary proposal for an ABM-only agreement, they had maneuvered the Americans onto the defensive; much of enlightened opinion in the United States was falling in behind the Soviet position.

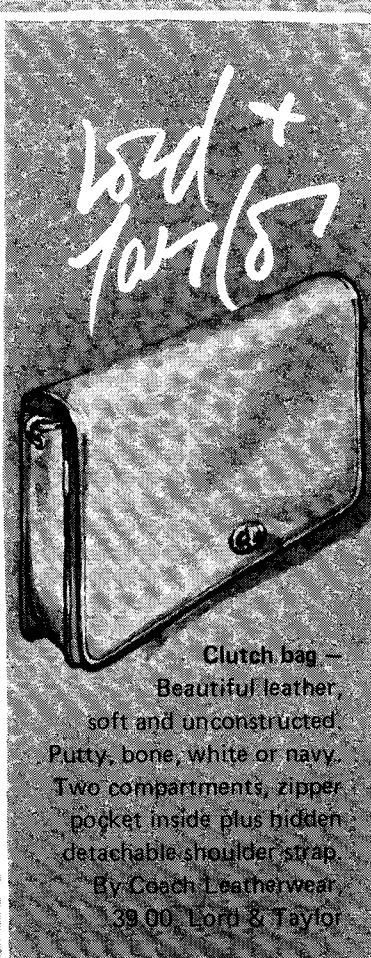
A real and lasting dividend of SALT

Dolly



from The Littles by Hudson Pewter

All the wonder and delight of childhood is captured in this new series of twenty figurines by noted American sculptress Walli Ortman. Of contemporary hand-crafted pewter with copper accents these little charmers measure 4" high. Each \$30. at fine stores. Write for the name of the one nearest you. Exclusively distributed by Schmid Brothers, Incorporated, 55 Pacella Park Drive, Randolph, Massachusetts 02368.



Clutch bag —
Beautiful leather,
soft and unconstructed.
Putty, bone, white or navy.
Two compartments, zipper
pocket inside plus hidden
detachable shoulder strap.
By Coach Leatherwear
\$39.00. Lord & Taylor

Aunt Abigail's SMOCK

We have gone to great lengths to make this notable Berkshire landmark servicable for almost every purpose.

Now our bright and cheerful classic country smock is available in three great lengths, three great patterns! Swinging full from a large round yoke with big square practical pockets and matching buttons on front and cuffs.



Fingerling length Just right for career girls in the office, store, at-home chores. Wear it over slacks or skirts, too. \$11.95.

Knee length wonderful as a dress as well as a cover-up. Belt it or wear it loose and easy. \$16.95

Ankle length an elegant breakfast robe that assures instant respectability when the doorbell rings. \$21.95

All in red or navy country gingham check; bandana print in red or navy; multicolor Victorian flower print on red or black backgrounds. 100% colorfast machine washable cotton. Sizes small, medium, or large. Please specify size, length, pattern, color. All postpaid.

J. JILL LTD.

Dept. N-26
Great Barrington,
Mass. 01230

JAMAICA AT ITS VERY BEST



- luxurious club atmosphere
- 2 golden beaches
- all rooms private balconies overlooking the sea
- terrace dining; dancing nightly
- superb cuisine
- golf, tennis, sailing, fishing, all watersports

Ocho Rios,
Jamaica, W.I.

Plantation Inn

See your travel agent or
Robert F. Warner, Inc.
(212) 586-4500.

III lay well ahead and could not have been predicted. It was the reward sometimes bestowed for patience. Finding itself in an awkward position, the Administration kept its poise. A hard political logic was pushing the United States toward an agreement innocent of any constraint on offensive weapons. Washington refused to bend to this logic; the White House would continue to insist that any deal on SALT would have to link offense with defense. And the White House was to be vindicated. Nobody was distracted by the irony that in first proposing talks, in 1967, Washington wanted to limit or ban ABMs and cared little about offense, while the Russians were then concerned about America's commanding lead in offensive missiles and were determined to cling to the ABM option.

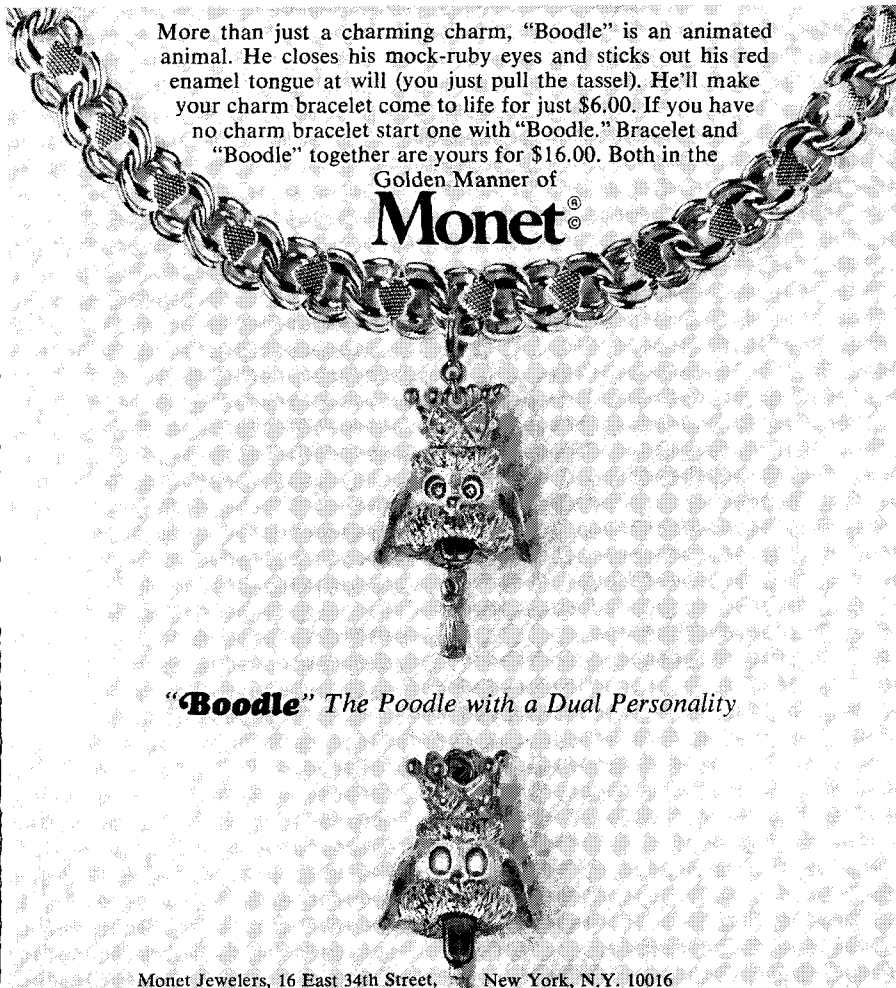
I BARRICADE myself behind time, and make patience my weapon," said Metternich, a figure thought to have had more than a little influence on the formation of Henry Kissinger's ideas. Three months would separate SALT III from the next round, which was due to start in Vienna on March 15th, just two weeks before the opening of the Twenty-fourth Soviet Party Congress. Both capitals would have time to wrestle with internal political difficulties thrown up by SALT, and also to think about how to break the stalemate without harming their basic positions, which with time had grown further apart. SALT IV would become the focus of intense activity, most of it carried on in Washington and Moscow rather than in Vienna.

For the Kremlin, there remained the apparently difficult problem of moving onto more negotiable ground and carrying along all the Party leaders and the military. On the surface, Moscow seemed unwilling to bend. Its public silence on SALT was broken on February 3, 1971, when *Pravda* issued a heavy broadside against Washington's strategic policies and its SALT position. Special exception was taken to Safeguard, to MIRV, and, finally, to forward-based aircraft, and Washington's unwillingness to discuss those of its weapons deployed overseas. Three days later, on February 6th, the Washington correspondent of *Izvestia* charged that Gerard Smith, while secretly briefing the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, had taken a negative view of the Soviet proposal for an ABM agreement. The article said that "the idea of concluding such an agreement [on ABMs only] has evoked great interest in

More than just a charming charm, "Boodle" is an animated animal. He closes his mock-ruby eyes and sticks out his red enamel tongue at will (you just pull the tassel). He'll make your charm bracelet come to life for just \$6.00. If you have no charm bracelet start one with "Boodle." Bracelet and "Boodle" together are yours for \$16.00. Both in the

Golden Manner of

Monet®



"Boodle" The Poodle with a Dual Personality

Monet Jewellers, 16 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

LITTLE ONE®

By Johnston

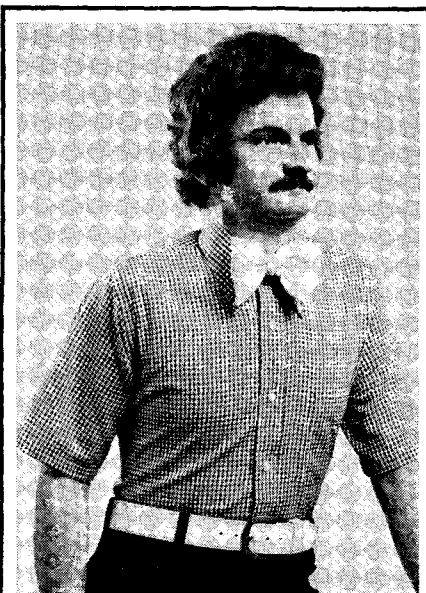
makes any occasion special. Sketched from our designer collection, pin dotted navy and white polyester/cotton. Toddler 2 to 4, about 14.00. Girls' 3 to 6x, about 16.00

Bonwit Teller,
I. Magnin,
Marshall Field

and other fine stores or write

Johnston, Inc., Box 15125, Dallas, Texas 75201

THIS IS AYRES'



Further Father's Fashion Image in the newest look from Gant Shirt-makers. Button-down check gingham of durable-press polyester-cotton. Red, blue, brown; 14½-17. 12.00 The white linen-look bow tie. 5.50

L.S. Ayres + co.

Men's, dept. 511, Indianapolis 46204
Please add 75¢ handling; 4% tax in Indiana

The Dorado life. We live it best.

Ah! The Dorado life. A casually elegant way of living that happens best at the new Dorado del Mar Hotel and Country Club.

Located in the lush tropical countryside, just outside exciting San Juan, on 256 acres the Dorado del Mar becomes your own private world away from it all.

A breathtaking white powder beach. Championship 18 hole sea-side golf. And 4 of the finest tennis courts in Puerto Rico.

Add gourmet cuisine, sparkling nightlife and our fabulous new casino and you have one of the world's finest and most complete resorts.

For a further taste of the "Dorado life" send the coupon for our new brochure.

dorado del mar

HOTEL AND COUNTRY CLUB
280 Park Avenue New York, N.Y. 10017
212-972-0104 NY526

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

American political and scientific circles, and the senators listening to Smith were puzzled by his extreme negative approach to such a practical step."

The White House lost not a second in mounting a subtle yet direct assault on its SALT dilemma. It began to take an even more direct hand in the action, little of which was publicly visible, and the essence of which was concealed from the SALT bureaucracy, from most of the Administration, and even from Kissinger's own staff. The problem was how to change direction without discarding or compromising the essentials of the American position. First, the Administration and the bureaucracy had to be assured that the Soviet offense could not plausibly threaten the American deterrent or, through sheer magnitude, undercut American foreign policy. By now, the Russians either had deployed or had under construction about four hundred and fifty more ICBMs than the Americans, plus about three hundred and fifty missiles on nuclear submarines, with many more of these on the way. They had also recently concluded extensive tests of multiple warheads for both the SS-9 and the SS-11. Along with many bureaucrats, critics such as Senator Henry Jackson, a presumed Presidential candidate, felt strongly that Minuteman had to be defended. Obviously, the National Command Authority and Zero-ABM options contained in Option E would mean abandoning Minuteman defense. And Safeguard was by now shorn of credibility as a reliable protector of ICBM sites. Some analysts, mostly in the Pentagon, also worried that missile-firing Soviet submarines could in just a few minutes catch American B-52 bombers on the ground and destroy command centers and communication links.

The bare bones of the White House position turned up in the President's annual State of the World Message to Congress—a Nixon-Kissinger innovation. This bulky document, which was released on February 25th, had quite a lot to say about strategic arms, including a clear rejection of Moscow's quest for an ABM-only agreement. "To limit only one side of the offense-defense equation could rechannel the arms competition rather than effectively curtail it," said Nixon. The document noted the apparent slowdown of the SS-9 program, calling it alternately "unclear" and "ambiguous," and seeming to solicit from Moscow a signal that a limitation on

giant missiles was negotiable. Moscow was put on notice that movement toward a first-strike capability would cause Washington "to react appropriately." Was the Soviet Union, Nixon asked, really prepared to settle for "strategic equilibrium"? The statement said that the United States would have to proceed with a "minimal" ABM program, but it also hinted that a Zero-ABM agreement might be negotiable. Actually, the Administration was continuing to seek funds to proceed with the four Safeguard sites. Safeguard-in-the-role-of-bargaining-chip remained basic to the White House strategy.

The White House also had under way, perhaps belatedly, a series of so-called "survivability" studies, aimed at measuring the actual vulnerability of the United States triad of ICBMs, SLBMs, and strategic bombers. The studies pointed up an inexorable, though not immediate, threat to Minuteman. Safeguard was seen to offer negligible protection to those missiles it might defend. Concern about the B-52 bombers was relieved by an analysis showing that in order to catch them on the ground the Soviet Union would need to develop something called a depressed-trajectory missile, and, as far as Washington knew, was not even working on such a weapon. In any case, the Air Force was starting to disperse the bombers by moving many of them away from coastal bases. Any potential threat to United States nuclear submarines was established as even more remote. Soviet anti-submarine-warfare technique was, and is, lagging well behind America's, and it is still hard to envisage either side's deploying a reliable system for cancelling out the other's sub-launched missiles.

It couldn't have been more than a few days after Nixon released the State of the World Message that he got his signal—a harsh one—as to whether the Soviets were finished building big missiles or were just taking a breather. The message came not from Moscow but from United States intelligence, which had spotted some very large new holes situated in Soviet SS-9 fields, of which there are six, spread in an oval over more than a thousand miles of the central Soviet Union, east of the Ural Mountains.

It was a rude shock. Moscow's abandoning the eighteen older SS-9 silos had been a matter of *reculer pour mieux sauter*. At that stage, United States intelligence could not reliably forecast either the scope or the nature



of the new buildup. Unlike the Americans, the Russians sometimes dig holes and build silos before testing new missiles. Soon new holes also began to appear in SS-11 fields in western Russia. The buildup continued into July, and in the end American intelligence counted ninety-one new holes; of these, twenty-five were in SS-9 fields and were designed to house a missile at least the size of the SS-9, while sixty-six smaller holes could accommodate the SS-11. In Washington, some parts of the bureaucracy thought (or hoped) that Moscow was not altering its missiles but adopting harder silos. Others thought that Moscow was preparing silos to accept a MIRVed version of its missiles. Still others believed that the new holes portended either an entirely new and more powerful missile or new and more efficient launching techniques, or both.

As articles about the new holes began to appear in the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, critics of the Administration fretted that the story was probably exaggerated—designed to promote Safeguard and to vindicate the rejection by the White House of an ABM-only agreement. The fact was that nobody would know for a full year what sort of weapons would go into the new holes. The effect of their presence, however, was indeed to banish any lingering hope that the Administration would take an ABM-only agreement.

IN conducting sensitive diplomacy, the government operates in what are called “the front channel” and “the back channel;” in the case of SALT, the front channel means, for the most part, instructions sent to the delegation and reports from the delegation to Washington. Front-channel messages are often highly classified—sometimes restricted to a small handful of people. The back channel may involve utterly private contacts between two individuals—say, Henry Kissinger and Gerard Smith in the case of SALT—or it may mean secret contacts between an American official and a representative of another government, about which only the President and possibly one or two of his senior officials are informed. Kissinger’s initial contacts with China are a good example of back-channel activity. So was a SALT initiative that the White House took in January, 1971. Five months later, that initiative produced the first, and perhaps the major, breakthrough so far in SALT. Nearly all the activity was carried on in the back channel—by Henry Kissinger, who kept fully informed only his con-

Aalborg Akvavit. Drink it the way the Danes drink it.



Six imported Akvavit glasses \$5.50.

Ask any Dane. A great way to start a meal is with a glass or two of ice-cold Aalborg—the best-selling Akvavit in Denmark and in the world. And what greater way to drink it than out of authentic Aalborg Akvavit glasses!

To get all six of yours, send \$5.50 (check or money order) to Danisco, P.O. Box 840, DK-2100 Copenhagen, Denmark. Make check or money order payable to “Danisco, Copenhagen.”

Offer expires March 1, 1974. Taxes and duty, if any, payable on receipt.
86 Proof Danish Akvavit. Distilled from Grain. Sole Importer U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.C.

Handmade



SIBERIAN
Lightweight spiked
Ladies golf shoe
Brown and white
Baby llama calf
\$110

Classic, timeless styling. Brochure on request.
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President

Belgian Shoes

60 East 56 St., New York 10022, (212) PL 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.
AMERICAN EXPRESS & MASTER
CHARGE CARDS & BANKAMERICARD



**Buttontown
Lionwear.**

The men's shop at The Country Store of Concord. A stronghold for purists in search of poplin, madras and seersucker slacks. Or natural fiber shirts like the blue oxford buttontown, the Lacoste knit, and fresh Irish cottons. From the very best makers. And fit for a you-know-what.

The Country Store of Concord

Concord, Westwood, Beverly Farms, Edgartown, Nantucket, Mass.,
Guilford, Greenwich, Ct., Far Hills, N.J., Falmouth, Me.

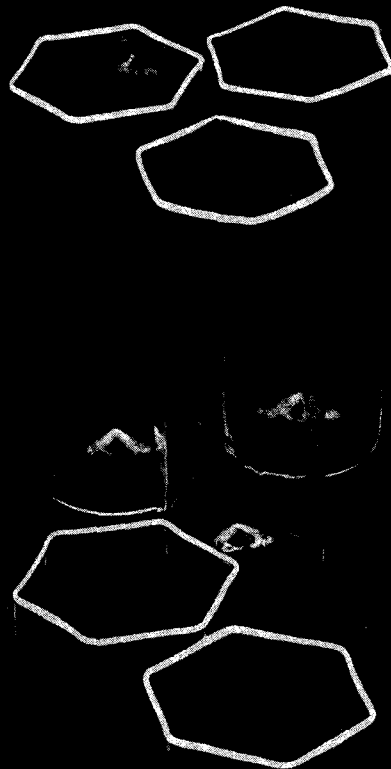
stituency of one. It began with a meeting between Kissinger and Soviet Ambassador Anatoly F. Dobrynin on January 9th. Dobrynin was told that the President would insist on a link between offense and defense. Months later, the columnist Marquis Childs reported that Dobrynin also saw the President on January 9th and was given a personal message to be delivered to Premier Alexei N. Kosygin. This was the first in a series of Nixon-Kosygin and Nixon-Brezhnev exchanges aimed at "breaking the stalemate," as the President later put it. The security on this correspondence was—and is—remarkable. Even after the breakthrough in May, senior members of the Administration were not permitted to see it—unless, that is, they had an absolute need, as in the case of Gerard Smith. The same restriction applied, for the most part, to Kissinger's staff. At the first meeting, Kissinger and Dobrynin swiftly agreed that the key issues were two: the American insistence on dealing simultaneously with offensive weapons, and the Soviet commitment to the Forward Based Systems issue. They then arranged to open the back channel on SALT. They met again toward the end of January, with Dobrynin expressing Moscow's "sympathy" and indicating that his government wanted their private talks to continue. After this, the two discussed the kinds of offensive systems that might be included in the agreement. A breakthrough of sorts occurred during the second week of February; the Politburo, Dobrynin revealed to Kissinger, had authorized him to tell the President that the Soviet Union wanted a SALT agreement. Dobrynin added that Moscow preferred a straight National Command Authority deal on ABMs but would settle for something else. Kissinger was then taking the line that it was unfair to ask the United States to dismantle an ongoing Safeguard program while the Soviet Union maintained its Galosh system for defending Moscow. Some sparring ensued, and then in March the Soviets began to "backpedal," as one American put it. In both the back channel (that is to say, the meetings between Kissinger and Dobrynin) and the front channel (the talks in Vienna), Moscow abruptly reprised its ABM-only offer.

March and April were the gloomiest months. Moscow's backpedalling coincided with the discovery of the new holes. Kissinger felt pressure as he entered the back channel with Dobrynin. Moscow clearly intended to have superior numbers in offensive missiles.

HEXAGON

DESIGN PAOLO VENINI #3273
COLOR OF GLASS: STRAW-CORAL RIM
16 EAST 39 STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10016.
212/685-3080
CONTRACT AND RESIDENTIAL GIFTWARE
AND LIGHTING

VENINI



Needlepoint a Leopard Cub



Hand-painted in oil on #14 mono. Includes persian yarn, needles and instructions. 14" diameter. \$39.00 ppd.

3 issue Catalogue 2.00.



papillon

375 Pharr Road, NE
Atlanta, Georgia 30305

CAPE COD VACATIONING CHATHAM BARS INN

and Non-Housekeeping Cottages

**A GRACIOUS AMERICAN PLAN
RESORT HOTEL
FOR FINE SUMMER LIVING**

A 65-acre estate overlooking the ocean on the Outer Elbow of Cape Cod—well away from the crowded areas. Excellent accommodations in the main hotel building or in non-housekeeping cottages designed for individual or family occupancy. Private Beach, Golf, Tennis, Dancing, Cocktail Lounge, Superior New England cuisine, Summer Theatre, Shops, Fishing nearby. Late May to early October. For brochure write

E. R. McMullen, Jr., Manager
P. O. Box 666E, Tel 617-945-0096
Chatham, Cape Cod, Mass. 02633

Thus, Option E would have to be scrapped, and, with it, any hope of agreement on "equal aggregates;" that is, strict parity in numbers of offensive missiles. (The new holes only made this perception clearer.) The Administration was faced with three requirements: somehow to escape the trap it had laid for itself in offering National Command Authority; to sidetrack the Forward Based Systems question; and, of course, to obtain a limit on the SS-9 (and any even more horrendous siblings that might be in gestation). Back in December, Kissinger had ordered his staff to prepare a new look at the offensive side of SALT. As for defense, he had an idea of his own about that. The staff memorandum had arrived on his desk on January 11th, two days after the back channel, unbeknownst to the staff, was opened. It suggested some variations on a single theme: a proposal to freeze offensive weapons at existing levels. Although at least one of the variants was rigged in a way to deny the Soviets numerical superiority, the freeze idea merely underlined the handwriting on the wall. Any agreement on offensive weapons, especially if it were to exclude Forward Based Systems, would have to grant Moscow a sizable edge in strategic missiles. One of the variants proposed discarding Safeguard in return for Soviet agreement to halt further deployment of all offensive missiles, both ICBMs and SLBMs. Kissinger, still keeping his own counsel, was unimpressed by this idea. The White House, as noted, would cling to Safeguard, and not just for its bargaining value. Neither the National Command Authority nor Zero—a total ban on ABMs—was in the cards. National Command Authority really meant Zero for the United States, since Congress was unlikely to authorize funds for it. And Zero was regarded—above all, by the White House—as unacceptable to the Russians, who would balk at dismantling Galosh. All this foreshadowed intensive bargaining for a deal that would leave each side free to keep all, or some portion, of its existing ABM program. The freeze, on the other hand, either impressed Kissinger or conformed to his own thinking. But not for a few months would the delegation or the SALT bureaucracy or most of the Administration discover that.

On March 11th, the White House issued Decision Memorandum 102, which instructed Gerard Smith to of-

fer an ABM deal that would allow Moscow to keep Galosh and the United States to complete the four Safeguard sites for which funds were available. Since nobody expected the Russians to swallow such a disparity in numbers of sites, this so-called four-to-one offer puzzled some members of the American delegation and troubled others. Actually, the offer was designed as a holding action while Kissinger explored the back channel with Dobrynin.

The Russians moved first. Less than a week after the start, on March 15th, of SALT IV, their delegation repeated the ABM-only offer in the form of a draft treaty: each side would be limited to National Command Authority and about a hundred interceptor missiles. The proposal said nothing about radar controls. The gloom, which by now was a fixed attitude, grew heavier. Any ABM agreement that failed to limit numbers and types of radars would be worse than no agreement, since it would cause each side to look upon new radars deployed by the other as possible evidence of a clandestine ABM buildup. Such an agreement would promote, rather than quiet, fears and instabilities.

On March 26th, Smith, in turn, offered the new United States four-to-one proposition, but without prejudice to the two other options—National Command Authority and Zero—which, he said, were still on the table. Semenov's position was mildly interesting. Unlike Smith, who had been kept in the dark, he *was* informed of the back-channel Kissinger-Dobrynin talks—the locus of the real action. Thus, he understood

that the four-to-one proposal was a negotiating ploy; he also knew that Moscow would not be prepared for any departures in either the front or the back channel until after the Party Congress, which was due to

start in four days and which he would attend. He rejected the four-to-one proposal out of hand, reiterating, "You offer one thing (National Command Authority); we accept, and then you come back with Zero, and now still another proposal. He had a point. Washington had put three ABM options before the Soviets. One closely involved American says, 'We probably made them uncomfortable with Zero, but with four-to-one we insulted them—or, at least, they professed to be insulted.'"

During tea breaks and in other informal contacts over the next few days,



The sensuous shirt. It's long. Lissome. And luxuriously printed with lush, jungle scenes in rich, earth tones of black/beige/orange/grey.

Silky-soft, Ban-Lon® knit of 100% nylon, in 8 to 16 sizes, 48.00 American Express, BankAmericard, and Master Charge accepted. Fifth Avenue and branches.

PECK & PECK

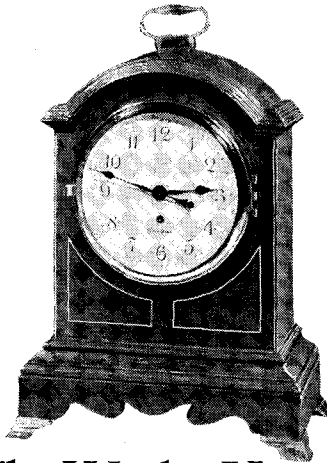


Mail order to 677 Fifth Avenue or call (212) 883-6570. Add applicable tax plus .75 handling beyond delivery area. No c.o.d.'s.

Chelsea Clock is the only company authorized by Williamsburg Restoration Incorporated to make this charming traditional clock. And every detail has been painstakingly reproduced. Case: Hand rubbed mahogany with a holly wood inlay. Feet, sash and handle: polished brass. Key wind movements: Striking at \$330 and non-striking at \$240. Height: 10½". Dial: 3⅞". At finer jewelry and department stores and at Williamsburg itself. Or just write to us today at 286 Everett Avenue, Chelsea, Mass. 02150.

**BUNKER
RAMO**

Chelsea



**The Wythe House
by Chelsea**



distinctive

CHRISTMAS CARDS

The new catalogue of the famous Museum Christmas cards—an unparalleled selection of paintings, drawings, goldsmiths' work, stained glass, sculpture, textiles, and graphics. ☆ The more than one hundred unusual Museum Christmas presents include exact copies of ancient jewelry in gold and silver, sculpture, rare early American glass, pewter, porcelain, needlework, small medieval bells in silver and pure gold, an Egyptian Magic wall calendar, and the new engagement calendar, *Gardens: East & West*. The cards are priced from 10 to 35 cents; the Christmas presents start at \$2.95. Made especially for the Museum, they can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. Reserve your copy now of the 88-page color catalogue to be mailed September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed **N1**

Name _____

Address _____

ZIP _____

Soviet delegates asked why the Americans seemed to shrink from National Command Authority after having proposed it. The Americans were reluctant to admit that National Command Authority would probably be aborted on Capitol Hill, so they replied, in effect, Granted you have a debating point. But this isn't a debate. We can't dismantle an ongoing program (Safe-guard) any more than you can. So let's try for agreement. The issue arose in the next plenary session, on April 1st. Standing in for the absent Semenov was Roland M. Timerbaev, a Foreign Ministry official. The four-to-one idea was again rejected. Timerbaev said that since the United States had offered three alternatives, his government had a choice. It had, he said, chosen National Command Authority. The American delegation cabled that the Soviet statement indicated a rejection of the two alternatives to National Command Authority. A week later, on April 8th, the Soviet delegation announced that it had been instructed to confirm Semenov's statement of March 26th that four-to-one was unacceptable. At that point, matters bogged down. Neither the Russians nor the Americans had anything more to offer. Beyond instructing Smith to offer four-to-one, Decision Memorandum 102 gave the United States delegation little room for maneuver. So the delegations were left to their jejune tasks of clarifying familiar and non-negotiable positions. The Americans did shed many of their eleven original collateral constraints at this time. Some had already been discarded or loosened at Helsinki. Now, except for the ban on silo modification, they all went. Otherwise, nothing was happening.

THE Twenty-fourth Soviet Party Congress tightened the control of the Party's chief, Leonid I. Brezhnev, who was committing himself to a full-blown policy of détente with the West. Agreement with the Americans on SALT abruptly became priority business. Ambassador Dobrynin was promoted from candidate membership to full membership in the Central Committee during the Party Congress, which, of course, he attended. Dobrynin stayed on for two additional weeks, and returned to Washington toward the end of April prepared to do serious business with Henry Kissinger. For the first time, Moscow was ready to talk about linking offensive and defensive weapons. The back channel was flooded with activity. Kissinger and Dobrynin were now negotiating. They often met

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF PETER

The best time is after April 30th. Because that's when Peter Island is half-priced. The simple island life in the British Virgin waters is as lovely as ever. But the price of the fabulous beach cottages, with three gourmet meals included each day, has been cut in half. So ask the Bennett people about Peter's off-season rates. It isn't often you'll find such luxury at such a bargain. Write Bennett Tours, 270 Madison Ave., NYC 10016. (212) 532-5060.

**PETER
ISLAND** Yacht Club,
British Virgin Islands



Millbrook
Spotsylvania, Virginia

*Only at authentically restored
Millbrook can you actually live the
life of a wealthy plantation owner
of the 1800s.*

Couples, \$200 a day. Singles, \$150.
LINDEN HALL Spotsylvania, Virginia 22553

Most rewarding way to buy English china:
order Spode, Coalport, Royal Doulton, Minton, Wedgwood—all the famous names—direct from London. Send for free, 24-page colour catalogue with dollar prices from

The General Trading Company
144 Sloane Street London SW1X 9BL England

Wooden Floor Lamps
WARD and ROME

63 E. 57th St.,
New York, N.Y. 10022

in Kissinger's office, and they had innumerable telephone conversations. In broad outline, Kissinger and Dobrynin were talking about a formal ABM agreement and something less formal—an interim freeze, perhaps—on some kinds of offensive weapons. Soon they were caught up in a frenetic effort to fill in some of the blanks, thus moving SALT within sight of agreement.

For reasons nobody in Washington understands, the Soviet SALT delegation suddenly jumped into the act. Semenov dined with Smith in Vienna on May 4th, and, speaking from a written brief, observed that Smith had raised the issue of a joint freeze on ICBMs. Smith replied that he had not raised any such issue and knew nothing about it; that was true. Semenov then proposed an ABM agreement limiting both sides to National Command Authority, with an understanding that ICBM construction would be halted afterward. This aroused some interest and considerable suspicion among the Americans. Moscow, it seemed, might be trying to snare the cherished ABM agreement by talking in vague terms about a limitation on offensive missiles, even while digging all those new holes. Two days later, on May 6th, another tête-à-tête conversation indicated a possible Soviet willingness to go beyond Semenov's suggestion and simply halt further ICBM construction. This same encounter also produced the first hint that Moscow was ready to accept the so-called sublimit on very large missiles, like the SS-9, that Washington had pressed so assiduously.

That *was* interesting. The SALT bureaucracy in Washington, like the delegation, was titillated by what seemed to be an important Soviet initiative. Curiously, the delegates, unbeknownst to themselves, were overtaking their back-channel colleagues. Kissinger and Dobrynin were now feverishly negotiating an exchange of identical letters between Nixon and the Soviet leadership, and also a joint United States-Soviet announcement for release in two weeks' time. Dobrynin, having more authority than his colleagues in Vienna, had come a little further than they toward accommodating the American demand for "simultaneity;" that is, limiting offense and defense at the same time. Also, where his colleagues in Vienna were still rigorously pushing a straight National Command Authority deal on ABMs, Dobrynin, while not yet abandoning that position, was showing signs of flexibility. Kissinger was urging some kind of "equality" in ABMs which in effect

Our multi color dots
make a subtle new plaid
in soft Arnel®

This free spirited
dress and jacket by Carillon in
Celanese Arnel® triacetate is
perfect for Town, Country,
or Travel.

In brown/turquoise/natural
or navy/green/red.

Sizes 10 to 20. \$90.00

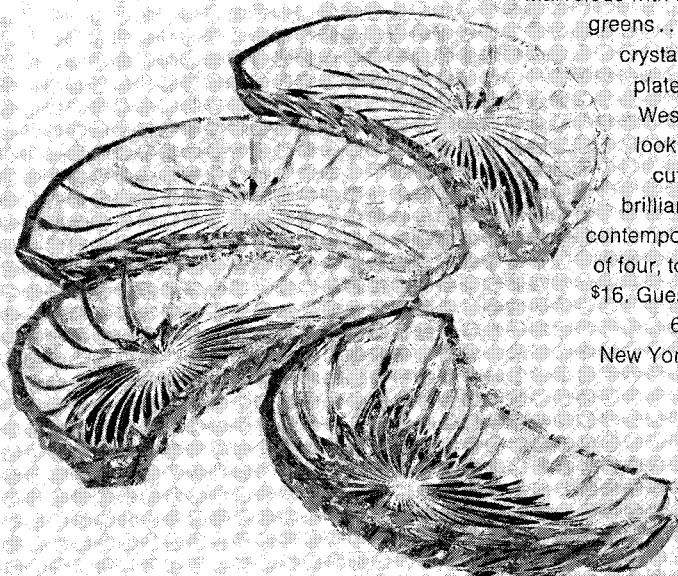
Please add \$1.00 for handling

B Siegel

Woodward at State
Detroit, Michigan 48216



What goes well with green?



Marvelous with all your Summer greens... our fluted lead crystal crescent salad plates imported from West Germany. The look of antique hand cut crystal with the brilliance to shine in a contemporary setting. Set of four, to have or to give, \$16. Guest and Gift Shop, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75¢ for handling, mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
San Francisco's British Natural Shoulder Store Since 1946

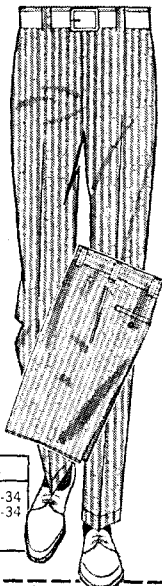
**"Fuller Cut"™ Classic Seersucker
Slacks 12.95* Shorts 10.95***

A classic for warm weather, lightweight no-iron Dacron & cotton, crisp Blue & White or Brown & White striped seersucker slacks & walk shorts. Ideal for travel, leisure, dress. Coordinates well with sportcoats. Classic belt loop model with pre-cuffed straight bottoms in a "Fuller Cut"™ for the man who needs a more ample, comfortable & better fitting slacks & walk shorts. *Sizes 44-48, 14.95. Walkshorts 32-42, 10.95. *Sizes 44-48, 12.95.

1½" White or Reversible Black-to-Brown soft cowhide leather belt, 30-42, 8.50. Sizes 44-48, \$10.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

Waist Size	Length Inseam
32-33-34-36	28-29-30-31-32-33-34
38-40-42	28-29-30-31-32-33-34
44-46-48*	28-30-32-34



MAIL ORDERS TO: Seersucker Slacks, Shorts, Belts
Cable Car Clothiers, No. 150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108

Circle Item	Color	Size	M.O. or Chk. ☐
Slacks or Shorts			Cable Charge ☐
Belt, White or Rev.			Sorry, no COD's

☐ Please send catalogue (415) 397-4740

Name.....

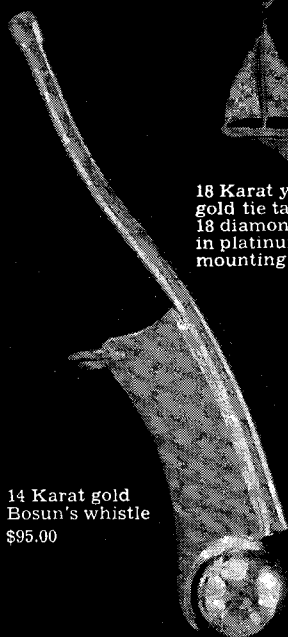
Address.....

Zip.....

Add \$1.75 Ship & Hldg.; 5½% Tax in Cal.

M 5-26

**A Bit of the Nautical
... with a Flair for the Elegant**



18 Karat yellow
gold tie tack with
18 diamonds paved
in platinum
mounting \$470.00

14 Karat gold
Bosun's whistle
\$95.00

Postpaid anywhere in the U.S.A.

Bake's
of GREEN BAY
408 South Monroe Avenue
Green Bay, Wisconsin 54301

would leave Moscow free to keep Galosh and the United States some portion of Safeguard. Smith was immediately instructed to return to Washington; this was judged no time to risk allowing ambiguous signals in Vienna to complicate the back-channel negotiation—the main event, as it were. Smith and some of his fellow-delegates would return on Monday, May 10th.

But first the Austrian government was to play host at a ritual weekend outing of the two delegations. The first one, held a year earlier, had been a great success. Delegates, wives, and staff personnel had been taken by boat to visit a Benedictine abbey—a baroque construction on the original eleventh-century site—and had managed, according to Austrian authorities, a per capita consumption of one and a half litres of wine. This time, the delegations were to visit Carinthia, Austria's southernmost province—Alpine, full of lakes, Roman ruins, and well-managed resort hotels. Everyone on every side—eighty-three Americans, fifty-five Russians, and thirty-two Austrians—seemed to be looking forward to the trip. The Carinthia outing, although it was no less convivial than its predecessor, is memorable for another reason: it produced the most significant Semenov-Smith conversation up to that time. While on a lake steamer during the second day, May 9th, the two men talked at length, privately, with only interpreters present. Since they were obviously talking business, their hosts saw to it that the boat continued to steam around the lake for an extra half hour, until the conversation was completed. The May 4th overture on linking offense and defense was repeated, and Semenov implied that a halt in new construction might well apply not just to ICBMs but to other offensive weapons as well. He also said that he was responding to a question put by Smith, and wished that fact to be understood in Washington. Smith disputed that—he had posed no such question—but said that he would be happy to take responsibility for it. They continued their talk on the train back to Vienna.

Semenov's reference to other offensive weapons was ambiguous, because he refused to be drawn out. The essence of the conversation, in fact, was positive but cryptic. Still, thanks to their Russian colleagues, Smith and a few of the other members of the American delegation now had a strong whiff of what was happening in the back channel. They were not entirely in the dark as they returned to Washington.

There are parents who look for comfort while visiting their offspring at Boston's schools and universities.

The Ritz is for them.

The
Ritz-Carlton
Boston



Preferred Hotel reservations:
800-558-9898

The Sloop and Cocktail Flag Tie.
Exclusively ours. Blue/maroon.
Rust/green. Red/navy. \$7.50.
Postage \$.50. American Express card?
Just send the number with
your order.

The NARRAGANSETT
Memorial Boulevard, Newport, R.I. 02840

Outstanding Forest Hideaway

Circa 1780 log house, fastidiously restored, elegantly furnished and equipped, in exquisite Appalachian setting on Tree Farm abutting National Forest. By week or month and yours alone. Year round. Information from Choppingale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia, 24432.

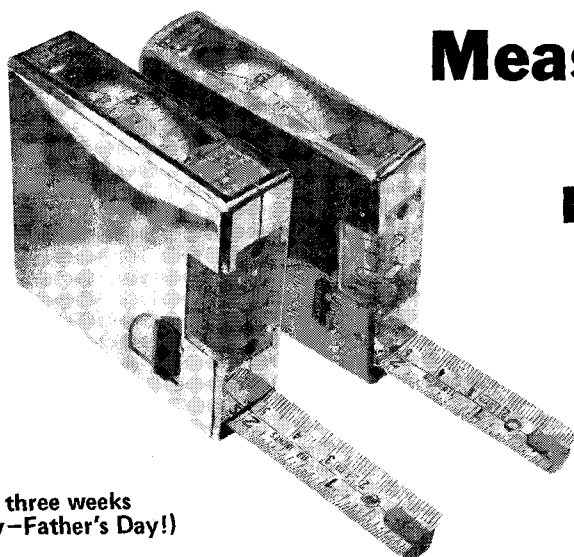
**auto@
europe**

FREE 44-page ABCs of European Auto Travel
SAVE: RENT, LEASE, BUY & AUTO TOURS
1272 2nd Ave., N.Y., 10021, (212) 535-4000

Why the Russians disclosed what they knew to the utterly uninformed Americans—and, indeed, put forward propositions that were similar to but far less precise than Dobrynin's negotiating brief—is unclear. One interpretation is that Semenov was instructed to take Smith over this ground just to see what, if anything, the United States delegation knew. Another is that the affair was evidence of a Dobrynin-Semenov rivalry, with neither willing to concede the chief responsibility for SALT. "This," says one American official, "is called surfacing something in the front channel in order to contain the back channel." He meant that Semenov may have been trying to recapture the initiative. If Semenov was in fact trying to "contain" Dobrynin, he failed. Moscow, like Washington, was happier operating in the back channel.

Smith's return to Washington coincided with the final week of the Kissinger-Dobrynin negotiation. The joint announcement was scheduled for May 20th. Throughout that momentous week, Kissinger told his colleagues nothing of what was happening. Most senior officials concerned with SALT—Smith included—had no more than a day or two of advance notice. The Verification Panel met on May 18th, with Kissinger in the chair, and discussed a number of issues, including the United States ABM position. Some people favored accepting the National Command Authority deal and scrapping Safeguard, in the hope that this would make the Russians more amenable on offense. Others wanted to press for Zero, and still others favored clinging to Safeguard and scrapping both National Command Authority and Zero. In reality, the ABM decision had, in principle, already been taken. Moscow, working through Dobrynin, had yielded its cherished National Command Authority position and accepted the Kissinger preference for equality in ABMs—an as yet imprecise concept, which would require a great deal of further negotiation.

The country, the Congress, and the world were agreeably surprised by Nixon's brief statement, read at noon on May 20th over radio and television, hailing his agreement with Moscow as "a major step in breaking the stalemate on nuclear-arms talks," which, he observed, had been "deadlocked for over a year." The operative language read, "The governments of the United States and the Soviet Union, after reviewing the course of their talks on the limitation of strategic armaments, have



Measure of a man.®

(just three weeks away—Father's Day!)

Here's the most elegant steel tape measure ever made. From France, the chrome body sheathed in gleaming sterling silver or upholstered in sleek black cowhide. Spring-loaded 10' rule. Not just feet and inches, but meters and centimeters too. Hairline reading window. And useful! It's a square. It's a level, with built-in bubble gauge. Retractable point to scribe lines, draw circles. If you have a special man, this is his measure. Or yours.

Measure of a Man in leather \$10

The Sterling Measure of a Man \$45

By mail: write Dept. Y, House of Wares, 884 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021. Please add any tax and 75¢ delivery. Sorry, no c.o.d.

Our catalog of other unexpected pleasures and treasures, 35¢

House of Wares
assorted east side amenities

884 Madison at 72nd—1053 Madison at 80th
Trafalgar 9-8090 Daily till 6:30 p.m.

© 1972 Tedman's House of Wares, Inc.

The Rohn Sculptured Porcelains are so life-like,
you wonder what they're thinking.



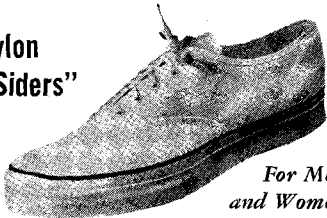
This is Edward Rohn's "Matador." Each sculptured bust is 13-1/2 inches high, including a walnut base. \$2400. Only 150 will be made. The Bamboo Tree, McCain Mall, North Little Rock, Arkansas 72116. (501) 758-2882. Write for a free brochure.

The Bamboo Tree

Bean's

Outdoor
Sporting Specialties

Nylon "Top Siders"



For Men
and Women

Sperry's famous Squeegie sole. For positive traction. Cordura® nylon uppers by Dupont. Dry faster than ordinary canvas, resist abrasion better and weigh up to 4 oz. less per pair. Will not shrink, rot or mildew and the mesh construction is just as cool. Ladies' sizes 5 to 10. Whole and half sizes. Two widths, Narrow and Medium. Color, Natural only. Price, Ladies' Nylon "Top Siders", \$12.45 postpaid. Men's sizes 7 to 12. Whole and half sizes. Medium width. Two colors: Natural, Dark Blue. Price, Men's Nylon "Top Siders", \$13.45 postpaid.

☐ Send Free Catalog

Ship _____ Ladies' Nylon "Top Siders"
@ \$12.45 postpaid.

Size _____

Ship _____ Men's Nylon "Top Siders"
@ \$13.45 postpaid.

Color _____ Size _____

Name _____

Address _____

Zip _____

L. L. Bean, Inc.
378 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032



ELECTRONIC GOLF BALL SET

A tiny transmitter is imbedded in our Bleeper Electronic Golf Balls. Lose one and let the pocket receiver point the way—the louder the bleep, the closer you are! Guaranteed to be the cleverest gift of the year for the golfer who has everything. Set includes receiver and two balls. Extra balls \$3.95 each. Fore!

\$30.00

Mail orders add \$1.25—Ga. residents add Sales Tax.

BankAmericard, Master Charge, American Express cards honoured.

STERN'S

1248 West Paces Ferry Road at I-75 • Atlanta 30327

404-261-3678

Mail and phone orders promptly handled

Copyright © 1972 E. H. Stern, Inc.

agreed to concentrate this year on working out an agreement for the limitation of the deployment of anti-ballistic-missile systems—ABMs. They have also agreed that, together with concluding an agreement to limit ABMs, they will agree on certain measures with respect to the limitation of offensive strategic weapons."

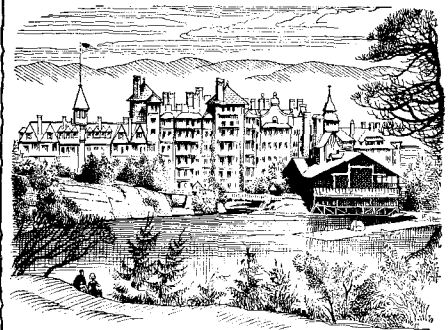
Behind the statement—released simultaneously in Russia by Radio Moscow and Tass, the Soviet press agency—was the agreement laboriously worked out by Kissinger and Dobrynin in the form of an exchange of identical letters between Nixon and the Soviet leaders. Only a handful of Americans have seen the correspondence, but its gist is known to those directly involved with SALT. As intended, it did break the stalemate by removing the snags—the non-negotiable elements of both positions. Washington made a major concession in dropping its proposal for equality in numbers of offensive weapons—the "equal aggregates" of Option E. Put differently, the Nixon White House, which began life leery even of parity, was conceding the Soviet Union a three-to-two edge in ICBMs. In the bargain, it was implicitly conceding that little, if anything, could be done to hedge against a potential threat to Minuteman posed by big Soviet missiles; any kind of ABM agreement was likely to rule out a heavy and reliable defense of Minuteman. The Soviets, besides letting Washington off the hook on National Command Authority, agreed to forget about America's Forward Based Systems, at least until an initial agreement had been concluded. They also bowed to Washington's demand for simultaneity in treating offensive and defensive weapons. The idea was that bargaining on offense and bargaining on defense must follow parallel courses and be brought to a conclusion at the same time. Although Moscow agreed in principle, the simultaneity issue had not been settled. Laying down the parallel course was to prove difficult. But the back-channel bargaining had moved SALT onto negotiable ground. —JOHN NEWHOUSE

(This is the fourth of a series
of five articles.)

ATLANTA—Atlanta reaches its annual cultural nadir in the coming week with the traditional visit of the Metropolitan Opera. Singing and socializing blend into one last big fling before the more casual pursuits of summer take over.—*Raleigh (N.C.) News & Observer.*

And the long climb back upstairs.

The Unspoiled Resort



Mohonk MOUNTAIN HOUSE

Seven thousand acres of unspoiled mountain beauty for your family to relax and play on, share nature's wonders. Congenial hospitality. All sports—golf on scenic course, tennis, boat, fish, swim in spring-fed lake. Hike forest trails, stroll lovely gardens. Movies, musicales, variety of other entertainment. 300 rooms. Also cottages. Delicious meals. See your Travel Agent, or call (212) 233-2244.

MOHONK MOUNTAIN HOUSE
90 miles from N.Y.C., NYS Thruway Exit 18
LAKE MOHONK • NEW PALTZ, N.Y. 12561

THE HOTEL

Dorset

A Place To Relax
While You Dine Very Well

Quiet. Unobtrusive service.
Excellent food. Oasis from
pressures. 30 West 54, just West
of 5th. Reservations, 247-7300.

If you have to spend July in New York, here's the place. A floor through apartment with a cool & breezy planted terrace overlooking a formal garden, townhouse elegance, 50th & Beekman Place. Fully furnished, air-conditioned. One bedroom, large living room and dining area with floor to ceiling glass panels bordering terrace. It's all there. (212-421-2448) or write Box M.R., c/o The New Yorker, 25 West 43rd Street, NYC 10036

Middlebury Inn

Middlebury • Vermont

Charming College Town. Comfortable Inn, a modern motel, stately Porter House Annex.

Write:

David Beach, Manager
Phone 802-388-4961



Iced Tea by Lenox



Crystal, hand-blown and hand-cut, with the same breed of artistry that gives Lenox China its stature the world over.

LENOX CRYSTAL

TRENTON, N.J. 08605

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



For the special people who know the difference:

STOLICHNAYA

(Stöl-itch-naya)

imported Russian vodka

...probably the finest vodka in the world

The only vodka produced and bottled in Russia, distilled of grain neutral spirits and imported at 80 and 100 proof by
Monsieur Henri Wines Ltd., New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSICAL EVENTS

Shakespeare Without Words

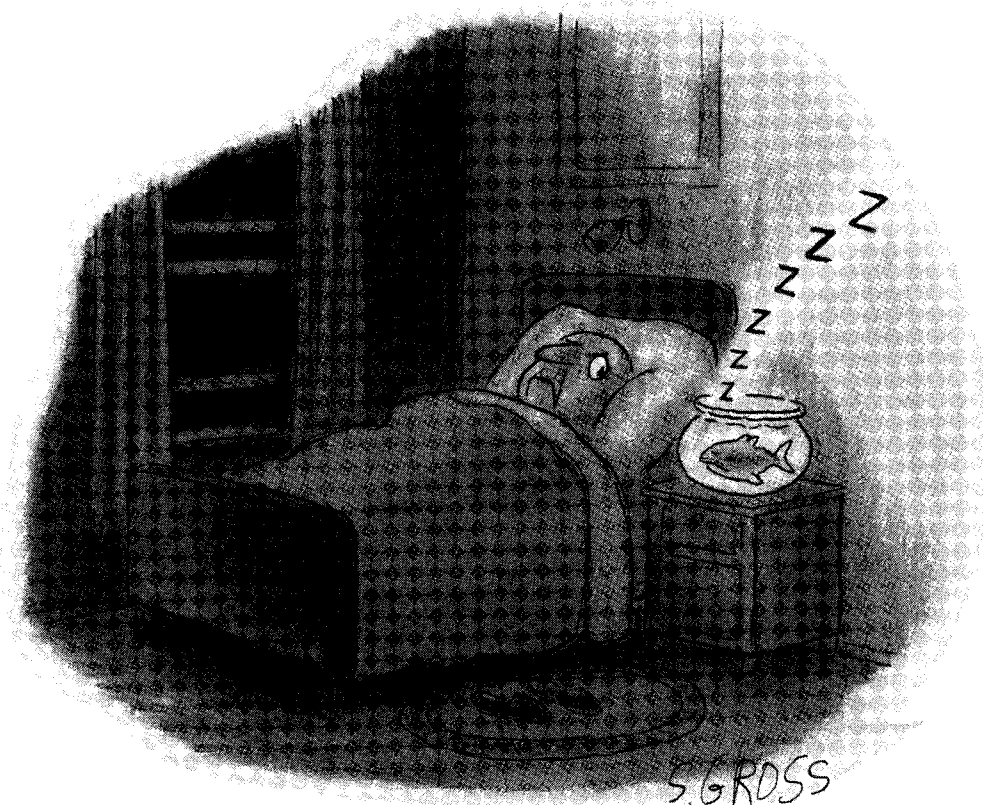
THERE can be little dispute that Prokofieff's "Romeo and Juliet" is the most successful full-length ballet score written since Tchaikovsky's. I have seen it set to movement in six different versions, and only one of them—Serge Lifar's, for the Paris Opéra—was without marked merit. John Cranko's, created for the Stuttgart Ballet in 1962, and chosen for the opening night, last week, of the company's current Metropolitan season, is a very successful dance drama that has worn well. It continues to display the special virtues and strongly individual character of the troupe for whom it was made, and provides extended, uncommonly telling roles for the major stars—Marcia Haydée, Egon Madsen, and Richard Cragun—that shine in the splendid ensemble. The Royal Ballet, they say, dances best in New York; perhaps the Stuttgarters do so, too. I was bowled over on the first night by the power and eloquence of their presentation, and certainly Jürgen Rose's "Romeo" scenery and costumes never look as handsome and striking as they do on the Metropolitan stage. Dramatic force, potent projection, is a mark of German dancing; in Stuttgart, with his international team of dancers, Mr. Cranko has combined this force with Royal Ballet "school," developed his artists by composing new works for and "on" them, and created one of the world's leading companies.

Approaches to a Shakespeare ballet are almost as diverse as those to a Shakespeare opera. Prokofieff in his "Romeo" score devised appropriate melodies and motifs for the characters and their attributes (Juliet as a girl, Juliet as a woman, Romeo's ardor, Mercutio's wit, etc.), wrote movements that mount to passionate climaxes in the right places, supplied the necessary (and some unnecessary) ensemble dances, and achieved all this with his wonted flair for theatre music. Leonid Lavrovsky did the original choreography; his version was first performed, in Leningrad, in 1940. He worked on the piece with Prokofieff (and once told me how tiresome and silly the composer had been—wanting, for a while, a happy ending, not wanting to lose a Dance of Carpet Sellers that he had somehow managed to bring in). While Prokofieff's "libretto" was, so to speak, the plot, the characters, and their emotions, the choreographer added a more detailed attention to Shakespeare; in his

version specific lines from the play seem often to ring out from the motion of the dancers: Romeo's "O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright" when first he sees Juliet, his "I do protest I never injur'd thee" to Tybalt, and then, after Mercutio's death, "Fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now," Juliet's "My only love sprung from my only hate," her "Is there no pity sitting in the clouds?" and many others. By comparison, Ashton's version for the Royal Danish Ballet, in 1955, to the same score, was a Lamb's Tale that became lyric poetry in the duets for the lovers. Kenneth MacMillan's "Romeo" for Covent Garden, ten years later, borrowed Cranko's solutions to the structural problems set by Prokofieff's ensembles, and acquired its special character from the detailed concentration on Juliet's development. In the monologues and duologues of MacMillan's version there is the same sense found in Lavrovsky's of words just below the surface of the dance. The successive quatrains and couplets of the antiphonal sonnet spoken by Romeo and Juliet when first they meet ("If I profane with my unworthiest hand") are transmuted into plastic imagery. Cranko's "Romeo" is more generalized, less intense in its closeups. We do not follow the balcony and bedroom scenes "line by line;" his approach, like Prokofieff's,

is less literary. But the dances do not lack emotion, and they flow effectively. Cranko's presentation of the world around the tragedy—the street scenes, the assembly of Capulet's guests, the ball—is the most successful of all; a theatre flair kin to Prokofieff's is apparent in his handling. I miss Juliet's pas de deux with Paris on the wedding morning, a poignant moment in both the Lavrovsky and the MacMillan versions; the Friar Laurence scenes are rather skimpy, and Act III passes too swiftly. (Lavrovsky did well to insert a solo for Romeo in Mantua, corresponding to "Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!") Comparisons are helpful in description; in its own right, Cranko's "Romeo" is an excellently vigorous, youthful, unrheterical yet affecting work, couched in a fluent, eclectic choreography that I suppose could be called free-Fokine with modern ingredients, and very skillful in its theatrical shaping.

The first night presented the non-pareil cast of Miss Haydée and Mr. Cragun in the title roles and Mr. Madsen as Mercutio. The second brought a new Juliet, the young Joyce Cuoco, touching and vulnerable, a promising actress and fleet technician—prone, in fact, to phrase some of the lyrical choreography too crisply. The Romeo and Mercutio swapped roles: Mr. Madsen now made a courteous, romantic Romeo, rather less boldly ardent than Mr. Cragun had been, while as Mercutio Mr. Cragun lacked only the



Traveling Over the Weekend? Have a good time.

Other people will be traveling, too, but they won't have a good time—some will be stranded, homeless, lost, job seekers, runaways.

TRAVELERS AID will be there to meet any emergency need... So have a good trip, but take time to help others. You can—by giving to Travelers Aid Society.

Thanks

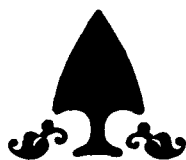
Yes, I want to help travelers in trouble. I enclose \$_____ to be used for Travelers Aid's emergency service to people in trouble.

NAME

ADDRESS

Please make checks payable to:
Travelers Aid Society of New York
204 East 39th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

Your gift is tax-deductible.



Resort to Basin Harbor.
The only complete resort
in Vermont with 700 acres
on Lake Champlain.

& BASIN HARBOR CLUB \$

Robert H. Beach, Mgr. • (802) 877-2961
BOX A VERGENNES • VERMONT 05491



EMILY SHAW'S INN

POUND RIDGE, N.Y. 914-764-5779

Superb Food
Finest Wines and Spirits
Merrit Parkway, Exit 35, North on 137
JOHN F. SHAW, PRES.
Visit Our Walk-in Wine Cellar
CLOSED MONDAYS

twinkling beats with which Mr. Madsen had tripped through the Queen Mab solo. Jan Stripling's cold, strong Tybalt, the contrasted interpretations of Paris from Reid Anderson (a formal wooer) and Vladimir Klos (more tender), and Andrew Oxenham's bright Benvolio deserve mention; so do the unforced buoyancy, verve, and warmth with which the whole company took the stage.

THE first of the four Composers' Showcase concerts at the Whitney Museum was made of three works for large ensemble (or small orchestra; thirty-nine of New York's crack free-lance players had been assembled to cover the varying instrumental requirements) which had been commissioned to celebrate the twentieth anniversary, last year, of the Fromm Music Foundation. Good planning brought together three worthwhile pieces similar in scale yet distinct in character, and—since these were not first performances—reflected the Foundation's concern that a composer so often goes now from première to première lacking not commissions but the *deuxièmes* and *troisièmes* to establish his work. In Mr. Fromm's words, "New York knows one piece, Tanglewood another, and maybe Chicago or Los Angeles still another. . . . In a reversal of our former policy, we are now planning to support additional performances of already existing scores rather than devoting ourselves exclusively to commissioning." Two of the pieces, Bruno Maderna's "Giardino Religioso" and Gunther Schuller's "Tre Invenzioni," were first played at the Berkshire Music Festival, last year; Roger Sessions's Concertino was first done in Chicago.

For the Maderna the players are set out in a symmetrical pattern—pianos and percussions scrummed at the center, horns as halfbacks, and trumpets on the wings. The conductor is a kind of referee, who directs play not only with his baton but also with signals on bongo and triangle. "Giardino Religioso" is one of those pieces built from sounds rather than themes—wave of timbre lapping upon wave, a pitter-patter scurrying from place to place, soft-shimmering webs of indistinct tone, and tiny fanfares from muted trumpets which recall the sound-world of Debussy's "Fêtes." Presumably the piece has a "program," but none was disclosed on a program sheet limited to bare titles. Schuller's "Invenzioni" also involve a spatial disposition of the players as an element in the music. The ensemble for this work consists of five



Tiny Camera . . . But Wow!

Long famous for undercover work, the new MINOX is a gem of precision engineering. Featherlight at 2¾ oz., it stands 3½" short, is ⅝" wafer thin and is but 1½" wide.

It's the one camera you'll never leave at home. So tiny, it goes everywhere, in pocket or purse, ready for candid shots outdoors, indoors . . . all the time.

Its needle-sharp lens focuses at any distance down to 8 inches. All shutter speeds to 1/1000 second. Flash synchronization. Built-in exposure control. Drop-in film cassettes. Complete system of accessories.

MINOX® BL

Try it at fine camera counters.

MINOX USA

P.O. Box 1060, Woodside, N.Y. 11377



THE WAUMBEEK INN and COUNTRY CLUB

" . . a distinguished New England resort"

Jefferson, New Hampshire 03583

Open June 21st. Championship Golf, Tennis, Swimming, Fishing. Superb alpine atmosphere in the heart of the White Mountains. Two Dining Rooms, comfortable European Plan Accommodations. For information write:

WAUMBEEK INN

Box 5, Durham, New Hampshire 03824

"The soul of the apartment
is in the carpet"

Doris Leslie Blau

ANTIQUÉ and EXEMPLARY CARPETS and TEXTILES
15 East 57th Street, New York 10022 • 759-3715

Directly on the ocean

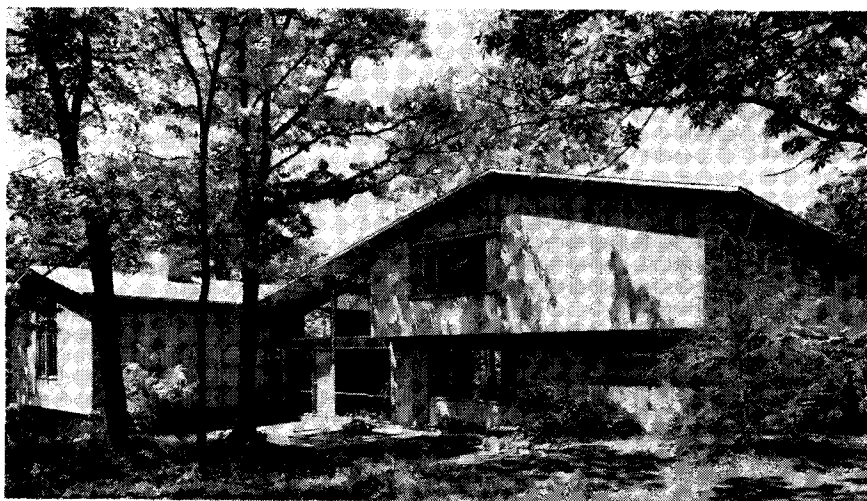
Essex AND Sussex

HOTEL

Spring Lake, New Jersey 07762
Reservations (201) 449-7000
Carl E. Lindblade, Gen. Mgr.

quintets: high woodwinds to the conductor's left; trumpets and trombones to his right; behind those, respectively, low woodwinds and a mellow quintet of two horns, flügelhorn, baritone (the instrument, not the voice), and tuba; and then, centre-back, a cluster of keyboards (glockenspiel, celesta, harpsichord, and piano) and harp. They should be "as widely separated as possible without losing contact and jeopardizing ensemble;" in the resonant Whitney room not much separation, either physical or acoustic, was possible, but enough to give the idea. The first "Invention" is largely an interplay of lines and notes tossed from quintet to quintet. The second is a densely scored, sombre chorale that rises from the depths to a shrill scream on the piccolo, and then subsides. The third is a toccata in varied tempos, including reminiscences of the other movements and "breaks" for various soloists. Set between these two works, which are based, in large part, on the exploration of timbres in space, Sessions's Concertino, for twenty players, made a positively neoclassic effect. Its three movements are cast in the traditional, and satisfying, pattern of an allegro, a lyrical slow movement (*lento molto*), and a scherzo-finale (*molto vivo*). It is concerned with themes and their developments. There are long-breathed melodies. (The start of the slow movement, balanced poetic periods for contrabassoon and alto flute, is particularly memorable.) The outer movements, energetic and purposive, contain many lively, engaging solo utterances, as the concertino role passes from one department to another. On paper the piece looks complicated, with its frequent metrical shifts; the ear accepts it without question as a cogent, distinguished, and finely wrought stretch of musical discourse. This Concertino is a work that may well deserve a place in the staple small-orchestra repertory; its almost Haydnesque compound of science and wit should bear repeated hearing.

Gunther Schuller conducted, and his direction of the three pieces was very sure. As far as the music and its execution were concerned, this was a concert on a high level. It did not offer the added attractions to be found at a museum concert in, say, the Phillips Collection, in Washington, where there is food to be had and there are pictures to be seen. The Whitney Museum was less hospitable; its restaurant was closed, and so were the galleries (no chance to peek at the Winslow Homers during the intermission). But then,



After months, perhaps years of dreaming of building your own home, you are now settling down to the serious consideration of this important step. You are highly selective and very discriminating because you will be satisfied with nothing less than the best. You will demand excellence of design, the highest order of craftsmanship, and the finest of quality materials. You will require comprehensive information on which to base your choice and the assurance of an unquestionable integrity on the part of the source selected. If this describes your situation, may we suggest you inquire about a Deck House.

DECK HOUSE Model Homes may be seen in Carlisle and Boxford, Mass. (617) 369-7000; Redding Ridge, Conn. (203) 938-2522; Annapolis, Md. (301) 849-2411; and Durham, N.C. (919) 489-8883. Or send \$2.00 for a completely informative, illustrated brochure to:



DECK HOUSE, INC.
DEPT. M 930 MAIN STREET, ACTON, MASS. 01720

Royalty can be bought.

If you're nice, I'll sell you some. The "Sleeping Beauty" Prince and Princess. By Cybis. Both for \$2100. (You wouldn't want to separate them, would you?)



Reese Palley

Atlantic City/San Francisco/Paris

Subject to prior sale. Order by mail. Reese Palley, The Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J. 08401. Be informed. Write for my Collector's Newsletter. It's free.

Heritage Village in beautiful Southbury, Conn. You'll love it.



Magnificent views, towering trees, swimming pools, championship golf course, tennis, riding, fishing, hiking. Country estate living combined with condominium convenience and economy in this beautiful rural setting, only 90 minutes from Manhattan. 1, 2, 3 BR units for sale or lease, from \$29,000 to \$65,000.

Call Ed Kaiser.
He loves it
so much
he lives
here.

Evenings & weekends at Heritage Village
(203) 264-6300. Weekdays
at H. Pearce Company. (203) 281-3400



NOVELTY WATCHES made in Switzerland, \$9.95 each, postpaid. One year U.S. guarantee. From left: "Bubble Watch," "Woody Woodpecker" (he moves), "Flipper" (100% waterproof.) All watches in white, blue, red, yellow & black. Specify 1st & 2nd choice of color.

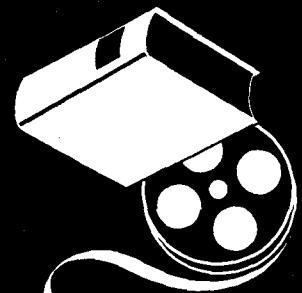
Write for our illustrated brochure.

BOLERO

P.O. Box 300 Dept. N, St. Thomas,
Virgin Islands 00801

once off Lincoln Center Plaza or away from Carnegie Hall, New Yorkers accept Spartan conditions of concertgoing, and do not even expect that there should be somewhere to meet, drink, and eat, somewhere agreeable to walk and talk. Hunter College, the McMillin Auditorium of Columbia University, Whitman Hall at Brooklyn College, Carnegie Recital Hall, the Juilliard Theatre, the Guggenheim and Cultural Center auditoriums—all have their various rigors, surprising to a foreigner and unhelpful, surely, in attracting audiences.

TOWN HALL, in its six-o'clock Encore series, contrives a jollier ambience, with a fake-French décor rigged up in the foyer (the concerts are presented jointly by the Hall and Dubonnet) and a busy bar. The programs are planned frankly for pleasure. Patricia Brooks and Alan Titus, who gave the second recital in the series, drew on the repertoires of Lotte Lehmann and John Charles Thomas. Mme. Lehmann in her treatise on "More Than Singing" limned the arts of winning an audience by deportment, gesture, and glance; Miss Brooks commands them. On a less relaxed occasion, one might have found her wreathed smiles or—to set the mood for "Gretchen am Spinnrade"—her eyes' sad, leaden downward cast a bit much; I remembered a wicked imitation that Elena Gerhardt, the greatest of lieder stylists, used to give of the comic and tragic masks that the features of Lula Mysz-Gmeiner, another great lieder singer, would assume in rapid succession during the first line of Schubert's "Lachen und Weinen." But Miss Brooks proved thoroughly beguiling, not dull for an instant. Her timbre in soft middle ranges is attractive, and she threaded it, with gentle, subtle care and expert breath control, through Schubert, Schumann, and Marietta's Lute Song from Korngold's "Tote Stadt." In climaxes the sound was less agreeable. Mr. Titus is a charmer, and knows it. He sang Ravel, Poulenc, Warlock, and Rossini with a bonny beam—yet also with a delicacy and refined attention to word, accent, and tone which suggest he may mature into a very considerable artist. English text epitomes were provided, and—a sign that someone had thought about presentation—lights that were dipped during the purely instrumental items (there was a third artist sharing the bill, the pianist Abbey Simon) were brought up to reading level during the songs. After the intermission, there was Wolf, and operetta duets; I wanted to stay—but



Recording for the Blind, Inc.

GOES TO
GREAT LENGTHS
TO HELP
BLIND STUDENTS
LEARN BY LISTENING

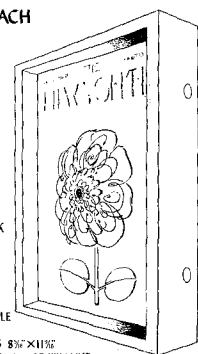
*
by furnishing their recorded
educational books *free of charge*
anywhere in the United States

Won't you give to:
RECORDING FOR THE BLIND, INC.
215 East 58th Street
New York, N. Y. 10022

FRAME EACH WEEK'S COVER

DESIGNED
FOR AN
EXACT
FIT FOR
THE
COVERS
THAT
DELIGHT
YOU
EACH WEEK

- EASY
REMOVAL
- COVER
QUICKLY
REPLACED
- UNBREAKABLE
GLASS
- FOR COVERS 8 1/2" X 11 1/2"
- SOLID OAK, TEAK, OR WALNUT



SEND
M.O. OR
CHECK

THE REFORMED TREE

BOX 687
727 WALNUT
BOULDER
COLORADO

SPECIFY
WOOD
CHOICE

\$15.00
PPD.

COLORADO
RESIDENTS
ADD 7%



Camden, Maine

A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Windjammer cruises, lobster-boats or just peaceful contemplation. Whitehall Inn has reflected this magic and beauty since 1902. An historic Inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits. June opening. A.P. M.A.P.

Whitehall Inn

Box NY, Camden, Maine 04843



When the gang gets together, it's nice to know we're loved.

Canada Dry has the country's most popular mixers. And Bacardi rum is the country's most popular rum. (In fact, Bacardi is #5 among 16,000 brands of distilled spirits.)

Now that's good for our ego. But more importantly, it's also a pretty good indication of what your friends like. And they like us together. Because together, we

become one tall, cool, wet, delicious drink.

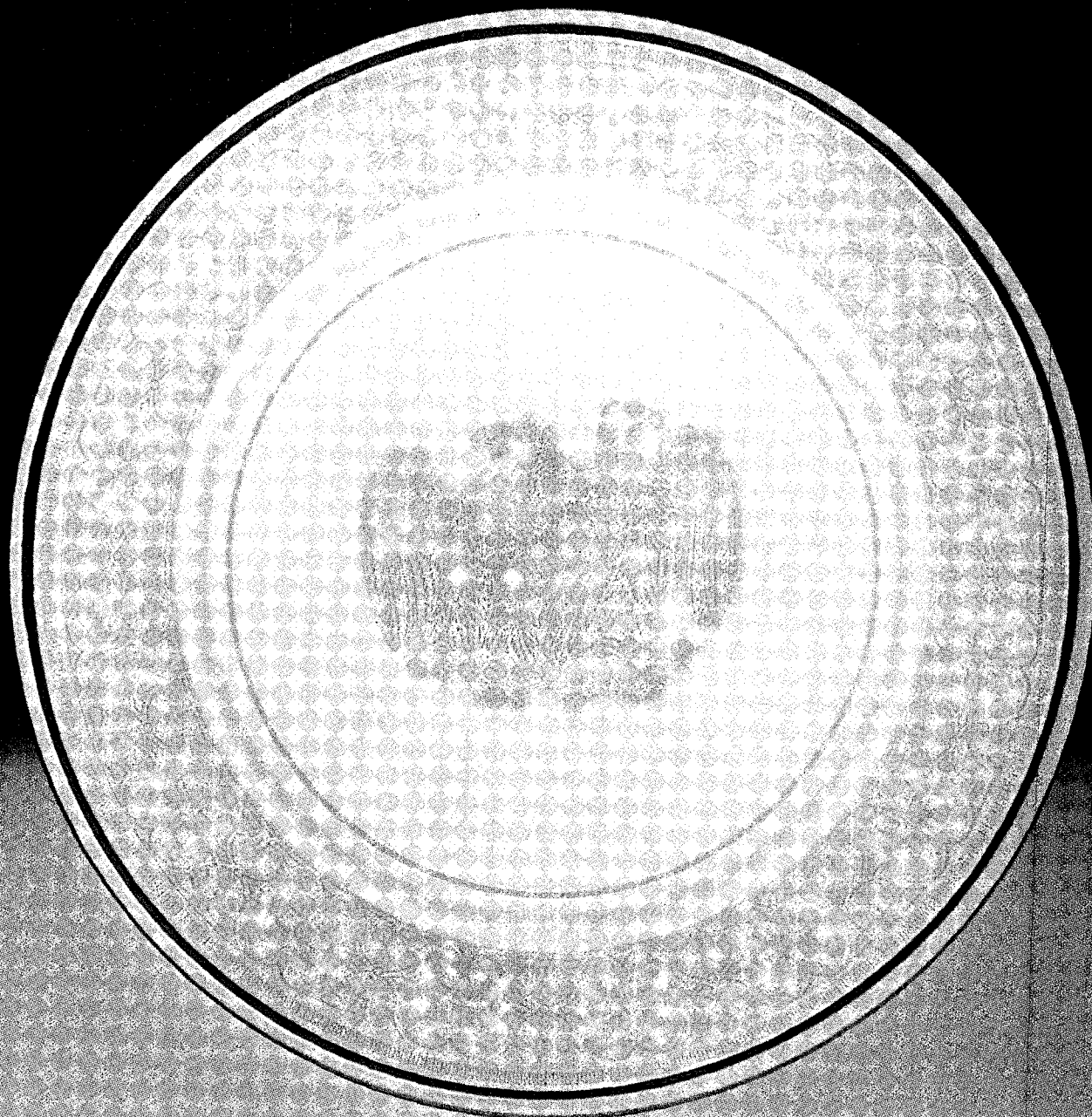
So get us together. Bacardi light rum and Canada Dry tonic or collins; Bacardi dark rum and Canada Dry soda or ginger ale.

You'll be glad we told you how much we're loved.

CANADA DRY® with BACARDI® rum.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Double Eagle
Symbolizing the 200th Anniversary
of the United States of America
Commissioned by the U.S. Bicentennial Society



The finest bone china with deeply etched 24-karat gold and cobalt decoration

Edition Limit: 5,000 Issue Price: \$125

Each plate numbered and registered. Certified by The Bank of Virginia.*

Trustees for the U.S. Bicentennial Society

Virginus Dabney, *Chairman*

H. Lester Cooke, *Curator of Painting, National Gallery of Art*

R. Buckminster Fuller, *Architect*

Gregory Peck, *Trustee, American Film Institute*

Samuel Eliot Morison, *Historian, Harvard University*

C. Vann Woodward, *Historian, Yale University*

The Double Eagle Plate is the first issue authorized by the U.S. Bicentennial Mint.™



The U.S. Bicentennial Society is a private corporation formed to assure the existence of valuable commemorative objects worthy of our nation's Bicentennial celebration.

Authorized representatives include:

B. Altman & Co. New York
Armstrong's Pomona, Calif.
L. S. Ayres Indianapolis
H. M. Bailey Cleveland
Black, Starr & Frost Ltd.

White Plains
Bonwit Teller New York
Breuners Oakland, Calif.
Bullock's Wilshire

Los Angeles
Burrows Englewood, N. J.
Byron Cade St. Louis
J. E. Caldwell Philadelphia
A. B. Closson Cincinnati
Michael Corzine Nashville
Martha Dangler Houston
Fabunique Galleries Miami
A. H. Fetting Baltimore
Frederick & Nelson Seattle
Garfinckel's

Washington, D.C.
Halls on the Plaza
Kansas City, Mo.

Hardy & Hayes Pittsburgh
Home & Hobby House

Orlando
J. B. Hudson Minneapolis
J. Jessop & Sons San Diego
Josephs Des Moines
Douglas Lorie

Palm Beach, Fla.
Lux Bond Green & Stevens
Hartford, Conn.

Maier & Berkele, Inc.

Atlanta
Manheim Galleries

New Orleans
LeMeilleur Lafayette, La.
Andrew Morton Knoxville
C. D. Peacock Chicago
Rosenzweigs Phoenix
Charles Schwartz & Son

Washington, D.C.
Schwarzschild Jewelers

Richmond, Va.
Shreve & Co. San Francisco
Shreve, Crump & Low Boston
Underwood Jewelers

Jacksonville
Wakefield-Searce Galleries

Shelbyville, Ky.
Charles W. Warren & Co.

Detroit
George Watts & Son

Milwaukee
Zell Brothers Portland, Ore.

Birks Jewellers Canada

Thomas Goode & Co.

(London) Ltd.
England

*Certified public accountants, appointed by the Society and the Bank, will examine production and distribution records of the Double Eagle plates, to determine the adequacy of the controls established to limit production to 5,000 numbered plates.

that would have meant missing Virgil Thomson's brilliant, acute, and salutary address on music criticism, up at the Manhattan School of Music. Mr. Thomson was well worth hearing; he remains the master of us all.

RENATA SCOTTO is a singer who has pleased me ever since she came to London, unheralded, in 1956 and, with an Italian tour troupe, sang in quick succession Mimi, Violetta, Adina, Lucia, and Donna Elvira. The voice was fresh, true, and flexible; all her musical instincts were right, and the personality was winning. Nine years later, a bewitching Butterfly, she reached the Metropolitan. In the later sixties, she entered a period of affectations, when onto the dear little Miss Muffet appearance there was grafted a set of absurdly regal gestures, when pinnisimi were finespun into inaudibility, and when, in quest of "expression," rhythms were distorted to the point of dismemberment. But she has come out of it. As Miss Scotto puts it, "I mature in the head and in my studying"—and she has emerged as an artist with very definite convictions about what she can and should do. Her Carnegie Hall recital, last week, was devoted to Rossini: his "Soirées Musicales" complete, with good supporting artists for the duets; that captivating little cycle "La Regata Veneziana;" and arias from "Armida" and "Le Siège de Corinthe." Delectable music. Miss Scotto has devised a platform manner all her own, which involves raising now one dimpled finger to emphasize a point, and now arms and eyes to heaven. It would not do for Wolf, but it serves well for Rossini, and was all of a piece with interpretations that had been carefully considered. By classical standards, Miss Scotto's technique is faulty: her trill is indistinct; sustained notes diminished from forte to piano are apt to crack on the way; most serious, F sharp and G at the top of the staff, at mezzo-forte and above, can be scorchers, and on this occasion they generally were. But who, except a few record collectors who listen to Melba and know what perfect vocal equipment can be, gives a hang for such standards today? Once Miss Scotto had got through the first few numbers, which were flawed by coarse, violent, and tonally strident accents, fully seven-eighths of her singing was beautiful—and that is much. Soft phrases were supply molded. Merry phrases were bouncy and accurate. Anzoletta's excitement during the central "Regata" song was irresistibly appealing. John Wustman accompanied; in some of Rossini's trickier passages he

sounded as if he had not practiced quite hard enough. —ANDREW PORTER

CONCERT RECORDS

The Best-Laid Plans . . .

IT all started when the Metropolitan's Mr. Bing arranged an apparently impossible combination of voices for his successor's opening night, and suggested that a worn and unglamorous "Tannhäuser" would be appropriate. But Mr. Gentile was too clever for that. He decided upon a new production of "Carmen," discarding the set that had been one of the scandals of Bing's last years, and using the singers Mr. Bing had hired for him—Marilyn Horne and James McCracken—even though they were not famous for their appearances in this opera. Mr. Gentile had other ideas, too: replacing the conventional recitative with the original spoken dialogue, adding passages that were customarily cut, and making Don José into a violent character—a murderer, in fact, who had taken refuge in the anonymity of the Army. Before all this could be done, Mr. Gentile was killed in an automobile accident, but his assistant stage director, Bodo Igesz, carried out his ideas to perfection, and Leonard Bernstein gave the music a wonderfully incisive and propulsive treatment. Opening night was a triumph. In spite of the high cost of recording opera in America, Deutsche Grammophon decided to tape the work here. The result (2709-043; stereo, six sides) is a stunning experience, and the sound is remarkable. Miss Horne turns out to be a great Carmen—youthful, a fine actress with the requisite voice, and the possessor of low notes of truly tigerish quality; Mr. McCracken is a slightly heavier Don José than we are accustomed to, and he does the highest of the notes in the "Flower Song" falsetto, but his interpretation is a sensitive one, and his singing is particularly appropriate for the tough-guy Don José that Gentile envisioned. Adriana Maliponte's Micaëla is properly virginal, Tom Krause makes a virile and large-voiced Escamillo, and the lesser roles are all well taken. The French enunciation is generally comprehensible, and sometimes outstanding. Bernstein presides with great authority, and his ensemble and choral passages are especially notable for their crispness and accuracy.

OTHER departures from the norm, and a few resurrections, are to be found in the ensuing list of recordings: James Wade: "The Martyred," an opera in two acts, based on Richard

TRADE MARK
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
San Francisco's British Natural Shoulder Store Since 1946



**Pure Cotton Lisle
Classic Polo Shirt 16.95**

There is nothing to beat the feel, ultimate comfort & lasting quality of these handsome cool, pure cotton lisle polo shirts. Because of their natural fibre, they permit porosity and breathability & can be worn comfortably through the most humid days. Generously cut. Coordinates well with sportcoats, slacks. Colors: Navy, White, Burgundy, Bottle Green, Brown, Soft Blue, Soft Yellow. S(14-14½), M(15-15½), L(16-16½), XL(17-17½).

Satisfaction guaranteed.

Mail Orders to: Cotton Lisle Polo Shirts
Cable Car Clothiers, No. 150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108

Circle Color	Qty.	Size	M.O. or Check ☐
Navy, White, Burg.			Cable Charge ☐
Gr. Br. Blue, Yellow			Sorry, no COD's

☐ Please send catalogue (415) 397-4740

Name.....
Address.....
Zip.....
Add 1.75 Ship & Hdlg • 5½% Sales Tax in Ca. MS-26

DELTA QUEEN

AMERICA'S LAST OVERNIGHT PADDLEWHEELER

Explore an antique paddlewheeler, carefully preserved steam-machinery, mahogany woodwork and stained glass. Sample fine Southern Cuisine in the Orleans Room and bend an elbow in the Mark Twain Saloon.

Various accommodations among 89 state-rooms. Cruises from weekends to special 19-day round trip — Cincinnati to New Orleans. Write for free cruise information DELTA QUEEN, Dept. RY, 322 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O. 45202.



Hound Ears

A unique club/resort ranked among the finest in America.

For reservations or information: Dept. N
Hound Ears Lodge and Club



Blowing Rock,
North Carolina
28605
704/963-4321

Kim's novel, performed by an unnamed orchestra and soloists, David Shapiro conducting, and sung in Korean (recorded by the James Wade Recording Society, 498-36-0940 Library Service Center, HQ Eighth United States Army, APO San Francisco 96301; mono, four sides). It is not easy, as one listens to a work sung in Korean, to make out what is going on, but this is—at least from a musical standpoint—a fine opera, written with sincerity by an Army man who has lived in Korea for many years. The idiom is tonal and surprisingly expressive. Wade writes well for the voice, and his style, though thoroughly modern, is easily assimilated by the hearer. Somebody in this country should produce an English version.

Karel Husa: "Music for Prague 1968;" Krzysztof Penderecki: "De Natura Sonoris No. 2;" and Gene Gutché: "Genghis Khan," Op. 37 (Louisville Orchestra First Edition Records S-722, conducted by Jorge Mester; stereo, two sides). Husa's elegy for Prague is appropriately mournful, and it is acceptable descriptive music by today's standards. Penderecki is still a composer with a fixed recipe, and his cooking is boring. Gutché's score is quite lively, but it ends in a remarkably inconclusive manner. All three works are atonal, which may mean that they are not for you.

Franz Schmidt: Symphony No. 4 in C Major, performed by the Vienna Philharmonic, Zubin Mehta conducting (London CS 6747; stereo, two sides). This is a welcome discovery. Schmidt's music is practically unknown in America, and the only other recording of it in the Schwann catalogue is of the Intermezzo from his opera "Notre Dame." He was an exact contemporary of Schoenberg, but a Viennese composer who held to the great Austrian tradition of Bruckner and Mahler instead of overthrowing it, as Schoenberg did. The three movements are played without a break, and there is some interweaving of themes. It is a melancholy but beautiful work by a symphonist of obvious stature. Mehta and the Viennese give it tender treatment.

Schumann: Quintet in E Flat Major, Op. 44; Haydn: Quartet in D Major, Op. 64 ("Lark"); and Brahms: Quintet in F Minor, done by the Flonzaley Quartet, with the assistance of Ossip Gabrilowitsch in the Schumann and of Harold Bauer in the Brahms (RCA VCM-7103; mono, four sides). These are historic performances of bygone times. The

Between Harvard and MIT, there's another great Cambridge institution.

The Fenway Cambridge Motor Hotel. It's the nicest place to stay in Cambridge. In close proximity to the colleges, it's also just a riverview away from the sophistication of Boston. You'll enjoy the Fenway's roof pool, the famous Esplanade restaurant, the popular Banque lounge and the Pub. Not to mention the free parking. For reservations call (617) 492-7777.



Fenway Cambridge Motor Hotel

777 Memorial Drive
Cambridge, Massachusetts



Where the river meets the sea

A year 'round Maine resort offering elegance, comfort and good sport. If you enjoy fresh sea air, excellent food and friendly people plan to visit us.

Write for our free brochure.
Stage Neck Inn
108 Stage Neck Road
York Harbor, Maine 03911
(207) 363-3850

A Real Country Inn On A Real Back Road

New Hampshire's Oldest
Operating Inn!

HANCOCK, N.H.
(603) 525-3318

Write Dept. P. Glynn & Pat Wells, Innkeepers



AND ENJOY IRELAND AT ITS VERY BEST
Luxurious living and wonderful sport.
For information write to:
DROMOLAND CASTLE, NEWMARKET-ON-FERGUS, CO. CLARE, IRELAND

sound is not ideal, but the interpretations can still rank with the best, being scrupulous, clean, and inspired.

Dvořák: Piano Quartet in E Flat Major, Op. 87, done by three members of the Guarneri Quartet—Arnold Steinhardt, violin; Michael Tree, viola; David Soyer, cello—and Artur Rubinstein, piano (RCA Red Seal LSC-3340; stereo, two sides). The music is melodious and engaging. The highest compliment that can be paid the string performers is that they are quite equal to their great guest pianist.

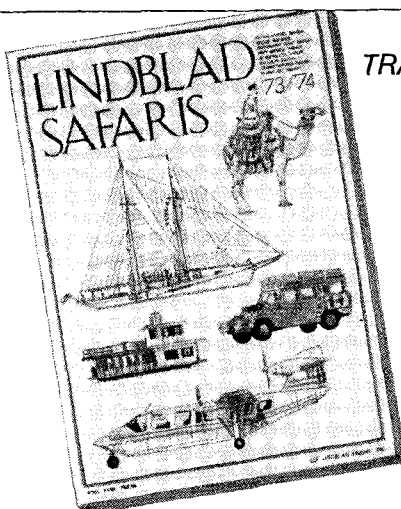
Brahms: The Complete String Quartets, by the Cleveland Quartet (RCA Red Seal VCS-7102; stereo, four sides). The debut recording of the Cleveland Quartet, at one time resident at the Cleveland Institute, now resident at the University of Buffalo. It is a youthful group, with fastidious style and careful blending. The tone is not the richest, but the performances are praiseworthy.

Mozart: String Quartets in D Major, K. 499 and 575, by the Quartetto Italiano (Philips 6500-241; stereo, two sides). Superb performances. The tone is mellow and the performers are mature musicians. This is Volume II of Mozart's string quartets by this group.

Haydn: Piano Trio in E Flat Major, H. XV, No. 30; Piano Trio in E Flat Major, H. XV, No. 29; 2nd Piano Trio in E Flat Minor, H. XV, No. 31, by the Beaux Arts Trio (Philips 6500-400; stereo, two sides). "Piano trio" means, of course, piano, violin, and cello—played, in this instance, by Menahem Pressler, Isidore Cohen, and Bernard Greenhouse, respectively. Readings that are accurate to the slightest detail, and that attain a top-flight level of virtuosity.

AS quite a number of correspondents have pointed out, I was guilty of a grave error in regard to Otto Klemperer's recent recording of Bruckner's Ninth Symphony (Angel S-36873) when I said that I could not recommend it because the Scherzo was incomplete. It is not. The reprise is to be found at the beginning of the second side. This circumstance makes it impossible to hear the Scherzo as a unit, because you have to turn the record over in the middle of it. However, I was wrong. This is one of the best Bruckner Ninths ever recorded, and Klemperer's interpretation of the work has an old-time spaciousness that only veterans like him can give it. I apologize both to Dr. Klemperer and to Angel.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT



TRAVEL THE WORLD OF LINDBLAD

A refreshing world
is at your fingertips as
you browse through
the pages of

Lars-Eric Lindblad's "SAFARIS"

Incredibly beautiful is the only description to be given the new and exciting volume, which embodies all the Lindblad Safaris. Whether it involves riding camelback in the deserts of Africa, or cruising at leisure on the headwaters of the Amazon, whether seeing vast herds of African wildlife from the air, or meeting them head-on in a Land Rover, each Lindblad Safari is an unforgettable experience. Read about each

of the 8 Safaris which include the **East African Wing Safari, Lindblad Safari** (Southern and East Africa), **Botswana Wing Safari, New Guinea Safari, Seychelles Safari, Amazon Safari, Trans Sahara Safari and Morocco Safari.** Write for your free book today.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.

Dept. NYS52673
133 East 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

**What makes him the
conductor's conductor
makes us the
Scotch drinker's Scotch**

Black & White. The Scotch drinker's Scotch.

In 188 countries around the world, Black & White is the Scotch drinker's Scotch.

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR
BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • IMPORTED BY THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N.Y.C.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Thought's Empire

CUBA, 1961. The small island that every big power would like to take over. The past Havana, now running out of both the old European grace and the less old American spare parts for refrigerators, cars, radios. The new Havana, looking a little like the razed and rebuilt Warsaw, full of cheer, short of food, replete with fun and progressives. The airport: reactionaries saying goodbye to their relatives and leaving for Miami; babies crying; a man who looks rather like Paul Scofield, and whom we recognize to be the hero of the film that is starting. Not meaning to be callous, probably, he wipes the mark of his departing wife's lipstick off his face after she has kissed him goodbye. The piteousness, the concealed loneliness, the irrevocability of farewells at airports, cloaked in the stabbingly practical hospital bustle of these places. The sequence makes you wonder how people ever leave the loved.

The hero, called Sergio, is marvelously played by Sergio Corrieri. The film is the Castro Cuban "Memories of Underdevelopment," from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes called "Inconsolable Memories." It is one of the very finest, subtlest of Latin-American pictures. Sergio's memories are indeed inconsolable. They have a bitter, passing sting that seems more European than anything to do with Fidel. Things

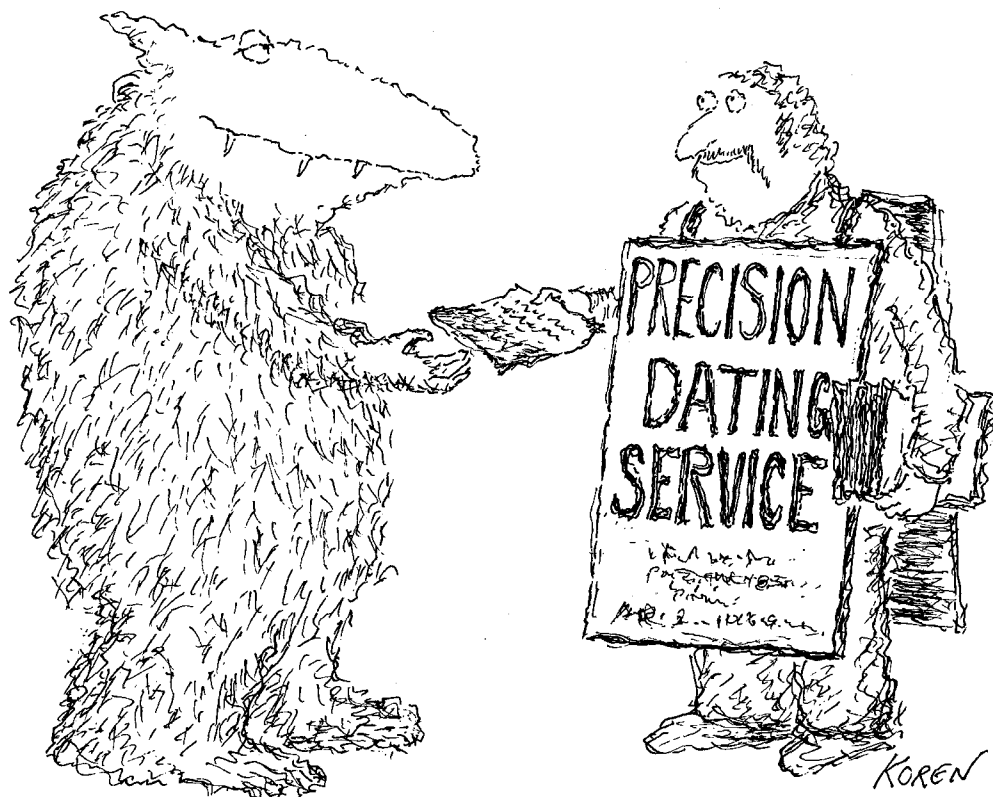
inflict pain that is nearly unbearable, and then the pain almost goes. On the bus back to his apartment, where he makes a living as a landlord, the hero obviously remembers the parting with an intensity that he can barely manage, but then it makes him yawn. Everything happens to him at a distance. He has a telescope on his terrace. He almost seems to be looking at himself through a telescope, too. He is also a writer, and his prevailing sense of stasis will probably prevent him from ever being a good one. Camus's *Stranger* was *engagé* by comparison. In a revolutionary society, Sergio has only one role to play psychically. It is the role of witness. The pinched nature of the part he has allotted himself shows in his work (we see a fragment of it, eloquent but tintured with complaint, rolled into his typewriter), and in his way of saying goodbye to intimates, and in his refusal of spontaneity, and in his comically self-absorbed love affairs. When he is coming away from the airport, his voice, over an image of him sitting in the bus on his way back into Havana, says chillingly about his wife, whom he has seen off to America, "She'll have to go to work there until she finds some dumb guy who'll marry her." He is glad to be on his own and away from all the people who "loved and nagged me to the last moment," as he taps on his

typewriter; sometimes his writing voice has the note of Dostoevski or Goncharov being farcical.

He peers through his telescope at Havana. Everything seems the same to him, except that it has the look of a set. So what about the revolution, you can catch him thinking. No imperial eagle? "Where is the dove that Picasso was going to send?" He plays with his own birds, in a cage on the terrace. He has a moment of admitting that the country is falling behind. Havana is no longer the Paris of the Caribbean. To his mind, Cuba is an island collapsing into desuetude and neglect, caught between Russia and America, ruled by hunger, inhabited by people who seem to him to be getting more stupid. His conservative friends' crassness irritates him, until one of them suddenly says something discerning. The conservatism depicted is Freudian. It is an ethic of everyone returning to his own individuality when he wants to get away from the infection of communal misery.

Three times a week, a Baptist maid comes in to clean up the spotless bachelor apartment. Her being a Baptist strikes him as buoyantly sensual. But his self-consciousness always stops him short of real eroticism. People on a diving board make him think of defenseless and almost hairless animals absurdly managing on two legs. He has sex in the head (as the gamekeeper in "Lady Chatterley's Lover" had, for all Lawrence's railing against such a thing). What exerts power over him? Nothing public or revolutionary, certainly. Personal change? He likes an actress for enjoying being able to be someone different, though repeating the difference every evening baffles him: he feels surrounded by lives that are scratched records. Even books look dead. Why didn't he go to New York with Hannah, his German ex-girl friend, he asks himself. She was the best thing that ever happened to him. He wished to be a writer. She believed in him. They wanted to go to New York. What was missing in him, this wonderful, tangled, risky film asks. It doesn't suggest that it might be the impulse of history. Sergio has chosen to stay, to try to merge into Castro's Cuba, and he even amusingly tries to educate a culturally "underdeveloped" girl friend called Elena by taking her to museums and writers' conferences, but salon Socialists strike him as irredeemable asses. He agrees with New York's own left-wing writer Jack Gelber, who funnily and seriously says as much at an actual conference in Cuba.

The director, Tomás Gutiérrez

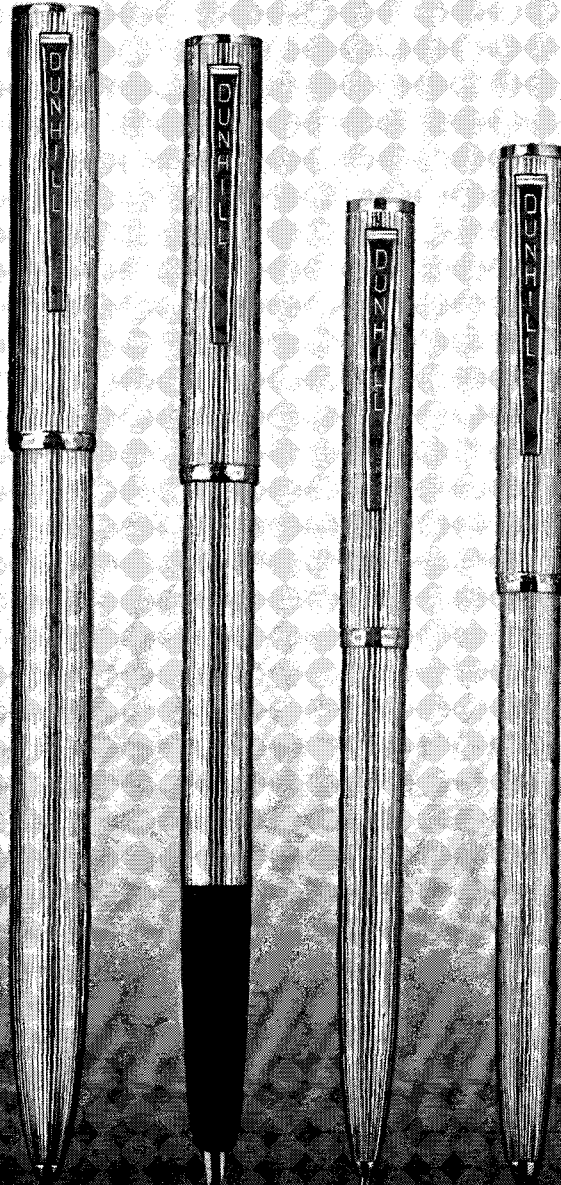


Alea, was born in Havana in 1928. He studied film in Rome, and then got involved in revolutionary filmmaking in Batista's time before helping to found the famous Instituto Cubano del Arte e Industria Cinematograficos (ICAIC). This is a beautifully organized picture in its technique, with the most skillful possible use of voice-over, of newsreel footage of the Bay of Pigs, and of leaps backward and forward in time. The note is sardonic and also immensely affectionate toward effort. It is a startling combination in a film made in a revolutionary country, even such a surprising one as Cuba. The film has the lightness of a bird coasting, and a humorous gravity that makes it a piece of work without burden, extending much charity to the stoic hero's hidden distress.

WE thought we had finished with the Second World War, but now we have Ennio de Concini's "Hitler: The Last Ten Days," called a Tomorrow Production, which seems rather pessimistic of the producers. Can they mean that Hitler is even now maniacally lumbering around in his dotage, flopping a snow-white forelock and yelling again that his patience is exhausted?

Alec Guinness plays the Führer—who is rather mildly described in the prologue as "a moody Austrian patriot and agitator"—speaking very identifiably in the voice of Alec Guinness and looking exactly like him, too, in spite of heavy work on his hair. We are in the bunker of the Führer and his fellows. For such an apparently expensive production, the action gives you the impression of being placed in a very, er, two-set bunker. It has the appearance less of somewhere to guard a world conqueror than of one of the hoardings that are put up to surround a building site. Champagne flows, but there are no ashtrays, to drive home Hitler's hatred of smoking. The mad-host mood of the film is such that the nicotine point almost seems part of a federal health campaign. Hitler strikes one as quite benignly crazy, with eyes of the kind called piercing. ("Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health." It takes a very cardboard movie to render Hitler as anyone who could bring to mind the Surgeon General.) With the sanction at the beginning of Hugh Trevor-Roper, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford (he wrote a scholarly source book called "The Last Days of Hitler," but it was bought by an-

THE DUNHILL PEN



Jumbo felt-tip
\$35.00

Ink pen
\$40.00

Ballpoint
\$22.50

Felt-tip
\$22.50

All in sterling silver or 1/30 14 Kt.
Rolled gold plate. Ink pen available in Fine,
Medium, Broad and Double Broad.

Alfred Dunhill of London, Fifth Avenue at 50th Street, New York
Beverly Hills, Chicago, San Francisco

Mail and phone, outside our delivery area add .75, add sales tax where required.

dunhill



**MY NAME
STATIONERY
EMBOSSER**
\$8.95 plus 50¢ postage

A personalized embossing instrument small enough to fit your pocket. Emboss your name and address on letterheads, envelopes, post cards, checks, anything of value. Converts plain paper into distinctive stationery. Professional and permanent imprint for clear identity and protection.

\$8.95 ea. 2 for \$17.50. 4 for \$34.00. Please add 50¢ postage per order. Print name and address you wish embossed. Payment encl. ☐

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____

Zip _____

J.D. BROWNE Ghirardelli Square
900 North Point, San Francisco, Calif. 94109

WRITE ITALIC

Learning the Italic hand is more exciting with the PLATIGNUM ITALIC SET containing a fountain pen, five Italic nibs and our free introductory manual. It allows you to discover which nib widths best suit your developing hand and offers the convenience of having full nib range available for special purpose work. Only \$4.50 at artist material, pen and craft shops as well as college bookstores or send check or money order to PENTALIC CORPORATION, 132 W. 22nd STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011. Add 50 cents to cover handling. State whether right or left handed... Nothing is more satisfying than learning to produce the beautiful thick and thins that characterize the Italic hand and it's easy to do as the pen, held at the proper angle, does most of the work for you. So be a complete penman, own the PLATIGNUM ITALIC SET.

MONTEGO BAY

at the *Royal Caribbean*
RESORT HOTEL

TRULY JAMAICA... snow white beaches, warm Caribbean waters... never a cold day in Montego Bay. Golf and tennis. Great food, gala native revues, dinner dancing. 170 rooms, 300 delightful Jamaicans to serve you. Adults only, no conventions. Harry Shiftman, General Manager. Reservations are made by your Travel Agent thru the Leonard Hicks Organization **NEW YORK 765-5800**



SMART ADIRONDACK VACATIONS

Everything in recreation, entertainment, good food, accommodations in America's Fine ranch resort. Informal, congenial. CALL TOLL FREE (NY) 800-342-2439 (OTHER STATES) 800-833-2429

HIDDEN VALLEY
Lake Luzerne 20, NY 12846 RANCH RESORT

other company, Twentieth Century-Fox, so the credit belongs to a Gerhard Boldt book of the same name as the film), we see Hitler enjoying "The Blue Danube," calling for the very best wines while Russian bombs explode on the chancellery above, handing out a little black box of cyanide pills to each of the selected guests on his birthday, and calling Churchill "an inveterate drunkard." Wagner is invoked, inevitably. Eva Braun is played by a correctly dated-looking, sticky-mouthed, pretty, flouncing girl named Doris Kunstmann. The screenplay is by Signor de Concini, Maria Pia Fusco, and Wolfgang Reinhardt. Eva Braun says to Hitler, bombs thundering above, "You really are the most incredible person," though it seems a bit late in the day to have discovered this. Hitler, here shown as being less daunted than in Trevor-Roper's account of his defeat, goes on enjoying not only Johann Strauss but also the beauties of architecture, for which he must have a very good mind's eye, considering the hideosity of the set. "What of importance in architecture have people formed in democracy?" he storms. We try to avoid the look of the bunker so as to take him seriously, but it is hard to believe that people who lived through the Second World War could have made a film as flippant as this.

"PAPER MOON," directed by Peter Bogdanovich, is set in the days of Hoagy Carmichael, Paul Whiteman, Jack Hylton, and the young Bing. It was shot in Kansas and Missouri: lands of yellow roads, and gossipy drugstores, and women in hats, and rocking chairs on porches. The story, written by Alvin Sargent from a Joe David Brown book called "Addie Pray," is about a pickup collaboration between a rakish con man (Ryan O'Neal) and an abandoned little girl (Tatum O'Neal, his real-life daughter), and it is tripe. The tripe is of a rather Saroyan sort, sentimentalizing the tawdry. The picture demonstrates that in the head of a writer given to swooning and to creating swoons a criminal may seem an admirable character.

This con artist (for his door-to-door business he reads the death notices to discover the newly widowed and stamps their first names on Bible covers in gold, as if the books were their dear dead beloveds' last presents to them, not yet paid for) is ably and egocentrically amoral. By the rules of melodrama, he may go to jail, he may con his way to the throne, he may make a mint, but he is not scorned. The public

Time to spare? Love to share?

"Adopt" a pupil two mornings a week. Serve as a volunteer in one of our public schools where individual pupils are receiving help in reading and English as a second language.

**SCHOOL VOLUNTEER
PROGRAM • 563-5620**
20 West 40 Street, N.Y.C. 10018

Nantucket Island of Enchantment

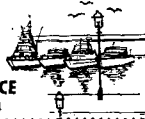
Famous as a yachting, fishing and vacation center. 30 miles south of Cape Cod, less than one hour by plane from New York or Boston.

Miles of sandy beaches, warm salt water swimming. Large land-locked harbor with well-equipped boat basin. Art Galleries, Summer Theatres, varied evening entertainment. Year 'round boat service from Woods Hole.

Advance reservations recommended for August.

For free illustrated color booklet write

NANTUCKET INFORMATION SERVICE
41 Federal St., Nantucket, Mass. 02554



THE COLONIAL INN IS JUST CLOSE ENOUGH
**Up to date
since 1716.**



The Colonial Inn

on the Green - Concord, Mass. 01742
Loring N. Grimes, Innkeeper (617) 369-9200

SEDFOPLETELLUSALL HTOEVERYTHINGANDI
USTARAWAYEONUGHFROMITALPLEA

Giordano
Northern
Italian Cuisine
Credit Cards • Open 7 Days
409 West 39th Street, N.Y.C.
W17-3883-4 • W17-9811



for this sort of film unhesitatingly takes him to be some kind of debonair genius. The only unheroic thing he could do, in the spectators' glazed eyes, would be to confess. Addie, the little girl, starts off by disapproving of his very solvent crocodile-tears business, which he conducts from a charming run-down roadster. But she ends up, like the public, lost in admiration. She even outdoes him in the prices he asks, adjusting the cost according to her view of the widow concerned. (One weary woman, who is hung with children like a mule with panniers, she allows to get off without paying a cent, but she collects more than double the usual amount from an upholstered-looking widow whose showy rings on plump fingers she understandably takes against.) If the con man were to be found out or see the wrongness of his ways, the film would collapse at once. Addie has to outdo him in bland craftiness for the movie to progress to its dire end, which is so exactly the one you foresee that the process of narrative begins to seem like egg-frying. Over heat, the transparent part of an egg will turn white; over our dopey hearts, the reclamation of the transparently willful little girl by gentility turns to pure-white thoughts of love in us for her when she runs away again to salvage her con man's dubious fortunes after he has hit rock bottom and tried to dump her. The period music adds to the arrant tear-jerking.

This is the new melodrama. Henry Irving could have played the con man with splendor. No doggishly faithful little-girl actress need have feared his bluster. The dangling bits of artificial fruit on the grown-up cloche above her adamant little face would always have won audiences. To add to the period note—not of the thirties but of 1899—there is even a tearful mystery about whether or not the child is really the man's unadmitted offspring, whom he doesn't like to acknowledge for fear of infecting her with his naughty nomadic ways. Bogdanovich, being intelligent, must have set out to make an acknowledged weepie. This he has certainly done, with overtones of "The Bells" and a nice sense of the high regard of audiences for foppish criminals who get away with it. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

SEA GEESE FOUND
DECLINING IN EAST
265,000 WERE DEPORTED IN
1961 AND 21,900 IN 1972

—Headlines in the Times.

Well, no wonder.

Today you can still buy
the finest champagne
the world has ever known.



Mumm's the word.
Always will be.

IMPORTED BY BROWNE VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. AND SAN FRANCISCO, CA.



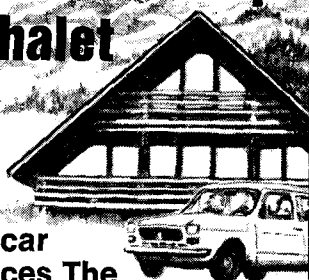
There is a splendid hotel on a marvelous corner of Park Avenue
where everything's coming up roses and crystal and gilt.

Loews Drake

The great restoration of the good things in life.
Park Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 421-0900

LOEWS HOTELS
One good stay deserves another.

Vacation in Europe the Chalet Way



Europacar Introduces The Fly & Drive Chalet Holiday

Your own ultra-modern chalet, in the breathtaking Bavarian Alps for 2 or 3 weeks, plus a rental car with unlimited mileage... swimming, tennis and horseback riding at your doorstep... golf and sailing minutes away... supervised children's program... babysitting available... free daily maid service.

All this and more, at a price you wouldn't dream possible. For all the details contact Europacar Tours, or mail the coupon below.

To: **Europacar** Tours, Inc.

136 East 57th St. New York, N.Y. 10022
Tel: (212) 751-3250

Please rush me a free copy of your
Fly & Drive Chalet Holiday brochure

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SINCE 1896... whenever the talk
turns to great steaks, one name
always heads the list...

FABULOUS

MANNY WOLF'S
STEAK AND CHOP HOUSE

ON 3RD AVE. AT 49TH ST.

"Where the coachman greets you"

LUNCHEON/COCKTAILS
DINNER

Only minutes from theatres and
Madison Sq. Garden

Open 7 Days • Major Credit Cards

Reservations: EL 5-5030



The dignified beauty of an aged tree

BONSAI

Here is a choice collection of
Bonsai Trees selected for their
hardiness, elegance and charm.
Each tree is an exquisitely
dwarfed specimen, borne of an
ancient art form painstakingly cultivated over a
thousand years. These landscapes-in-miniature
make a lasting and memorable gift. All prices
include: a free copy of handbook on Bonsai
(mailed separately); packing and shipping
charges; guaranteed live delivery.

- ☐ Chinese Juniper 5 years old \$ 21.95
- ☐ Creeping Blue Juniper 5 years old 21.95
- ☐ Japanese Elm 20 years old 35.00
- ☐ Blue Moss Cypress 20 years old 41.00
- ☐ Set of 5 assorted Mame (Baby Bonsai) 45.50
- ☐ Japanese Juniper 25 years old 47.00
- ☐ Japanese Elm 50 years old 87.00

Send name, address, zip code, check or money
order (Ill. residents add 5% sales tax) to:

HALE'S Lifetime Nursery Products™ Dept. 414
1866 Sheridan Road, Highland Park, Ill. 60035

Allow 2-3 weeks for delivery

THE RACE TRACK

Two Down, One to Go

THE Meadow Stable's champion Secretariat rolled home an utterly decisive winner in the Preakness Stakes at Pimlico last Saturday. He is now only a step—the Belmont Stakes, on June 9th—away from the Triple Crown of racing, and this fallible department has its fingers crossed in his behalf. His performance at Baltimore may not have been altogether magnificent, but it wasn't far off that. It was the Kentucky Derby all over again, with Sham coming in second, two and a half lengths behind, and Our Native third, eight lengths farther down the course. As Secretariat walked across the track to the saddling area, in the infield, he outclassed his opponents in manner and appearance. His coat shone, he was fairly bursting with energy, and it seemed to me that he had picked up a bit of weight since the Derby. Sham looked particularly robust, too. Pancho Martin, who trains him, said that the loss of the two teeth he broke when he bumped his head against the starting gate in the Derby wouldn't bother him. And Our Native was so lively that it was hard to believe he was making his twenty-fifth start of the year. The three other runners were a pretty motley lot to find in a Preakness. It was rumored that one, Ecole Etage, a Maryland-owned hopeful, had fire on his feet and would set a faster pace than Shecky Greene set in the Derby. Ecole Etage led past the stand the first time, all right, but hardly at a breakneck clip. The first quarter was run in twenty-five seconds.

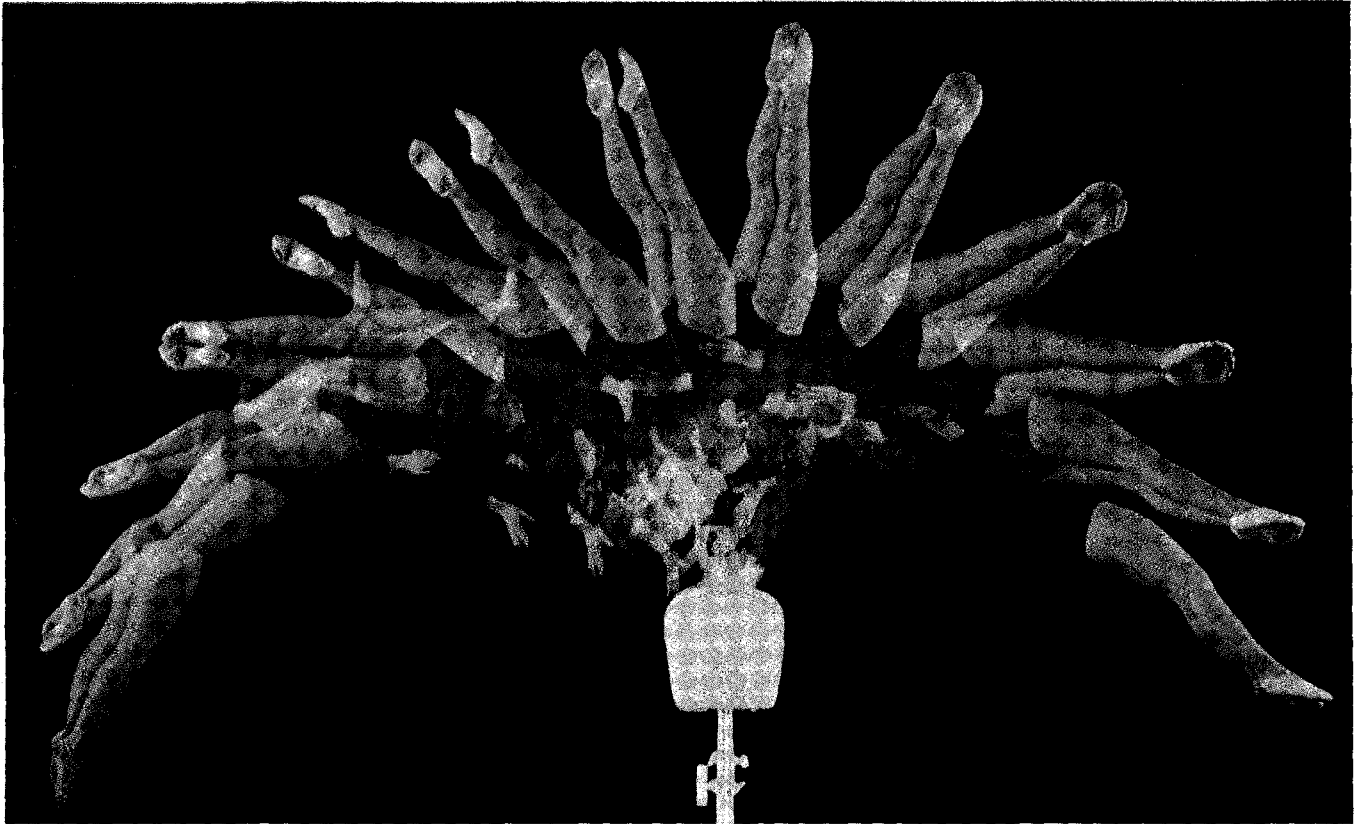
Meanwhile, Secretariat was running last, but Turcotte was handling him as he did in the Derby, steering him to the outside and letting him set his own gait. Approaching the clubhouse turn, the colt began to move up, going around Ecole Etage as they swung into the backstretch. For many horses, this would have been a maneuver likely to waste precious energy far too early in the race. Not for Secretariat; he made it look easy, and did it without losing the smooth rhythm of his stride. Turcotte said later that he knew the pace was slow, so he just let Big Boy, as they call Secretariat around his stable, go as he pleased. As the field settled down behind him for the run to the far turn, Sham started his challenge, and the thought passed through my mind that this was going to be a two-horse race after all, but Sham simply couldn't close the gap between them, though Pincay was whipping like mad. Tur-

cotte never had his whip out at any stage of the race. After it was all over, Pincay said he thought he had a chance until he was two furlongs from home, and then, suddenly, he didn't. He didn't add, of course, though it must have been plain to him, that Secretariat was simply too good for Sham.

It wasn't the most thrilling Preakness I've ever seen, but it may have been the fastest. The track's electronic timer caught the mile and three sixteenths in 1:55, but two of the leading clockers caught it in 1:53½, which would be a new track record. Monday morning, the stewards decided the electronic device had erred, and announced a new official time—1:54¾, which is how the official clocker of the Maryland Jockey Club caught the race. Now we will never know exactly how fast Secretariat ran. Anyway, it was a pleasure to see him go. When they put that garland of roses on him after the Derby—an attention he had never experienced before—it took three men to hold him and calm him down. After the Preakness, he took the scarf of black-eyed Susans as a matter of course. Incidentally, he picked up \$129,900 for finishing first, to bring his earnings to \$805,122. (Since it would be inviting bad luck to predict how much the horse is likely to win this season, this superstitious old racetracker will skip that.) For lagniappe, Mrs. John Tweedy received a year's honorary possession of the Woodlawn Vase in behalf of the stable. It is the oldest racing trophy in circulation. Made by Tiffany in 1860, it is silver, weighs about thirty pounds, and has been appraised at \$500,000. The August Belmont Memorial Cup, which is up for grabs with the Belmont Stakes, isn't as old or as big, but it would be nice to take.

The crowd of 61,657 that attended the ninety-eighth Preakness was the largest that ever saw a horse race at old Pimlico. I wouldn't know how many saw it on television, but that also might be a record number, for Secretariat has caught the public's fancy. (Your correspondent was among those who watched the race on the tube, and thought it a good show.) Barring Churchill Downs, I have never seen so many people in a race-track infield.

THE new Belmont Park has seldom seemed more attractive than it did on opening day last week, for beautiful spring sunshine warmed our backs and buoyed our spirits as we



When you surpass what is merely possible and reach for something beyond, that's achievement.



The quality zipper all others try to be.



The difference between the Jaguar XJ6 and the other highly-engineered imported luxury sedan is simply beautiful.

Admittedly, there are more similarities between the XJ6 and our illustrious rival than there are differences.

Both, after all, share distinguished racing heritages.

Both have been named, in turn, "Car of the Year" and "One of the World's Ten Best Cars."

Both also share—

Independent suspension front and rear, with "anti-dive" control for a level ride and stable cornering.

Power-assisted disc brakes on all four wheels for stopping power to equal going power.

Precise, road-sensitive power-assisted steering to give you that "feel" of the road that expert drivers demand.

Seats that are firm, yet comfortable,

designed to support you, not engulf you.

Unitized bodies, fused into a solid whole by thousands of welds. A fastidiously applied finish, seven layers thick, that preserves as well as beautifies.

Both share standard features befitting their status: air conditioning, tinted glass and radial-ply whitewall tires.

And, upon minute examination, you'll find we both share "workmanship" and "craftsmanship" that few others can equal.

However, there are differences.

Our rival's comparably-priced model has a twin-overhead cam six cylinder engine. So do we. But theirs has 2.8 litres of capacity. Ours, 4.2.

You might notice other differences, too, as you slip behind *our* wheel. The logic of our controls. The richness of our ap-

pointments. Our standard power windows. The scent of our standard English leather seat facings. And the broad sweep of our hand-finished, burlled walnut fascia.

Finally, since beauty is in the eye of the beholder, that's a difference you'll have to decide for yourself.

At your Jaguar dealer.

For his name and for information about overseas delivery call, (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, call (800) 322-4400. Calls are toll free.

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS, INC., LEONIA, N.J. 07605

Jaguar



looked for winners under the four-leaf clovers in the paddock walking ring. Numbered Account, favored as usual, appeared fit as the eight runners paraded for the Vagrancy Handicap, the main event of the afternoon. However, she got away slowly once more, and, although she came up fast on the rails, Krislin, to whom she gave seven pounds, beat her by a neck. For the stay-at-homes last weekend, there was the Carter, which always is a lively affair. Allen Jerkens saddled three for it—Onion and Step Nicely, from Hobeau Farm, and King's Bishop, from the Bohemia Stable. King's Bishop, who has been knocking at the door in longer races, stepped down in front by five and a half lengths, doing the seven furlongs in 1:20 $\frac{3}{5}$, to smash the old record of 1:21 $\frac{1}{5}$ to smithereens, and Onion, who ran the first quarter in twenty-two seconds flat and the half mile in forty-four and a fifth, lasted long enough to save the place from Petrograd. The track has never been faster, or maybe it was the horses; at any rate, earlier in the afternoon the Greentree Stable's Stop the Music did a mile in 1:33 $\frac{3}{5}$, and Louis Haggin II's Cohasset Tribe followed this up by doing six and a half furlongs in 1:15 $\frac{1}{5}$ —both new track records.

AQUEDUCT closed its long spring meeting week before last with the Acorn Stakes, the first event in the trilogy that the New York Racing Association calls its Triple Crown for three-year-old fillies, and with the first appearance this season of the Meadow Stable's Riva Ridge, in an overnight race. In the Acorn, Windy's Daughter bounced out of the gate and was never headed for the mile (she did it in 1:35 $\frac{3}{5}$). Poker Night was second, and Voler third. Belle Marie, unbeaten in four starts in California, apparently didn't like the track, or something, and finished eighth. Riva Ridge really sizzled in his event, at six furlongs. Carrying 121 pounds, he ran the first quarter in 0:22 $\frac{3}{5}$, the half in 0:45 $\frac{3}{5}$, and the six furlongs in 1:08 $\frac{1}{5}$. He went on to the seven-furlong mark in 1:21 $\frac{3}{5}$, and finished out a mile in 1:35. It was his prep for the Metropolitan Handicap on May 28th. I wonder how many will take him on after that gallop.

AS had been expected, the legislature in Albany passed a revised racing and betting law last week that would give the N.Y.R.A. and the horsemen a bigger share of the take from the pari-mutuel, and that would permit racing on Sunday. The last I heard, the mutuel clerks would want triple time for working on Sundays.—AUDAX MINOR



does the **demi-coftan** with many lives. Topping everything, or breezing it alone. In a bright assortment of our hand-screened fabric originals. Polyester/cotton. One size fits all, \$25. Visit or call your nearest shop, and use your favorite credit card.

KEY WEST HAND PRINT FASHIONS

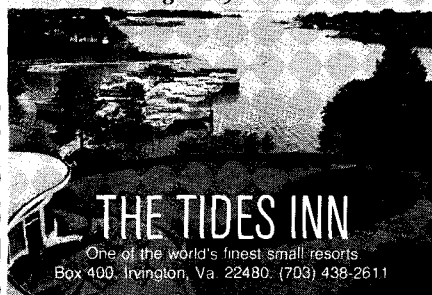
KEY WEST
MARATHON
ISLAMORADA
COCONUT GROVE
FORT LAUDERDALE

SILVER SPRINGS
WINTER PARK
CLEARWATER
DAYTONA BCH.

ST. PETE BCH.
JACKSONVILLE
HILTON HEAD
GATLINBURG

WILLIAMSBURG
CROSS KEYS
NANTUCKET
HOUSTON

*In today's hectic world, there's
a time to relax. A time for leisure,
and elegance, and charm.*



One of the world's finest small resorts
Box 400, Irvington, Va. 22480. (703) 438-2611



The Whistling Oyster

Perkins Cove

Ogunquit, Maine

DISTINCTIVE DINING • COCKTAILS



COPPER TEA KETTLE

A sturdy colonial style kettle like grandma used to have! Whether you use it or simply let it sit on your stove, it will always draw a compliment. An excellent present for the new bride, or the bride to be! Post Paid.

NO. LLD 10—2 QT. CAPACITY—\$19.00

NO. LLD 11—3 QT. CAPACITY—\$25.00

FREE CATALOGUE UPON REQUEST

BAZAR FRANCAIS

666 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010

BOOKS

Between Crossfires

THE long and magnificently researched "Hamarskjöld," by Brian Urquhart (Knopf), is not a biography in the conventional sense. Though it contains some amusing personal anecdotes, which I will refer to later, it seems to me less the life story of the man than a day-to-day history of the activities of the United Nations Secretariat during the eight years when Hamarskjöld was Secretary-General. He is only the central figure in the way that a commanding general is the center of a history of a campaign. It is the general's responsibility to make the final decisions and issue orders, but unless he is served by loyal and efficient subordinates he is impotent. Save for men like Ralph Bunche, Andrew Cordier, Rajeshwar Dayal, and—though he is too modest to say so—Mr. Urquhart himself, Hamarskjöld could have achieved very little.

As someone who was a member of the Secretariat from its inception, Mr. Urquhart overestimates, I think, the general knowledge of the average reader. Thus, though he does give a glossary of acronyms, every time he mentions one I found myself having to refer to it again, since I had forgotten what the letters stand for. Then, he will refer to Article 99 of the United Nations Charter as though everybody had read it. I, for one, never have. Fascinating though it is, I think that the reader who is not a professional diplomat will find some of this book hard going.

When, after the First World War, the League of Nations was formed, Count Kessler, who had been the German Minister to Poland, suggested that it might be better if its delegates, instead of being the official representatives of sovereign states, were representatives of various interest groups—the professions, the trades unions, the churches, and so on—because otherwise, he thought, the League would be unable to act in the case of any serious conflict between the major powers. His suggestion was not adopted.

Whether it could have been after the Second World War, I don't know, but it wasn't. The United Nations was constituted as its successor. In consequence, Hamarskjöld and his staff could act successfully only when the major powers, whatever their differing interests, felt that a compromise was better than war. If, as in the case of Hungary, their differences were irreconcilable, the Secretariat could do nothing.

Even for so able a man as Hamarskjöld, the position of the Secretary-General is enormously difficult. To begin with, he has no intelligence service of his own and must rely on such information as he can get from governments and public sources. This is often unavailable or unreliable. Thus Hamarskjöld could not know of the private agreement between England and

France to land troops at the Suez Canal until they had done so. And the Secretariat is wholly dependent financially upon what the General Assembly cares to vote it, and this is seldom wholly adequate. As Hamarskjöld himself said, the member governments seemed to expect the Secretariat to go on a lion hunt without being willing even to provide it with a bird gun. The salaries the Secretary-General can offer those who work for him cannot compare with what they could earn as state diplomats or in business. Perhaps this is not altogether a bad thing, for the lovers of money, power, and prestige will not apply; only those will be attracted who are willing to work anonymously and impartially for the cause of international justice.

Lastly, there is the problem of the relation between the Secretary-Gen-



"When I predict famine, we get famine. When I predict war, we get war. When I predict victory, we get victory. But when I predict sunshine, we get rain."

eral and the press during delicate negotiations:

When information is withheld, journalists understandably enough fall back on speculation. Such speculation, although usually inaccurate, is often near enough to the truth to be accepted as such by large sections of public opinion, and even by governments. The Secretary-General in particular must maintain the absolute discretion on which his confidential relationship with governments is based. The parties to a conflict, on the other hand, may sometimes find it advantageous to leak part of the story to the press in order to build up public support for their own position, and on occasion such activities grow into a fully orchestrated press campaign.

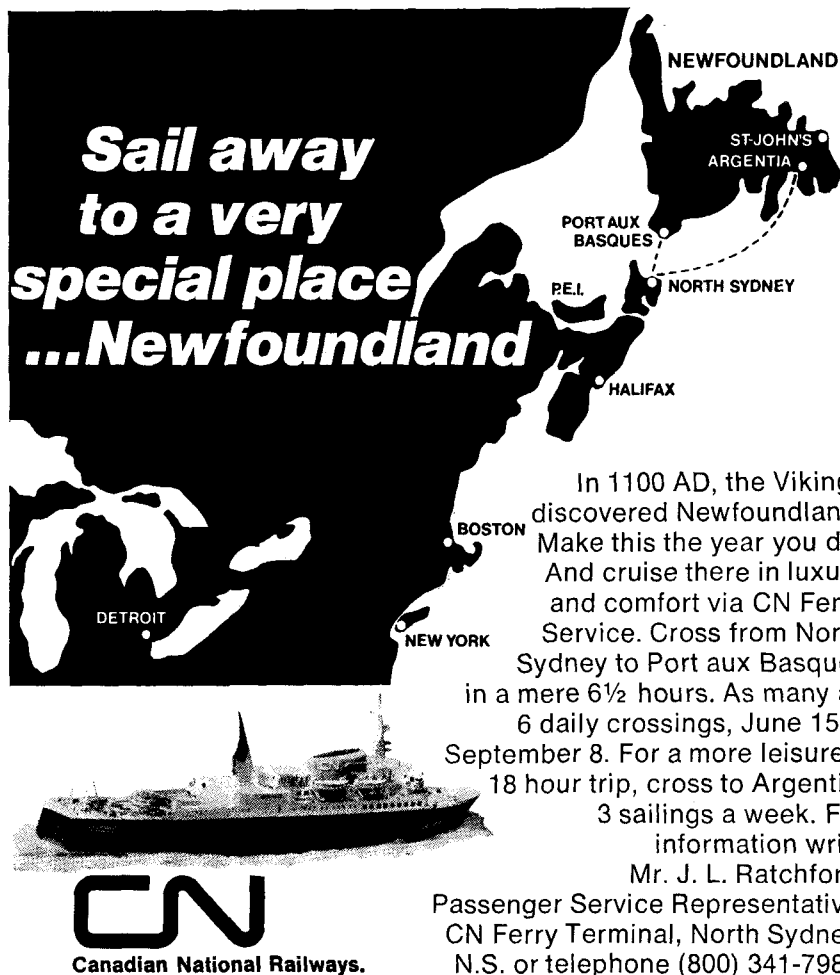
When Hammarskjöld was elected, in 1953, morale in the Secretariat was at a low ebb. It was in the McCarthy era, and it was widely alleged that many of the staff were Communists or Communist sympathizers. This Hammarskjöld dealt with rapidly and effectively. He insisted that the right to fire anyone should be vested in himself, and, should it seem necessary for him to fire someone, compensation should be paid. He also insisted that any accusations should be based on provable fact, not rumor. He forbade members of the Secretariat to take part in any outside political activity other than voting in elections, and he demanded that anyone on his staff who had complaints or political objections to make should bring them to him, not speak of them to outsiders. At first, it seems, some of the Secretariat were alarmed by these ideas, but they soon learned to trust him as a scrupulously just man who would defend them against all outside pressures.

In dealing with the press he showed himself a master:

Over the years, he perfected a technique of escaping into a cloud of metaphor or abstraction, with a style at the same time articulate and obscure, brilliant but hard to grasp, apparently forthright but often uninformative. His performances evoked a grudging admiration among the journalists, who not infrequently found themselves, at the end of a long press conference in which important matters had ostensibly been discussed, with no spot news and little to write about.

One French journalist called him "the most charming oyster in the world."

His public speeches, Mr. Urquhart tells us, were more impressive to read than to listen to, for he spoke in a flat, toneless voice. This was evidently deliberate: he wished to avoid cheap, oratorical effects. On one occasion, however, when Khrushchev, at a General Assembly, attacked him savagely and demanded his resignation, he answered



Sail away to a very special place ...Newfoundland

NEWFOUNDLAND
ST-JOHN'S ARGENTIA
PORT AUX BASQUES
P.E.I.
NORTH SYDNEY
HALIFAX
BOSTON
NEW YORK
DETROIT

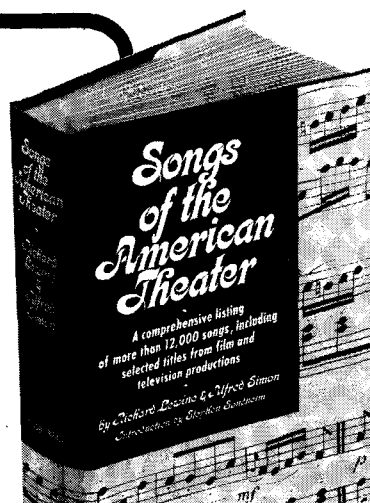
In 1100 AD, the Vikings discovered Newfoundland. Make this the year you do. And cruise there in luxury and comfort via CN Ferry Service. Cross from North Sydney to Port aux Basques in a mere 6½ hours. As many as 6 daily crossings, June 15 – September 8. For a more leisurely 18 hour trip, cross to Argentina. 3 sailings a week. For information write Mr. J. L. Ratchford, Passenger Service Representative, CN Ferry Terminal, North Sydney, N.S. or telephone (800) 341-7981.

CN
Canadian National Railways.

"The permanent definitive answer for every frustrated musical comedy fan."
—STEPHEN SONDHEIM

A comprehensive listing of more than 12,000 songs arranged first alphabetically by title, with composer, lyricist, show of origin and date. A second alphabetical listing by production includes albums, scores, and awards. A third section lists shows by year. Index of composers and lyricists. \$15.00

By **RICHARD LEWINE** and **ALFRED SIMON**,
Introduction by **Stephen Sondheim**
DODD, MEAD



“What a joy to feel oneself becoming absorbed in such a finely wrought work.”

—Helen Howe



Storm Jameson's THERE WILL BE A SHORT INTERVAL

One of England's most civilized novelists explores the crisis in the life of a distinguished historian who has always pursued excellence in his work—until he must face his son's involvement in a particularly sordid sex scandal.

\$5.95 at bookstores

A Corgi BOOK

Harper & Row
1817
10 E. 53rd St., New York 10022

CHARLES E. Bohlen WITNESS TO HISTORY 1929-1969

"No single person was present at more of the high-level diplomatic encounters of the wartime and immediate post-war periods than Charles Bohlen. And none was better equipped to judge them. His memoirs have, therefore, unique historical value and should go far to answer the questions of those who are now challenging the soundness of American decisions in that time."

—GEORGE F. KENNAN



32 pages of photographs.
At all bookstores, \$12.50



Norton

55 Fifth Ave./New York 10003

"EXPLOSIVE!"

—Publishers
Weekly



Headed straight for the bestseller lists—the spellbinding account of a fateful sea disaster. Illustrated. \$8.95 Little, Brown

Colin Simpson's THE LUSITANIA

FIELDING'S SUPER ECONOMY EUROPE '73

Lowest Priced. Easiest to Carry. Most Informative Bargain Guide for young and old. Thousands of money-saving travel tips found nowhere else! Paper-bound \$2.95

Fielding Publications/William Morrow

in a ringing voice which earned him an ovation.

From the beginning, Hammarskjöld had very clear ideas of the roles that the Secretary-General could and could not play. Like a good judge, he should be passionately interested in the problems set him, but completely disinterested. In the last speech he made in Oxford he said:

He is not requested to be a neuter in the sense that he has to have no sympathies or antipathies, that there are no interests which are close to him in his personal capacity or that he is to have no ideas or ideals that matter to him. However, he is requested to be fully aware of those human reactions and meticulously to check himself so that they are not permitted to influence his actions.... In the last analysis, this is a question of integrity, and if integrity in the sense of respect for law and respect for truth were to drive him into positions of conflict with this or that interest, then that conflict is a sign of his neutrality and not of his failure to observe neutrality.

And, of course, in any violent dispute both parties will interpret such impartiality as a bias in favor of the other side. During the Congo crisis, for example, Hammarskjöld said:

From both sides the main accusation was a lack of objectivity. The historian will undoubtedly find in this balance of accusations the very evidence of that objectivity we were accused of lacking, but also of the fact that very many Member Nations have not yet accepted the limits put on their national ambitions by the very existence of the United Nations.

This does not mean that he thought it either possible or desirable for the Secretariat to usurp the functions of national governments:

The Secretary-General's initiative... is, in principle, a supplementary one. When governments reach a deadlock, he may be the person to help them—and help them with their complete acceptance—out of the deadlock.... If governments are seized of a matter, if there is no deadlock, if discussions are going on and if contacts have been established... the Secretary-General—no matter how concerned he may be—should keep back.

As a mediator, however, the Secretary-General has one great advantage: he has no pressure group behind him. Consequently,

he can talk with much greater freedom, much greater frankness, and much greater simplicity in approaching governments than any government representative can do.

Not infrequently, the political parties to a dispute are willing to make mutual concessions but, for political reasons, dare not say so in public. In such cases, provided the Secretary-General is a

man whose discretion they can trust, they can tell him in private what they are prepared to concede.

Hammarskjöld's great innovation was, of course, to visit foreign capitals in his official capacity to make personal acquaintance with their leaders (Chou En-lai, Ben-Gurion, Nasser, the King of Laos), hear what they had to say, and express his own opinions. He did not, naturally, imagine that such visits would solve the political problems of the world for good and all, but he did hope, and, as it turned out, rightly, that he might be able to relieve tensions, at least momentarily. That he was able to do so testifies to his extraordinary integrity and charm. However they might differ politically, almost all the men he met on these journeys liked him and trusted him, and their liking and trust was reciprocated. (Incidentally, I met Chou En-lai in Hankow in 1938, and I am very happy to find that Hammarskjöld's high opinion of him confirms my own impression. The three politicians I have met in my life whom I most admire are Hammarskjöld, Chou En-lai, and Teddy Kollek, the Mayor of Jerusalem.)

Hammarskjöld said:

Chou En-lai to me appears as the most superior brain I have so far met in the field of foreign politics.... As I said to one of the Americans, "Chou is so much more dangerous than you imagine because he is so much better a man than you have ever admitted."

So, too, with Nasser:

When he encountered unflattering talk about him, Hammarskjöld told Nasser, he invariably gave one reply: "However that may be, he has never gone back on anything he said to me personally."

Nasser answered, "I wish to maintain that record."

And with Ben-Gurion:

This aristocratic and determined Swede... was not, at first sight, the sort of person whom Ben-Gurion would trust or like, but Hammarskjöld and Ben-Gurion quickly perceived each other's exceptional personal qualities and over the years of often violent disagreement they developed a strong friendship and mutual sympathy which was reinforced by a common taste for conversation on broad philosophical subjects.

Hammarskjöld appeared to have an unerring sense of the kind of thing the person he was talking to would be interested in. Thus, the King of Laos was delighted to find that he and Hammarskjöld

seemed to share a love for the classical French diplomacy of the eighteenth century, after which "we both happily em-

barked." Hammarskjöld wrote later, "on an intense discussion of the acute problems of Laos without ever mentioning them by name."

Even Khrushchev, after Hammarskjöld was safely dead, had to admit that he had been a great man.

As the years went by, Hammarskjöld came more and more to feel that one of the principal functions of the U.N. was to look after the "underdeveloped" countries—to provide them with technical and financial aid and defend their political interests. By "underdeveloped" countries he meant, naturally, poor countries. In the old days, no one imagined that if persons or nations were poor it was their own fault, and, if rich, that this was due to their superior moral virtues. But this, it seems, is no longer the case, so shy-making euphemisms have to be used: at first one could speak of "underdeveloped" countries, but no longer. He was thinking chiefly of the newly emergent states in Africa, and he realized clearly what formidable problems they faced. In the nineteenth century, the colonial powers had divided Africa up among themselves without any regard for economic or tribal facts. As Sékou Touré, the President of Guinea, remarked, "You Western democracies already had a nation when you got a national government, but many of us are expected to govern a country without a nation." And it is amusing, though not surprising, to learn that one local administrator in the Congo asked Ralph Bunche, "The U.N.—what tribe is that?"

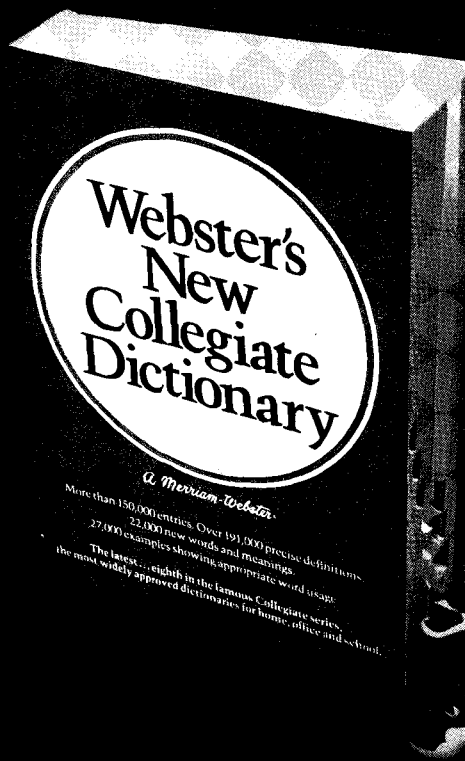
Though recognizing the difficulties, Hammarskjöld was, perhaps, a little over-optimistic about the ability to solve them:

There is something very shocking in the idea that new States must take so-called irresponsible stands. I myself do not believe it for a moment... It is quite natural that they, like all of us, will have to find their way through a political system and a framework of procedures which so far have been unknown to them.

He was not quite prepared, I think, to find in the Congo an inverted racism—understandable, in view of the colonial past—and some people objected to his recruiting Swedes and Irish for the U.N. force, on the ground that because they were white they were no better than the Belgians. And though he wanted technical assistants and advisers from the "developed" countries to be replaced as soon as possible by locals, he underestimated

the psychological problems at the receiving end and the possibility that govern-

water bed



**Merriam-Webster
has just published
the greatest
dictionary of its
kind. It's where
the words live.**

There's a new dictionary for your whole family from America's greatest dictionary publisher. Merriam-Webster presents Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary.

It doesn't just define words. It makes words come alive.

New firsts like 3,000 vivid quotations, plus over 24,000 descriptive phrases, plus 22,000 new words like "water bed". A total of 150,000 entries—all reflecting the lively language of the seventies.

Buy one for your family, or as a gift. Wherever books are sold. Merriam-Webster Dictionaries, Springfield, Mass. 01101.



☐ A Year of The New Yorker, \$15

☐ Two Years of The New Yorker, \$25

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America, and Spain \$2.00; other foreign \$4.00 per year.

Please bill my: ☐ Diners Club
☐ American Express

☐ Master Charge (include number over your name)

Acct. No. _____

Your signature _____

My Check for \$ _____ is enclosed.

Please print name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____



GOLFERS!
Unlimited
FREE GOLF
at Nassau's
Newest
Resort Hotel

SOUTH OCEAN BEACH HOTEL & Golf Club

Grab your clubs and head for Nassau's newest, nicest resort. The South Ocean Beach Hotel and Golf Club. Where golf is complimentary — and unlimited — for all guests staying 3 nights or more (Modified American Plan).

Championship 18-hole course, tennis, pool, private beach, water sports. Excellent food, dancing. Beautifully appointed guest rooms with tropical decor. All on a 5,000 acre beachfront estate.

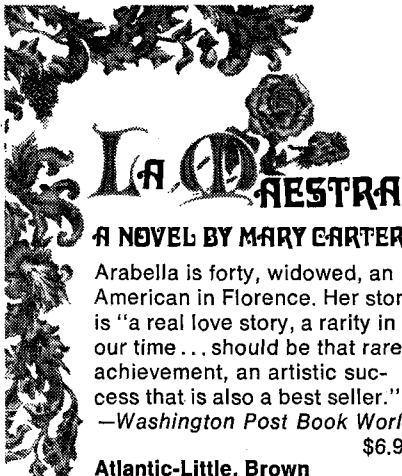
Yours for only \$22 double, \$14 single through December 15. MAP (breakfast and dinner) add \$10 per person.

Come stay and play with us. It's just too reasonable, too good to miss.

For reservations see your Travel Agent, Represented by:

HETLAND & STEVENS, INC. and
GEORGE R. SMITH CO., INC.
In Most Major Cities

SOUTH OCEAN BEACH HOTEL & GOLF CLUB
P.O. Box N-8191 Nassau, Bahamas
Tel: (809) 327-4391 Cable: SOGOTEL



LA MAESTRA
A NOVEL BY MARY CARTER

Arabella is forty, widowed, an American in Florence. Her story is "a real love story, a rarity in our time... should be that rare achievement, an artistic success that is also a best seller."
—*Washington Post Book World*

Atlantic-Little, Brown \$6.95

SUMMER RENTAL

July Only—Truro, Mass. Your private tennis court in the heart of the Cape Cod National Seashore. Court comes complete with historic old house (4 bedrooms, 2 baths, all appliances) and 2 detached studios. Within walking distance of ocean beach. \$2,000.

Write: The New Yorker, Box KJE
25 West 43rd Street
New York, New York 10036

TRAMP TRIPS & LUXURY CRUISE GUIDE
1973 Ed.

116 pg. illus. guide encompassing world-wide cruises plus many select voyages on 12-passenger freighters. Send \$2.00 to:
TRIP LOG, Air & Marine Travel Service, 501 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022



ments and officials in newly independent countries, however great their need for expertise, might not welcome a new visitation of foreign experts, however high-minded and selfless.

Hammar skjöld's other innovation was, in situations of crisis, such as the Suez Canal and the Congo, when war, interstate or civil, seemed imminent, to recruit a U.N. armed force to help keep the peace. Such a force, he thought, should not be permanent, for different circumstances might require different kinds of recruits:

To have one ready-made suit hanging somewhere in New York or stored I do not know where and to hope that it will fit the situations in various parts of the world is just to dream. We cannot afford, or usefully have, a wardrobe sufficiently rich and varied to be able to pick out just the right suit as the situation arises. It is much better to have the cloth and go into action as a good tailor quickly when the need arises.

He had very definite ideas about what such a force could and could not do. It could not be sent to any country without the consent of the government concerned. If attacked, it could defend itself, but otherwise it must maintain complete neutrality. In the Congo, where—as was not so at Suez—fighting had already broken out, he allowed the Opération des Nations Unies au Congo a little more freedom of action. Under certain circumstances it could close radio stations and airports, especially if it was requested to do so by competent authorities. Even political leaders could be arrested by the U.N. force if it was requested to do so by both the central government and the provincial authorities.

Mr. Urquhart's account of what happened in the Congo, detailed and fascinating as it is, is a little hard to follow on a first reading, and I shall look forward to rereading it, slowly, when I get the opportunity.

As we all know, in the beginning the U.N. intervention in the Congo misfired. Hammar skjöld's original representative in the Congo had been his trusted Indian friend Dayal. Unfortunately, Dayal had been accused, quite unjustly, it seems, of being pro-Lumumba and pro-Communist. In consequence, he had become so unpopular with some of the leaders in Katanga that Kasavubu refused to take responsibility for his safety, and with great reluctance Hammar skjöld decided, after he had been recalled to New York for consultation, not to send him back, and so Conor Cruise O'Brien, a member of the Irish Foreign Service, was approached by Cordier.

Hammar skjöld and O'Brien met but briefly in New York before O'Brien left for the Congo, and "neither seems to have got any real idea of the other's character or way of thinking."

As I said at the beginning, there are not many revealing touches in this book about Hammar skjöld the man, but the few it does contain are all good. For example, in Beirut he took an afternoon walk:

The Lebanese security men, used to riding in cars, were soon exhausted, and one of them, puffing painfully, drew abreast of Ranallo to inquire if Hammar skjöld was married. When told that he was not, the security man remarked, "That is the reason he can walk so fast at his age."

His habit of working late into the night was notorious, but I had supposed that as soon as he had finished he would drop off. This, I find, was not the case:

When in the small hours Hammar skjöld at last adjourned the discussions, he asked Dayal if he had any books, since in the hurry of departure he had neglected to bring enough to read. Dayal produced a work on Hindu mysticism, "A Vision of the Soul," and when they met at eight o'clock the next morning Hammar skjöld returned it, saying he had found it most refreshing and illuminating.

His dinner in Sochi, on the Black Sea, with Khrushchev and Mikoyan seems to have been hilarious. He had been praising Pasternak. When Mikoyan objected, he replied that

it was essential to keep aesthetic judgment apart from political considerations. The Secretary-General had no views on literature, but Mr. Hammar skjöld as an individual had the right to such views, provided he also accepted the consequences. When Mikoyan asked if Hammar skjöld approved of the antisocial actions of the hero of the book, Hammar skjöld retorted that the general view that "Crime and Punishment" was a very great novel did not mean that he and Mikoyan thought it was a good idea to murder old widows.

In an effort to change the mood of the conversation, Hammar skjöld proposed a toast to "honest sinners now on record." Both Khrushchev and Mikoyan were disconcerted and asked if he meant "repentant sinners," and, when Hammar skjöld replied in the negative, they refused to drink the toast. After a discussion of the relative merits of Soviet authors and bourgeois émigrés, Hammar skjöld proposed a new toast to "living Soviet art." When Khrushchev asked what he meant by that, Hammar skjöld said each should define it for himself, and Khrushchev and Mikoyan finally joined in the toast.

As we know from his "Markings," Hammar skjöld the private person was a great lover of poetry, himself a good minor poet, and a religious contem-

plative. But as a public figure he was aware that the transition from poetry and contemplation to action is not easy. There is a passage in a letter to the Swedish poet Erik Lindegrén which might serve as a footnote to this statement in "Markings"—"In our era, the road to holiness necessarily passes through the world of action":

We all remain free to form our personal life in accordance with standards which otherwise may find their expression in poetry. But obligation to action, especially in the political field, is more of a danger than of a privilege. At the present phase, events on all levels and the basic stone-age psychology of men make it rather difficult to translate contemplation into action and to make action the source material for contemplation.

—W. H. AUDEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THERE WILL BE A SHORT INTERVAL, by Storm Jameson (Harper & Row). S. J., a distinguished scholar in his early fifties, is told that if he does not submit to surgery immediately his chances of living much longer are not worth talking about. He asks his doctor to allow him a day or two to think things over, and he spends this "stolen" time mainly in interviews with his only close relatives—his mother and his son. S. J.'s mother is a famous novelist and so selfish that he doesn't even consider telling her his bad news. And his son, Simon, who is really and truly a nice and very intelligent youth, has been forced by the cruellest kind of adversity to conceal his responsive nature behind a mask that is as polite as it is inimical. S. J. has been much too busy with his work to cultivate friendship, and so he finds himself, at this most painful moment, with no one to talk to. The scene is London, and Miss Jameson's writing, as always, combines a humorous and wonderfully civilized manner with the God-given spontaneity that is generally bestowed only on beginners. Miss Jameson, one need hardly add, is no beginner.

NOTE: "The World of Apples," a collection of short stories by John Cheever, many of which originally appeared in these pages, has been published by Knopf.

GENERAL

A JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE YEARS, by Stefan Kanfer (Atheneum). This is the best-written account we have



Have yourself
a FIELDS day!

W.C. FIELDS BY HIMSELF

His Intended Autobiography with Hitherto Unpublished Letters, Notes, Scripts and Articles Commentary by Ronald J. Fields

A grab bag of the Great One's own writings, and it's yours for the first time ever! His original notes, film outlines, scrapbooks, letters, scripts, scenarios, and over 100 exclusive photos, posters and drawings. It's the true W.C. Fields—his early years, his marriage, tours, friendships, the secrets of his outrageous genius—all masterfully assembled by a man who knew him well—his grandson.

"A mammoth yet perfectly fascinating grab bag of Fieldsiana . . . a splendid gift book and bedside reader."—*Publishers Weekly*

\$10.00

At your bookseller or by mail:
PRENTICE-HALL
Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632

FOR COLLECTORS AND ENTHUSIASTS

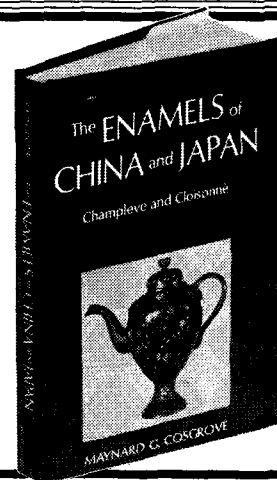
the ENAMELS of CHINA and JAPAN

by MAYNARD G. COSGROVE

A precise, non-technical guide covering the history and background, various shapes and forms, methods of producing intricate designs, and meaning of symbols, as well as the care and cleaning of enameled ware of China and Japan. Illustrated with photographs in color.

\$10.00

DODD, MEAD



WALTER GRIFFIN

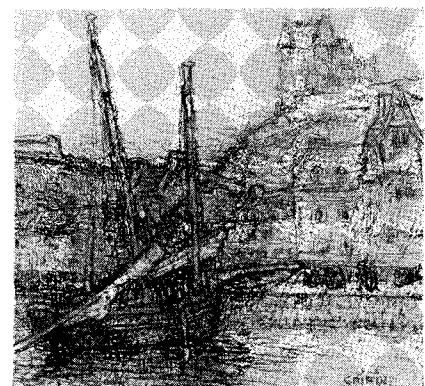
1861-1935

AMERICAN IMPRESSIONIST

"He literally draws with hard pastels, using the point somewhat in the early manner of Millet."

This was one of Griffin's most distinctive and popular styles — and it is well represented in the remarkable collection at Vose Galleries, sole agents for the Griffin estate.

VOSE galleries 238 Newbury St., Boston, Mass. 02116, (617) 536-6176



Fishing Boats in Harbor, Brittany, c. 1912

Hard point pastel, 12 x 14, \$1200.00

Full color catalogue \$2.00

JOHN BALDWIN

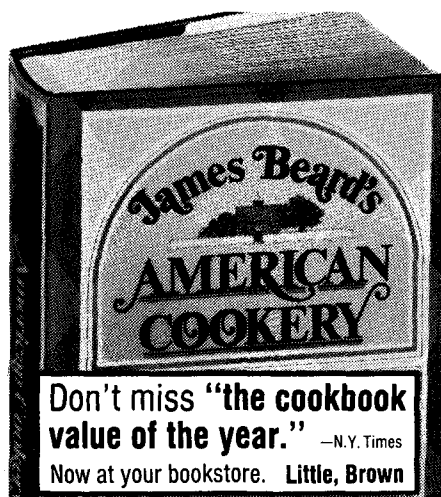
Florida and
Myrtle Beach, S.C.

Summer
Frosting by
M&L of Miami—
White cord
lace frogs
embellish on
powder blue,
pink, yellow
or navy
polyester.
Sizes 8-16

\$45.



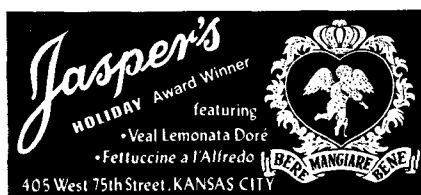
MAIL ORDERS:
156 Beach Drive, N.
St. Petersburg, Florida, 33701



BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: Dept. 73-NY.

BOOKS-ON-FILE
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY 07087
or shop: 7014 Park Ave., Guttenberg, N.J.



had of that notorious decade, 1947-1957, in which performers, writers, and directors in all fields of entertainment (except, in some instances, the Broadway stage) were black-listed for being, or suspected of being, Communists or fellow-travellers. Mr. Kanfer, a movie critic with a good, strong prose style, does what he does so well that it is perhaps unfair to wish he had done more. Yet he leaves a lot of unanswered questions, such as: Did Communists in the entertainment industry ever do any damage—manipulating unions, say, or injuring the careers of non-Communists? Then, too, Mr. Kanfer recalls the enormous bitterness that existed between entertainers who publicly admitted (and recanted) their Communist pasts and those who did not; since the former were allowed to return to work, the latter assumed (and so, apparently, does Mr. Kanfer) that money was their only motivation. Yet innumerable earnest, disillusioned men and women have left the Communist Party on justifiable grounds. Were all entertainers who recanted venal? Mr. Kanfer records a heartbreaking lack of fellow feeling or human solidarity among blacklistees, who were abandoned by each other as well as by their uninvolved friends. Is *sauve qui peut* typically American or typically show business? For that matter, did the entire inquisition reflect the traditional suspicion of theatre people? (Nobody blacklisted Communist plumbers.) Mr. Kanfer makes it clear that Communist-hunting was a successful private enterprise run by scoundrels for whom patriotism was not so much their last refuge as their first big money. He tells us that many of his sources are still afraid to speak freely, and this may be why the rascals, among all the diverse figures in this lamentable tale, are the easiest to understand.

PHILOSOPHERS OF THE EARTH: CONVERSATIONS WITH ECOLOGISTS, by Anne Chisholm (Dutton). Eighteen illuminating and not entirely discouraging battle reports in the form of interviews with some of the generals, field marshals, and foot soldiers who constitute our meagre international front against environmental barbarism. The styles of the ecologists vary greatly. American ecologists, like Lewis Mumford, Paul Ehrlich, and Barry Commoner, tend to speak in general and impassioned terms, while their British counterparts, for the most part, are leery

of alarmism, confine their remarks to their particular fields of interest, and—like Dr. Lena Ward, who counts bugs on juniper bushes at Monks Wood, Britain's main ecological-research center—speak “with a kind of subdued fanaticism.” But they all seem to agree that ecology must become more of a “hard” science, and to share the belief of Charles Elton, of Britain, who maintains that “when an ecologist says, ‘There goes a badger,’ he should include in his thoughts some definite idea of the animal's place in the community to which it belongs, just as if he had said, ‘There goes the vicar.’”

NOTE: “The Chinese Difference,” Joseph Kraft's account of a month's visit to the People's Republic of China, has been published by Saturday Review Press, and “Unholy Fools,” a collection of film and theatre pieces by Penelope Gilliatt, has been published by Viking. Much of the material in both books appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A TOUCH OF DANGER, by James Jones (Doubleday). A raunchy private-eye thriller of the old school—epically overwritten—about a wily “bundle of muscle” named Frank (Lobo) Davies. While attempting to recuperate from a bad divorce and an unpleasant job, Davies takes a vacation on a Greek island but is rudely interrupted by several violent murders that no one but he could possibly solve. Along the way, a hashish-heroin ring is exposed, a lot of people get covered with bruises, Greek food is described in terms that could seriously strain relations between our two countries, and “poor old Lobo” has the devil's own work peeling off all the lovesick ladies. But the most memorable thing about this book (and the only thing that distinguishes it from scores of trashy thrillers of yesteryear) is its almost breathtaking, red-hot hatred of the young, which manifests itself in constant outraged references to “sloppy-dressed hippies,” “gibberish hippie poetry,” and “loud-mouthed teenage boys and girls.”

Open House and a Social will be held at Sellers-Eddy Insurance some Sunday afternoon from 12:01-12:04 P.M. with guests sharing macaroons, pink lemonade, cider and Eskimo pies.—*Granville (Ohio) Sentinel*.

It's no place for a physical coward.

The ideal

Amendment VI of the Constitution of the United States of America.

In all criminal prosecutions the 'accused' shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed.

artist: george tooker the metropolitan museum of art george a. hearn fund



The real

In many parts of the country, "a speedy trial" has come to mean many months of agonizing delay. The wheels of justice have practically ground to a halt. The accused languish.

Court dockets are overloaded. Judges move from case to case with barely enough time to absorb pertinent information. The state allows defendants to plead guilty to lesser charges, for the sake of expediency.

Our court procedures were created when the nation was rural and small; can they be effective now that the country is urban and large? Can our laws and their mechanics be revised without harming those whom they were written to protect? The way must be found—and soon.

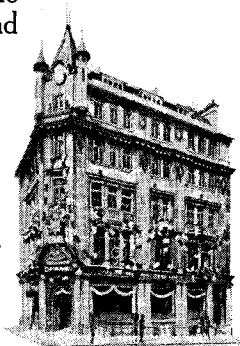
AtlanticRichfieldCompany ♦

Authentic.

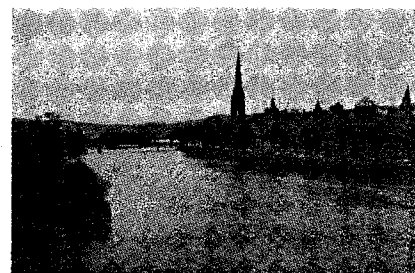
This is "The MacNab," Raeburn's famous portrait of the 12th Laird of the MacNab Clan, the one to which the makers of Dewar's "White Label" belong. Some of the whisky in Dewar's "White Label" continues to come from pot stills near Glendochart, home of the MacNab Clan since the 12th century.



Dewar House, Haymarket, London, S.W. 1, opened in 1908. Lots of interesting things here. Famous paintings like "The MacNab," and "Thin Red Line." The Chantrey Bust of Sir Walter Scott. And the worn, bescribbled tavern table on which Robert Burns wrote many of his poems.



When John Dewar opened his shop he exemplified the virtues of the poor Scot of those days: grit, courage, thrift, plain living, honesty, a taste for hard work, and the vision to grasp a golden opportunity. For example, no one had yet dreamed of putting up Authentic Scotch Whisky in bottles. Here was an opportunity for John Dewar and he was quick to seize it. By the end of the century the annual output of Dewar's "White Label" had reached a million gallons.



The "Fair City of Perth." Nothing much ever changes. The ships still come up the Firth of Tay to Perth. The people are durable and warmhearted. And the whiskies that go into the making of Dewar's "White Label" lie racked in aging sheds, sleeping the sleep of tranquillity. It's a very easy place to make a Scotch of authentic character.



**Dewar's
never varies**

The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland.